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GAY PLUMES AND DULL

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I

Not long since, one of our younger naturalists sent me a photograph of a fawn in a field of daisies, and said that he took the picture to show what he considered the protective value of the spots. The white spots of the fawn did blend in with the daisies, and certainly rendered the fawn less conspicuous than it would have been without them, but I am slow to believe that the fawn has spots that it may the better hide in a daisy field, or, in fact, anywhere else, or that the spots have ever been sufficiently protective to have materially aided in the perpetuity of the deer species. What use they have, if any, I do not know, any more than I know what use the spots on the leopard or the giraffe have, or the stripes on the zebra. I can only conjecture concerning their use. The panther does not have spots, and yet it seems to get along just as well without them. The young of the moose and the caribou are not spotted, and yet their habitat is much the same as that of the deer.

Why some forest animals are uniformly dark colored, while others are more or less brilliantly striped or spotted, is a question not easily answered. It is claimed that spotted and striped species are more diurnal in their habits, and frequent bushes and open glades, while the dusky species are more nocturnal, and frequent dense thickets. In a general way this is probably true. A dappled coat is certainly more in keeping with the day than with the night, and with bushes and jungles than with plains or dense forests. But

whether its protective value, or the protective value of the dusky coat, is the reason for its being, is another question.

This theory of the protective coloration of animals has been one of the generally accepted ideas in all works upon natural history since Darwin's time. It regards the color of an animal as much the result of natural selection as any part of its structure, — natural selection picking out and preserving those tints that were the most useful to the animal in concealing it from its enemies or from its prey. If in this world no animal had ever preyed upon another, it is thought that their colors might have been very different, probably much more bizarre and inharmonious than they are at present.

Now I am not going to run amuck upon this generally accepted theory of modern naturalists, but I do feel disposed to shake it up a little, and see, if I can, what measure of truth there is in it. That there is a measure of truth in it I am convinced, but that it has been greatly overworked in our time, and that more has been put upon it than it can bear, of this also I am convinced.

I think we are safe in saying that a bird is protectively colored when the color, as it were, strikes in, and the bird itself acts upon the theory that it is in a measure hidden behind its assimilative plumage. This is true of nearly all the grouse tribe. These birds seem instinctively to know the value of their imitative tints, and are tame or wild according as their tints do or do not match the snow on the ground. Moreover the grouse are all toothsome; and this fact of the toothsomeness of

VOL. 95 — NO. 6

some birds and the toughness and unsavoriness of others, like the woodpecker, the crow tribe, gulls, divers, cormorants, and the like, has undoubtedly played some part in their natural history. But whether they are dull colored because they are toothsome, or toothsome because they are dull colored — who shall say? Which was first, the sweetness or the color? The flesh of the quail and the partridge having become very delectable and much sought after by many wild creatures, did nature make compensation by giving them their assimilative plumage? or were the two facts inseparable from the first?

The sweetness of an animal's flesh is doubtless determined by its food. I believe no one eats the western road-runner, though it is duller of color than the turkey. Its food is mice, snakes, lizards, centipedes, and other vermin.

Thus far I can follow the protective colorists, but not much farther.

Wallace goes to the extent of believing that even nuts are protectively colored because they are not to be eaten. But without the agency of birds and the small rodents, the wingless nuts, such as chestnuts, acorns, hickory nuts, and butternuts, could never get widely scattered, so that if they were effectively concealed by their colors this fact would tend to their extinction.

If the colors of animals were as vital a matter, and the result of the same adaptive and selective process, as their varied structures, which Darwin and Wallace teach, then it would seem to follow that those of the same habits and of the same or similar habitat would be similar or identical in color, which is not commonly the case. Thus the waders among the birds all have long legs and long necks, but they are not all of the same color. The divers all have short legs placed far in the rear, but they vary greatly in color markings. How greatly the ducks differ in coloration, though essentially the same in structure! Our tree warblers are of all hues and combinations of hues, though so alike in habit and form. The painted

bunting in the southwest is gaudily colored, while its congeners are all more plainly dressed.

In England the thrush that answers to our robin, being almost identical in form, manner, and habit, is black as a coal. The crow tribe are all built upon the same plan, and yet they show a very great diversity of colors. Why is our jay so showily colored, and the Canada jay so subdued in tint?

The humming birds do not differ much in their anatomy, but their tints differ as much as do those of precious stones. The woodpeckers show a variety of markings that cannot be accounted for upon any principle of utility or of natural selection. Indeed, it would seem as if in the colors of birds and mammals nature gave herself a comparatively free hand, not being bound by the same rigid necessity as in their structures. Within certain limits something like caprice or accident seems to prevail. The great law of assimilation, or harmonious blending, of which I shall presently have more to say, goes on, but it is checked and thwarted and made sport of by other tendencies.

Then the principle of coloration of the same species does not always hold good in different parts of the earth. Thus our grouse and other gallinaceous birds are obscurely marked, like the ground they live upon, but in the Orient, in India and China, the allied species are brightly colored, and we have the golden pheasant, and the Argus pheasant, and others.

In our hemisphere the swans are white, the pigeons are blue, and the parrots are green. In Australia the swans are black, and there is a black pigeon and a black parrot. In the desert of Sahara most of the birds are desert-colored, but there are some that are blue, and others that are black or brown and white. It is said that the Arctic fox which is snow-white in most other places remains blue all winter in Iceland. No doubt there are reasons for all these variations, but whatever these reasons are, they do not seem to favor the theory of protective coloration.

Mr. Wallace in one of his essays points out the effect of locality on color, many species of unrelated genera both among insects and among birds being marked similarly, with white or yellow or black like the effect of some fashion that has spread among them. In the Philippine Islands metallic hues are the fashion; in some other islands very light tints are in vogue; in other localities unrelated species favor crimson or blue. Mr. Wallace says that among the different butterflies of different countries this preference for certain colors is as marked as it would be if the hares, marmots, and squirrels of Europe were all red with black feet, while the corresponding species of Central Asia were all yellow with black heads, or as it would be if our smaller mammals, the coon, the possum, the squirrels, all copied the black and white of the skunk. The reason for all this is not apparent, though Wallace thinks that some quality of the soil which effects the food may be the cause. It is like the caprice of fashion. In fact, the exaggerated plumes and bizarre colors and monstrous beaks of many birds in both hemispheres have as little apparent utility, and seem quite as much the result of caprice, as are any of the extreme fashions in dress among human beings.

Most of our black birds flock in the fall, and they are not protectively colored, but the bobolinks, which also flock then, do then assume neutral tints. Why the change in the one case and not in the other, since both species feed in the brown marshes? Most of our own ground birds are more or less ground colored, but here is the chewink on the ground, amid the bushes, with the brown oven bird and the brown thrasher, with conspicuous markings of white and black and red. Here are some of the soft gray and brown tinted warblers nesting on the ground, and here is the more conspicuous striped black and white creeping warbler nesting by their side. Behold the rather dull colored great crested flycatcher concealing its nest in a hollow limb, and its congener, the

brighter feathered king bird, building its nest openly on the branch above.

Hence, whatever truth there may be in this theory of protective coloration, one has only to look about him to discover that it is a matter which nature does not have very much at heart. She plays fast and loose with it on every hand. Now she seems to set great store by it, the next moment she discards it entirely.

If dull colors are protective, then bright colors are non-protective or dangerous, and one wonders why all birds of gay feather have not been cut off and the species exterminated: or why, in cases where the males are bright colored and the females of neutral tints, as with our scarlet tanager, and indigo bird, the females are not greatly in excess of the males, which does not seem to be the case.

II

We arrive at the idea that neutral tints are protective from the point of view of the human eye. Now if all animals that prey upon others were guided by the eye alone there would be much more in the theory than there is. But none of the predaceous four-footed beasts depend entirely upon the eye. The cat tribe does to a certain extent, but these creatures stalk or waylay moving game, and the color does not count. A white hare will evidently fall a prey to a lynx or a cougar in our winter woods as easily as a brown rabbit; and will not a desert-colored animal fall a prey to a lion or a tiger just as readily as it would if it were white or black? Then the most destructive tribes of all, the wolves, the foxes, the minks, the weasels, the skunks, the coons, and the like, depend entirely upon scent. The eye plays a very insignificant part in their hunting, hence again the question of color is eliminated.

Birds of prey depend upon the eye, but they are also protectively colored, and their eyes are so preternaturally sharp that no disguise of assimilative tints is of any avail against them. If both the

hunted and its hunter are concealed by their neutral tints, of what advantage is it to either? If the brown bird is hidden from the brown hawk, and *vice versa*, then are they on an equal footing in this respect, and the victory is to the sharpest eyed. If the eye of the hawk sharpens as the problem of his existence becomes more difficult, as is doubtless the case, then is the game even, and the quarry has no advantage, the protective color does not protect.

Why should the owl, which hunts by night, be colored like the hawk, that hunts by day? If the owl were red, or blue, or green, or black, or white, would it not stand just as good a chance of obtaining a subsistence? Its silent flight, its keenness of vision, and the general obscurity, are the main matters. At night color is almost neutralized. Would not the lynx and the bobcat fare just as well if they were of the hue of the sable or the mink? Are their neutral grays or browns any advantage to them? The gray fox is more protectively colored than the red; is he therefore more abundant? Far from it; just the reverse is true. The same remark applies to the red and the gray squirrels.

The northern hare, which changes to white in winter, would seem to have an advantage over the little gray rabbit, which is as conspicuous upon the snow as a brown leaf, and yet such does not seem to be the case. It is true that the rabbit often passes the day in holes and beneath rocks, and the hare does not; but it is only at night that the natural enemies of each — foxes, minks, weasels, wild cats, owls — are abroad.

It is thought by Wallace and others that the skunk is strikingly marked as a danger signal, its contrast of black and white warning all creatures to pass by on the other side. But the magpie is marked in much the same way, as is also our bobolink which, in some localities, is called "the skunk bird," and neither of these birds has any such reason to advertise itself as has the skunk. Then here is the porcupine, with its panoply of spears,

as protectively colored as the coon or the woodchuck, — why does not it have warning colors also? The enemy that attacks it fares much worse than in the case of its black and white neighbor.

The ptarmigan is often cited as a good illustration of the value of protective coloration, — white in winter, particolored in spring, and brown in summer, — always in color blending with its environment. But the Arctic fox would not be baffled by its color; it goes by scent; and the great snowy owl would probably see it in the open at any time of year. On islands in Bering Sea we saw the Arctic snow bird, white as a snowflake in midsummer, and visible afar. Our northern grouse carry their gray and brown tints through our winters, and do not appear to suffer unduly from their telltale plumage. If the cold were as severe as it is farther north, doubtless they, too, would don white coats, for the extreme cold, no doubt, plays an important part in this matter, — this and the long Arctic nights. Sir John Ross protected a Hudson's Bay lemming from the low temperature by keeping it in his cabin, and the animal retained its summer coat; but when he exposed it to a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, it began to change to white in a single night, and at the end of a week was almost entirely so. It is said that in Siberia domestic cattle and horses become lighter colored during the winter, and Darwin says he has known in England brown ponies to become white in winter.

Only one of our weasels becomes white in winter, the ermine, the others keep their brown coats through the year. Is this adaptive color any advantage to the ermine? and are the other weasels handicapped by their brown tints?

The marten, the sable, and the fisher do not turn white in winter, nor the musk ox, nor the reindeer. The latter animals are gregarious, and the social spirit seems to oppose local color.

The long Arctic nights and the intense cold no doubt have much to do with the white of Arctic animals. "Absence of

light leads to diminution or even total abolition of pigmentation, while its presence leads to an increase in some degree proportionate to the intensity of the light."¹

When the variable northern hare is removed to a milder climate, in the course of a few years it ceases to turn white in winter.

The more local an animal is, the more does it incline to take on the colors of its surroundings, as may be seen in the case of the toads, the frogs, the snakes, and many insects. It seems reasonable that the influence of the environment should be more potent in such cases. The grasshoppers in the fields are of all shades of green and brown and gray, but is it probable that these tints ever hide them from their natural enemies — the sharp-eyed birds and fowls? A grasshopper gives itself away when it hops, and it always hops.

On the sea coast I noticed that the grasshoppers were gray like the sands. What fed upon them, if anything, I could not find out, but their incessant hopping showed how little they sought concealment. The nocturnal enemies of grasshoppers, such as coons and skunks, are probably not baffled at all by their assimulative colors.

Our wood frog, *rana sylvaticus*, is found throughout the summer on the dry leaves in the woods, and it is red like them. When it buries itself in the leaf mould in the fall for its winter hibernation, it turns dark like the color of the element in which it is buried. Can this last change be for protection also? No enemy sees it or disturbs it in that position, and yet it is as "protectively" colored as in summer. This is the stamp of the environment again.

The toad is of the color of the ground where he fumbles along in the twilight, or squats by day, and yet, I fancy, his enemy, the snake, finds him out without difficulty. He is of the color of the earth because he is of the earth earthy, and the

¹ Vernon on *Variation in Animals and Plants*.

bullfrog is of the color of his element, — but there is the little green frog, and the leopard, and the pickerel frogs, all quite showily marked. So there we are, trying to tabulate nature when she will not be tabulated! Whether it be the phrase protective coloration, or the imprint of the environment, with which we seek to capture her, she will not always be captured. In the tropics there are gaudily colored tree frogs, — blue, yellow, striped, — frogs with red bodies and blue legs, and these showy creatures are never preyed upon, they are uneatable. But the old question comes up again — are the colors to advertise their uneatableness, or are they the necessary outcome, and would they be the same in a world where no living thing was preyed upon by another? The acids or juices that make their flesh unpalatable may be the same that produce the bright colors. To confound the cause with the effect is a common error. I doubt if the high color of some poisonous mushrooms is a warning color, or has any reference to outward conditions. The poison and the color are probably inseparable.

The muskrat's color blends him with his surroundings, and yet his enemies, the mink, the fox, the otter, trail him just the same; his color does not avail. The same may be said of the woodchuck. What color could he be but earth color? and yet the wolf and the fox smell him out just the same. If he were snow-white or jet-black (as he sometimes is) he would be in no greater danger.

I think it highly probable that our bluebird is a descendant of a thrush. The speckled breast of the young birds indicates this, as does a thrush-like note which one may occasionally hear from it. The bird departed from the protective livery of the thrush and came down its long line of descent in a showy coat of blue, and yet got on just as well as its ancestors. Gay plumes were certainly no handicap in this case. Are they in any case? I seriously doubt it. In fact, I am inclined to think that if the birds and

the mammals of the earth had been of all the colors of the rainbow, they would be just about as numerous.

The fact that this assimilative coloring disappears in the case of animals under domestication,—that the neutral grays and browns are followed by white and black and particolored animals,—what does that prove? It proves only that the order of nature has been interfered with, and that as wild instinct becomes demoralized under domestication, so does the wild coloration of animals. The conditions are changed, a whole series of new influences are brought to bear, the food is changed and is of greater variety, climatic influences are interfered with, a great variety of new and strange impressions are made upon each individual animal, and nature abandons her uniformity of coloration and becomes reckless, so to speak, not because the pressure of danger is removed, but because the danger is of a new and incalculable kind—the danger of man and of artificial conditions. Man demoralizes nature whenever he touches her, in savage tribes and in animal life, as well as in the fields and woods. The tendency to variation is stimulated; form as well as color is rapidly modified; the old order is broken up, and the animal comes to partake more or less of his bizarre life. Man makes sharp contrasts wherever he goes, in forms, in colors, in sounds, in odors, and it is not to be wondered at that animals brought under his influence come in time to show, more or less, these contrasts. Nature when left to herself is harmonious; man makes discords, or harmony of another order. The instincts of wild animals are much more keen and invariable than are those of animals in domestication. The conditions of their lives are more rigid and exacting. Remove the eggs from a wild bird's nest and she instantly deserts it; but a domestic fowl will incubate an empty nest for days. For the same reason the colors of animals in domestication are less constant than in the wild state; they break

up and become much more bizarre and capricious.

Cultivated plants depart more from a fixed type than plants of the fields and the woods. See what *outré* forms and colors the cultivated flowers display!

The pressure of fear is of course much greater upon the wild creatures than upon the tame, but that the removal or the modification of this should cause them to lose their neutral tints is not credible. The domestic pigeons and the barnyard fowls are almost as much exposed to their arch enemy, the hawk, as is the wild pigeon or the jungle fowl, if not more, as these latter have the cover of trees and woods to rush to. And what an eye these birds have for hawks, whether they circle in the air or walk about in the near fields! how ceaseless their vigilance! In fact, the instinct of fear of some enemy in the air above has apparently not been diminished in the barnyard fowls by countless generations of domestication. Let a boy shy a rusty pie-tin or his old straw hat across the henyard, and behold what a screaming and a rushing to cover there is! This ever watchful fear on the part of the domestic fowls ought to have had some effect in preserving their neutral tints, but it has not. A stronger influence has come from man's disruption of natural relations.

Why are ducks more variously and more brilliantly colored than geese? I think it would be hard to name the reason. A duck seems of a more intense nature than a goose, more active, more venturesome; it takes to the bypaths as it were, while the goose keeps to a few great open highways; its range is wider, its food supply is probably more various, and hence it has greater adaptiveness and variability. The swan is still more restricted in its range and numbers than the goose, and, in our hemisphere, is snow-white. The factor of protective coloration, so pronounced in the case of the goose, is quite ignored in the swan. Neither the goose nor the swan, so far as I know, has any winged enemies, but their eggs and

young are doubtless in danger at times from foxes and wolves and water animals. The duck must have more enemies, because it is smaller and is found in more diverse and sundry places. Upon the principle that like begets like, that variety breeds variety, one would expect the ducks to be more brightly and variously colored than their larger congeners, the geese and the swans.

The favorite notion of some writers on natural history that, because animals are rendered less noticeable by being light beneath and dark above, this is a protective device, seems to me a hasty conclusion. This gradation in shading is an inevitable result of certain fixed principles. It applies to inanimate objects also. The apple on the tree and the melons in the garden are protectively shaded in the same way; they are all lighter beneath and deeper colored above. The mushrooms on the stumps and trees are brown above and white beneath. Where the light is feeblest the shade is lightest, and *vice versa*. The under side of a bird's wing is, as a rule, lighter than the top side. The stronger the light, the more the pigments are developed. All fish that I am acquainted with are light beneath and dark above. If this condition helps to conceal them from their enemies, it is merely incidental, and not the result of laws working to that end.

III

"The danger of the mother bird during incubation," is a phrase often used by Darwin and by more recent writers. This danger is the chief reason assigned for the more obscure coloring of the female among so many species. Now it would seem that the dangers of the mother bird during incubation ought to be far less than those of her more brilliantly colored mate, flitting from tree to tree and advertising his whereabouts by his calls and song, or absorbed in procuring his food, or than those of other females, flitting about exposed to the eye of every passing hawk. The life of most wild

creatures is like that of a people engaged in war: enemies lurk on every hand, and the difference between the degree of danger of the sitting bird and that of its roving mate is like the difference between the wife rocking the cradle by her fireside, and her husband who is a soldier on a campaign. The mother bird is usually well hidden, and has nothing to do but to use her eyes and ears, and she usually does this to good purpose. Indeed, I believe the sitting bird is rarely destroyed. I have never known this to happen, though this fact does not prove very much. The peril is to the eggs or to the unfledged young; these cannot run or fly away. Eliminate this danger, and the numbers of our birds would probably double in a single year — this, and the danger from storms and cold. Hence the care the birds take to conceal their nests, not for the mother bird's sake, but for the sake of the treasures which she cannot defend. In some cases she appears to offer herself an easy victim in order to lure the intruder away. She would have him see only her when she flutters, apparently disabled, over the ground. The game of concealment has failed; now she will try what feigning can do.

All the species of our birds in which the male is more brilliantly colored than the female, such as the scarlet tanager, the indigo bird, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the goldfinch, the summer tanager, the Kentucky cardinal, the blue grosbeak, build in trees or low bushes, and it seems to me that the dull tints of the female would play but little part in concealing the nest. The enemies of these birds, as of all the rest of our birds, are crows, squirrels, black snakes, jays, weasels, owls, and hawks, and have been for untold generations. Now the obscure coloring of the female would play no part in protecting her against any of these creatures. What would attract their attention would be the nest itself. The crows, the jays, the weasels, the squirrels, explore the trees looking for eggs and young birds, as doubtless the owls do by night.

The mother bird flies at their approach, and leaves her eggs or young to be devoured. The sitting bird is not visible to an enemy passing in the air above, as she is hidden by the leaves. In the care of the young the male is as active and as exposed to danger as is the female, and in the case of the scarlet tanager the male seems the bolder and the more active of the two; yet the female, because of her obscure coloring, could afford to run many more chances than he.

With the ground builders the case is not much different. These birds are preyed upon by prowlers, — skunks, weasels, rats, snakes, crows, minks, foxes, and cats, — enemies that hunt at close range by night and by day and that search the ground by sight and by smell. It is not the parent bird, but the eggs and the young, that they capture. Indeed, I cannot see that the color of the sitting bird enters into the problem at all. Red or white or blue would not endanger the nest any more than the neutral grays and browns. The bobolink builds in meadows where the grass alone conceals it. That the back of the sitting bird harmonizes perfectly with the meadow bottom might make a difference to the egg collector, or to an eye a few feet above, but not to the mink, or the skunk, or the snake, or the fox, that came nosing about the very spot.

Last summer I saw where a woodcock had made her nest in a dry grassy field many yards from a swamp in the woods, which was her natural habitat. The instinct of the bird seemed to tell her that she would be less exposed to her prowling enemies in the dry open field than in the thick marshy woods, and her instinct was, no doubt, a safe guide. Her imitative color would avail her but little in either place. The same may be said of the quail and of the grouse. Their neutral tints may protect them from the human eye, but not from their natural enemies. Would the coon or the mink or the fox or the skunk be baffled by them? Is the setter or pointer baffled? Both the quail and

the partridge in settled countries are very likely to nest along roads and paths, away from thick jungles and tangles that would afford cover to their enemies. It is their eggs and their newly hatched young that they are solicitous about. Their wings afford security to themselves. True, the sitting bird usually allows the passer-by to approach her very closely, but I have reason to believe that she is much sooner alarmed by an animal that approaches stealthily, nosing about, making very little noise, than by the passing of a person or of the large grazing animals. Her old traditional enemies are stealthy and subtle, and her instinct keeps her on her guard against them. One can pass within a few yards of a partridge on his drumming log, if he walks boldly past, occupied about his own business. But let him try to creep up on the drumming partridge, and see how wary and suspicious he is!

The female cowbird is much duller in color than the male, and yet she is a parasitical bird, and does no incubating at all.

A fact that seems to tell against the notions I have been advancing, and that gives support to the theory of the protective value of dull colors, is the fact that with those species of birds in which both sexes are brightly colored, the nest is usually placed in a hole, or is domed, thus concealing the sitting bird. This is true of a large number of species, as the bluebird, the woodpeckers, the chickadee, the nut-hatch, the kingfisher, and, in the tropics, the many species of parrots and parakeets and many others, all birds of brilliant plumage, the sexes being in each case indistinguishable. But there are such marked exceptions to this rule that, it seems to me, its force is greatly weakened. Our blue jay is a highly colored bird, and yet it builds an open nest. The crow builds an open nest. The passenger pigeon was a bird of rather showy colors, and the male did his share of the incubating, and the nest was built openly. The shrike is a conspicuously marked bird, and it builds an open nest. Mr. Wallace names four

other brilliant old-world birds that build open nests. Then there are several species of birds, in which the female is obscurely marked, that build in holes and cavities, such as our wrens, the great crested fly-catcher, the European starling, the English sparrow, the bushtits of California, and the wood duck. The female oriole is much duller colored than her mate, yet she builds a pocket nest. Of course these last cases do not prove that there is not greater safety in a hidden nest, they only show that the color of the mother bird is not the main factor in the problem. But that a bird in a hole is safer than a bird in an open nest may well be doubted. The eggs are probably more secure from the thievish crow and the blue jay, but not from rats and squirrels and weasels. I know that the bluebird and the chickadee are often broken up by some small enemy.

We fancy that the birds are guided by their instinct for protective colors in the materials they choose for their nests. Most birds certainly aim to conceal their nests — the solitary builders, but not those that nest in communities, like the cliff swallows and rooks and flamingoes — and the materials they use favor this concealment. But what other materials could they use? They choose the material everywhere near at hand, — moss, leaves, dry grass, twigs, mud, and the like. The ground builders scrape together a few dry straws and spears of grass; the tree builders, twigs and lichens and cotton and rootlets and other dry wood products. There is nothing else for them to use. If a man builds a hut or a shanty in the fields or woods with such material as he finds ready at hand, his habitation will be protectively colored also. The winter wren builds its mouse-like nest of green moss, but in every case that has come under my observation the nest was absolutely hidden by its position under a log or in a stump, or amid the roots of trees, and the most conspicuous colors would not have betrayed it to its enemies. In fact, the birds that build hidden nests in holes or tree cavities use

of necessity the same neutral materials as those that build openly.

Birds that deliberately face the exterior of their nests with lichens obtained from rocks and trees, such as the humming bird, the blue-gray gnat-catcher, and the wood pewee, can hardly do so with a view to protection, because the material of their nests is already weather-worn and inconspicuous. The lichens certainly give it an artistic finish and make it a part of the branch upon which it is placed, to an extent that suggests something like taste in the builders. But I fail to see how a marauding crow, or a jay, or a squirrel, or a weasel, or any other enemy of the bird, would be cheated by this device.

IV

I find myself less inclined to look upon the neutral grays and browns of the animal world as the result of the struggle for existence, but more disposed to regard them as the result of the same law or tendency that makes nature in general adaptive and harmonious; the outcome of the blendings, the adjustments, the unifying processes, or tendencies, that are seen and felt all about us. Is not open-air nature ever striving toward a deeper harmony and unity? Do not differences, discrepancies, antagonisms, tend to disappear? Is there not everywhere something at work to bring about agreements, correspondencies, adaptations? to tone down contrasts, to soften outlines, to modify the abrupt, to make peace between opposites? Is not the very condition of life and well-being involved in this principle? The abrupt, the disjointed, the irreconcilable, mean strife and dissolution, while agreements, gradations, easy transitions, mean life and growth. Like tends to beget like; the hand is subdued to the element it works in. The environment sets its stamp more or less strongly upon all living things. Even the pyramids are the color of the sands. Leave your bones there, and they will soon be of the same tint. Even your old boots or old coat will

in time come to blend a little with the desert.

The tendency in nature that is over all and under all is the tendency or effort toward harmony — to get rid of strife, discord, violent contrasts, and to adjust every creature to its environment. Inside of this great law or tendency are the lesser laws of change, variety, opposition, contrast. Life must go on, and life for the moment breaks the unity, the balance. May not what is called protective coloration be largely this stamp of the environment, this tendency to oneness, to harmony and simplicity, that pervades nature, organic no less than inorganic?

Things in nature blend and harmonize, one thing matches with another. All open-air objects tend to take on the same color tones, every thing in the woods becomes woody, things upon the shore get the imprint of the shore, things in the water assume the hues of the water, the lichen matches the rock and the trees, the shell matches the beach and the waves; everywhere is the tendency to unity and simplicity, to low tones and adaptive colors.

One would not expect animals of the plains or of the desert to be colored like those of the bush or of the woods; the effects of the strong uniform light in the one case and of the broken and checkered light in the other would surely result in different coloration. That never-ending brown or gray or white should not in time stamp itself upon the creatures living in the midst of it is incredible.

Through the action of this principle, water animals will be water-colored, the fish in tropic seas will be more brilliantly colored than those in northern seas, tropic birds and insects will be of gayer hues than those of the temperate zones, shore birds will be shore-tinted, Arctic life will blend more or less with Arctic snows, ground animals will assimilate to the ground colors, tree animals will show greater variety in tint and form, plains animals will be dull of hue like the plains, — all this, as I fancy, not primarily for

protection or concealment, but through the law of natural assimilation, like begetting like, variety breeding variety.

What more natural than that strictly wood birds should be of many colors and shades, to be in keeping with their surroundings? Will not the play of light and shade, the multiplicity of forms, and the ever moving leaves, come in time to have their due effect? Will not a variety of influences tend to produce a variety of results? Will not sameness breed sameness? Would not one expect the humming birds to be more brilliant than the warblers, and the warblers more varied in color than the finches? the insect feeders than the seed eaters? The humming birds are, as it were, begotten by the flowers and the sunshine, as the albatross is begotten by the sea, and the whippoorwill by the dusk. The rat will not be as bright of tint as the squirrel, nor the rabbit as the fox.

In the spring one may sometimes see a bluebird or redbird or bright warbler for a moment upon the ground. How artificial and accidental it looks, like a piece of ribbon or a bit of millinery dropped there! It is not one with the ground, it is not at home there. In the tree it is more in keeping with the changing forms and the sharper contrasts.

The environment is potent in many ways. Everything is modified by the company it keeps. Do not the quiet tints and sounds of the country have their effect upon the health and character of the dwellers there? The citizen differs in look and manner from the countryman, the lawyer from the preacher and the doctor, the seaman from the landsman, the hermit from the cosmopolite. There is the rural dullness, and there is the metropolitan alertness. Local color, local quality, are realities. States, cities, neighborhoods, have shades of difference in speech and manner. The less traveled a people are, the more marked these differences appear. The more a man stays at home, the more the stamp of his environment is upon him. The more limited the range

of an animal, the more it is modified by its immediate surroundings. Thus the loon is so much of a water bird that it can only hobble upon the land, and the swallow is so much a creature of the air that its feet are of little use to it. Perfect adaptability usually narrows the range, as the skater is at home only upon the ice.

Here are two closely related birds of ours, the oven bird and the water thrush, both with speckled breasts, but each tinted more or less like the ground it walks upon, the one like the dry leaves, the other like the brook stones and pond margins. The law of assimilation and of local color has done its perfect work. Were the two birds to change places, each retaining its own color, I do not believe they would be in any more jeopardy than they are now.

The camel is of a uniform gray like the desert where it is at home, while the camelopard or giraffe, a creature of the trees, is dappled or spotted. Is the color in either case protective? Against what? Their natural enemies could be only the larger carnivora, tigers and lions, and would they not trail them or scent them on the breeze?

The lion is desert-colored too. Is this for concealment from its prey? But it is said that horses and oxen scent the lion long before they can see him, as doubtless do the wild creatures of the desert upon which he feeds. Their scent would surely be keener than that of our domesticated animals, and to capture them he must run them down or ambush them where the wind favors him. His desert color is the brand of his environment. If his home were the rocks or the mountains, his color would certainly be different. Nothing could be duller or more neutral than the color of the elephant, and surely he is not hiding from any natural enemy, or stalking any game.

The bright colors of many tropical fish, such as the angel fish, seem only a reflection of the bright element in which they live. The changing brilliant hues of tropic

seas are expressed in the animal life in them. It is highly improbable that this is for protection; it is the law of assimilation working in the deep. All life in the tropics is marked by greater eccentricity of form and richness of coloring than in the temperate zones, and this is in keeping with the above principle.

VI

It seems to me that the question that enters most deeply into the life problem of an animal is the question of food and climate, and of climate only so far as it affects the food supply. Many of our migrating birds will brave our northern winters if they can get anything to eat. A few years ago our bluebirds in the eastern part of the continent were fearfully decimated by a cold wave and an ice storm in the South that cut off their food supply. For two or three years rarely was a bluebird seen in those parts of the country where, before the event, they had been abundant. Then they began to reappear, and now, it seems to me, there are more bluebirds than ever before. Evidently their bright colors have not stood in the way of their increase. If they have now reached their limit, it is because they have reached the limit of their food supply and their nesting sites.

How abundant are the robins everywhere, how noisy, how conspicuous! I do not doubt in the least that if, retaining their same habits, they were scarlet, or white, or indigo, they would be just as numerous as they are now. The robin is a wide, free feeder, boring in the turf for grubs and worms in summer, and taking up with cedar berries and hard-hack drupes in winter. If a crop of locusts come in cherry time, he will spare your cherries. If a drouth drives the angleworms deep into the ground in August, look out for your grapes. The robin is wonderfully adaptive. If he does not find a tree to his liking, he will nest on the wall, or under your porch, or even on the ground. His colors are not brilliant, but

the secret of his success lies in his courage, his force of character, so to speak, and his adaptability. His European cousin, the blackbird, is less protectively colored, but is of similar habits and disposition, and seems to thrive equally well. Again, contrast the Baltimore oriole with the orchard oriole. If there is anything in protective color, the more soberly colored bird has greatly the advantage, and yet the more brilliant species is far more abundant. The strong contrast of black and orange which the brilliant coats present does not seem to have lessened their wearers' chances of survival. Their pendent nests, beyond the reach of weasels and squirrels and snakes and crows, are no doubt greatly in their favor, but still more so, I believe, are their feeding habits. Compared with the orchard oriole they are miscellaneous feeders; insects and fruit and even green peas are in their bill of fare. When a bird like the orchard oriole is restricted in its range, it is quite certain that its food supply is equally restricted.

Of birds that live upon tree trunks, here are two of similar habits, one protectively colored and the other not, and yet the one that is not so colored, but is of bright tints, is far the more numerous. I refer to the nuthatch and the brown creeper. The creeper is so near the color of the bark of the trees upon which it feeds that one has great difficulty in seeing it, while the nuthatch in its uniform of black, white, and blue, contrasts strongly with its surroundings. The creeper works up and around the tree, rarely showing anything but its bark-colored back, while the nuthatch runs up and down and around the tree with head lifted, constantly exposing its white throat and breast. But the nuthatch is the better feeder, it eats nuts as well as the larvæ of insects, while the creeper seems limited to a minute kind of food which it obtains with that slender, curved bill. It can probe, but not break, with this instrument, and is never seen feeding upon the ground like the nuthatch. I am bound to

state, however, that the latter bird has another advantage over the obscure creeper, which may offset the danger that might come to it from its brighter color, — it is more supple and alert. Its contact with the tree is like that of the rocker with the floor, while the line of the creeper's back is more like that of the rocker reversed; it touches head and tail, and has far less freedom of movement than has the nuthatch. The head of the latter often points straight out from the tree, and the eye takes in all the surroundings to an extent that the creeper's cannot.

Of course it is not safe to claim that one can always put his finger upon the exact thing that makes one species of birds more numerous than an allied species; the conditions of all animal life are complex, and involve many factors more or less obscure. In the present case I am only trying to point out how slight a part color seems to play in the problem, and how prominent a part food plays. Our ruffed grouse holds its own against the gunners, the trappers, the hard winters, and all its numerous natural enemies, not, I think, because it is protectively colored, but because it, too, is a miscellaneous feeder, ranging from berries and insects to buds and leaves. The quail has the same adaptive coloring, but not the same range of food supply, and hence is more easily cut off. Birds that subsist upon a great variety of foods, no matter what their coloring, apparently have the best chance of surviving.

VII

There seem to be two instincts in animal life that work against the influence of environment upon the colors of animals, or the tendency in nature to make her neutral grays and browns everywhere prevail — the male instinct of reproduction, which is preëminent, and the social or gregarious instinct, which is far less marked, but which, I am inclined to believe, has its effect.

The gregarious birds and mammals

are as a rule less locally colored than those of solitary habits. Thus the more gregarious elk and antelope and sheep are less adaptively colored than the more solitary deer. The buffalo had not the usual color of a plains animal; the individual was lost in the mass, and the mass darkened the earth. The musk ox goes in herds and does not put on a white coat in the sub-arctic regions.

Does a solitary life tend to beget neutral and obscure tints in a bird or beast? The flocking birds nearly all tend to bright colors, at least brighter than their solitary congeners. The passenger pigeon furnished a good example near at hand. Contrast its bright hues with those of the more recluse turtledove. Most of our blackbirds have a strong flocking instinct, and they are conspicuously colored. The sociability of the cedar birds may help account for their crests, their banded tails, and pure, fine browns. As soon as any of the ground birds show a development of the flocking instinct their hues become more noticeable, as is the case with the junco, the snow bunting, the shore lark, and the lark bunting of the West. Among the tree *fringillidae* the same tendency may be noticed; the flocking crossbills, pine-grosbeaks, redpolls, and the like, all being brighter of color than the solitary sparrows. The robin is the most social of our thrushes, and is the brightest colored.

In the tropics the parrots and parakeets and macaws are all strikingly colored, and are all very social. Why should not this be so? Numbers beget warmth and enthusiasm. A multitude is gay of spirit. It is always more noisy and hilarious, more festive and playful, than are single individuals. Each member is less a part of its surroundings and more a part of the flock or the herd. Its associations with nature are less intimate than with its own kind. Sociability, with the human species, tends to express itself in outward symbols and decorations, and why may not the brighter colors of the social birds be the outward expression of the same spirit?

The social flamingo does not, in the matter of color, seem to have been influenced by its environment at all. The gregarious instinct is evidently very strong in the species. Mr. Frank Chapman found them in the Bahamas living and breeding in great colonies; he discovered what he calls a flamingo city. The birds all moved and acted in concert. Their numbers showed in the distance like an army of red coats; they made the land pink. They were adapted to their marsh life by their long legs, and to the food they ate by their bills, but their colors contrasted strongly with their surroundings. The community spirit carried things with a high hand. The same is in a measure true of the ibex, the stork, the crane, — all birds more or less gregarious, and all birds of more or less gay plumes. But our solitary great blue heron, lone watcher in marshes and by pond and river margins, is obscurely colored, as is the equally solitary little green heron.

Our blue heron will stand for hours at a time on the margin of some lake or pond, or on the top of some forest tree near the water, and the eye might easily mistake him for some inanimate object. He has watched among roots and snags and dead treetops so long that he has naturally come to look like these things. What his enemies are, that he should need to hide from them, other than the fool with the gun, I do not know.

Among gregarious mammals the same spirit seems at work to check or modify the influence of the environment.

The common crow illustrates the same spirit in a wider field. The crow is a citizen of the world, he is at home everywhere, but in the matter of color he is at home nowhere. His jet black gives him away at all times and in all places. His great cunning and suspicion — whence do they come? From his experiences with man?

I do not know that there is very much in this idea as to the effect of the social instinct upon the colors of animals. I only throw it out as a suggestion.

But when we come to the reproductive principle or instinct, then do we strike a dominating influence; then is there contrast and excess and riot; then are there positive colors and showy ornaments; then are there bright flowers, red, orange, white, blue; then are there gaudy plumes of birds, and obtrusive forms and appendages in mammals. The old modesty and moderation of nature are abandoned. It is not now a question of harmony and quietude, but of continuing the species. Masses of color appear in the landscape; silent animals become noisy; birds burst into song, or strut and dance and pose before one another; the marshes are vocal; hawks scream and soar; a kind of madness seizes all forms of life; the quail whistles; the grouse drums in the woods, or booms upon the prairie; the shell fish in the sea, and the dull turtle upon the land, feel the new impulse that thrills through nature. The carnival of the propagating instinct is at hand. For this, and begotten by this, are the gaudy colors and the beautiful and the grotesque ornaments.

As a rule, the females are not implicated in this movement or craze to the extent that the males are. Even among the flowering plants and trees in which the two sexes are separated, the male is showy while the female is inconspicuous. The pollen-yielding catkins of the hazel and of the hickory and oak flaunt in the wind, seen by all passers, while the minute fruit-producing flower is seen by none. Nature always keeps nearer to her low tones, to her neutral ground, in the female than in the male; the female is nearer the neuter gender than is the male. She is negative when he is positive; she is more like the quiet color tones in nature, she represents the great home-staying, conservative, brooding mother principle that pervades the universe. Harmony, repose, flowing lines, subdued colors, are less the gift of the aggressive, warring masculine element than of the withdrawing and gentle feminine element. The earth is our mother, the sun is our father, is a feeling

as old as the human race, and throughout the animal world the neutral and negative character of the one and the color and excess of the other still mark the two sexes. Why in the human species the woman runs more to the ornate and the superfluous than the man is a question which no doubt involves sociological considerations that are foreign to my subject.

Darwin accounts for the wide departure from the principle of utility and of protective coloration in the forms and colors of so many birds and mammals, upon his theory of sexual selection, or the preference of the female for bright colors and odd forms. Wallace rejects this theory, and attributes these things to the more robust health and vigor of the males. But in the matter of health the females of all species seem on a par with the males, though in many cases the males are the larger and the more powerful. But among our familiar birds, when the two sexes differ in color, the brighter plumaged male is no larger or more vigorous than the female.

The principle to which I have referred seems to me adequate to account for these gay plumes and fantastic forms — the male sexual principle, the positive, aggressive instinct of reproduction, always so much more active in the male than in the female; an instinct or passion that banishes fear, prudence, cunning, that makes the timid bold, the sluggish active, that runs to all sorts of excesses, that sharpens the senses, that quickens the pulse, that holds in abeyance hunger, and even the instinct of self-preservation, that arms for battle and sounds forth the call, and sows contention and strife everywhere; the principle that gives the beard to the man, the mane to the lion, the antlers to the stag, the tusks to the elephant, and — why not? — the gorgeous plumes and bright colors to the male birds of so many species. The one thing that nature seems to have most at heart is reproduction; she will sacrifice almost everything else to this — the species must be perpetuated at all hazards, and she has, as

a rule, laid the emphasis upon the male. The male in the human species is positive, or plus, where the female is negative. The life of the female among the lower animals runs more smoothly and evenly — is more on the order of the neutral tint — than is that of the male. The females of the same group differ from one another much less than do the males. The male carries a commission that makes him more restless, feverish, and pugnacious. He is literally "spoiling for a fight" most of the time. This surplusage, these loaded dice, make the game pretty sure.

Cut off the ugly bull's horns, and you have tamed him. Castration tames him still more, and changes his whole growth and development, making him approximate in form and disposition to the female. I fancy that the same treatment would have the same effect upon the peacock, or the bird of paradise, or any other bird of fantastic plumage and high color. Destroy the power of reproduction, and the whole masculine fabric of pride, prowess, weapons and badges, gay plumes, and decorations, falls into ruins.

When we remember how inattentive and indifferent the females of all species of birds are to the displays of the males before them, it is incredible that their taste in fashions, their preferences for the gay and the ornate, should have played any considerable part in superinducing these things.

Darwin traces with great skill the gradual development of the ball and socket ocelli in the plumage of the Argus pheasant. It was evidently a long, slow process. Is it credible that the female observed and appreciated each successive slight change in the growth of these spots, selecting those males in which the changes were most marked, and rejecting the others? How could she be so influenced by changes so slight and so gradual that only a trained eye would be likely to take note of them? It is imputing to the female a degree of taste and a power of discrimination that are found only in man. Why, then, it may be asked, is the male

so active in showing off his finery before the female? Of course it is to move her, to excite her to the point of mating with him. His gay plumes are the badge of his masculinity, and it is to his masculinity that her feminine nature responds. She is aroused when he brings to bear upon her all the batteries of his male sex. She is negative at the start, as he is positive. She must be warmed up, and it is his function to do it. She does not select, she accepts, or rejects. The male does the selecting. He offers himself, and she refuses or agrees, but the initiative is with him always. He would doubtless strut just the same were there no hens around. He struts because he has to, because strutting is the outward expression of his feelings. The presence of the hen no doubt aggravates the feeling, and her response is a reaction to the stimuli he offers, just as his own struttings are reactions to the internal stimuli that are at the time governing him. In the Zoo at the Bronx the peacock has been seen to strut before a crowd.

Undoubtedly the males in whom the masculine principle is the strongest and most masterful are most acceptable to the females, and the marvelous development of form and color in the peacock, or in the Argus pheasant, might take place under the stimulus of continued success. If there are two rival cocks in the yard, the hens will, as a rule, prefer the victor, — the one that struts the most and crows the loudest. How amusing to see the defeated cock fold his wings, depress his plumage, and look as unpretentious and henlike as possible in the presence of his master!

If the male bird sang only while courting the female, we might think he sang only to excite her admiration, but he continues to sing until the young appear, and, fitfully, long after that, his bright colors in many cases gradually disappearing with his declining song impulse, and both fading out as the sexual instinct has run its course. It was the sexual impulse that called them into being, and they decline

as it declines. It is this impulse that makes all male birds so pugnacious during the breeding season. A brighter iris not only comes upon the burnished dove in the spring, but also a warmer glow comes upon the robin's breast, and the hues of all other male birds are more or less deepened and intensified at this time.

The odd forms and bizarre colors that so often prevail among birds, more especially tropical and semi-tropical birds, and among insects, suggest fashions among men, capricious, fantastic, gaudy, often grotesque, and having no direct reference to the needs of the creatures possessing them. They are clearly the riot and overflow of the male sexual principle, — the carnival of the nuptial and breeding impulse. The cock or sham nests of the male wrens seem to be the result of the excess and overflow of the same principle.

It is not, therefore, in my view of the case, female selection that gives the males their bright plumage, but the inborn tendency of the masculine principle to riot and overplus. There is, strictly speaking, no wooing, no courtship, among the four-footed beasts, and yet the badges of masculinity, manes, horns, tusks, pride, pugnacity, are as pronounced here as are the male adornments among the fowls of the air.

Why, among the polygamous species of birds, are the males so much more strongly marked than among the monogamous? Why, but as a result of the superabundance and riot of the male sexual principle? In some cases among the quadrupeds it even greatly increases the size of the males over the females, as among the polygamous fur seals.

Darwin came very near to the key of the problem he was looking for when he said that the reason why, throughout the animal kingdom, when the sexes differ in external appearance, the male has been the more modified, is that "the males of almost all animals have stronger passions than the females."

"In mankind, and even as low down

in the scale as in the *Lepidoptera*, the temperature of the body is higher in the male than in the female." (Darwin.)

If the female refuses the male, it is not because he does not fill her eye or arouse her admiration, but because the mating instinct is not yet ripe. The males among nearly all our birds fairly thrust themselves upon the females, and carry them by storm. This may be seen almost any spring day in the squabbles of the English sparrows along the street. The female appears to resist all her suitors, defending herself against them by thrusting spitefully right and left, and just what decides her finally to mate with any one of them is a puzzle. It may be stated as a general rule that all females are reluctant or negative, and all males are eager or positive, and that the male wins, not through the taste of the female, — her love for bright colors and ornamental appendages, — but through the dominance of his own masculinity. He is the stronger force, he is aggressive and persuasive, and finally kindles her with his own breeding instinct.

Even among creatures so low in the scale of life as the crab, the males of certain species, during the breeding season, dance and gyrate about the females, assuming many grotesque postures and behaving as if intoxicated — as, indeed, they are, with the breeding passion.

Evidently the female crab does not prefer one male over another, but mates with the one that offers himself as soon as he has excited her to the mating point. And I have no proof that among the birds the female ever shows preference for one male over another; she must be won, of course, and she is won when the male has sufficiently aroused her; she does not choose a mate, but accepts one at the right time. I have seen two male bluebirds fight for hours over a female, while she sat and looked on indifferently. And I have seen two females fight over a male, while he sat and looked on indifferently. "Either will suit, but I want but one."

Of course, nature does not work as man

works. Our notions of prudence, of precision, of rule and measure, are foreign to her ways. The stakes are hers, whoever wins. She works by no inflexible system or plan, she is spontaneous and variable every moment. She heaps the measure, or she scants the measure, and it is all one to her. Our easy explanations of her ways, — how often they leave us where they found us! The balance of

life upon the globe is fairly well maintained by checks and counter checks, by some species being prolific and other species less so, by the development of assimilative colors by one kind, and of showy colors by another, by slow but ceaseless modifications and adaptations. It is a problem of many and complex factors, in which, no doubt, color plays its part, but, I believe, this part is a minor one.

FEDERAL RATE REGULATION

BY RAY MORRIS

SINCE the publication of the President's message, with the well-known paragraph expressing the belief that an act conferring on the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to revise railroad rates and regulations was the most important legislative act now needed for the regulation of corporations, there has been a lively discussion of the subject, before both houses of Congress and in the public press. This discussion has resulted in the passage, by the House, of the Esch-Townsend bill, while the Senate has appointed a committee to take further testimony, and investigate the subject during the Congressional recess. So far as the public is concerned, the literature which has been produced has covered fully the points at issue, and the justification for taking the matter up again at this time must lie in the fact that most of the discussion has been frankly and strongly biased, with a view either to show the existing evils, or to point out the generally healthy railroad situation, and to maintain stoutly that the proposed regulative measures were unwise. The present paper aims to review the striking points that have been brought out in the testimony and incidental literature on the subject, and attempts to balance, as far as may be, arguments strongly colored

VOL. 95 - NO. 6

by the partisan view-point on one side or the other, so that it may be ascertained what the actual evils are that remain unadjusted, and how it is proposed to adjust them.

It is in order, first of all, to present the brief of the complainants. Senator Newlands, during one of the hearings before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, said to S. H. Cowan, of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Committee, "It is claimed that this task is so big that we ought not to entrust it to any commission whatever. What do you say?" Mr. Cowan replied: "Are you going to entrust it to the traffic man? Every time he wants more money he can reach into the pockets of the shipper and take it. It has got to be entrusted to somebody, — and public opinion will absolutely overwhelm Congress to the end that some relief be given to the people to protect them from the railroads." Similarly, before the House Committee, George F. Mead, representing the National League of Commission Merchants, and the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange, said: "The railroads absolutely hold to-day the power to make or break localities or men without any supervision whatever being given over their rates. . . . The ordinary business man to-day does not propose to spend his time

and money in the preparation of a case and take it before the Interstate Commerce Commission, when, after everything has been decided in his favor, he has got to go to the courts to have the order of the Commission enforced, as the average time to put a case through the courts after it has been decided favorably by the Interstate Commerce Commission is four years!" The power of the railroads to affect the fortunes of individual shippers, by increasing the rates to which their business has become adjusted, is the direct evil complained of; the power to discriminate, either in respect of one person against another or of one locality against another, is the concomitant of this and the usual source of trouble, while behind both of these correlated evils is the law's delay. It is undeniably true that the cost and the delay of a suit under the common law amounts practically to a denial of justice in such cases. The Act to Regulate Commerce, of 1887, better known as the Interstate Commerce Act, provides that a rate must be reasonable, but this throws upon the shipper the sorry task of proving that the rate complained of is not reasonable,—a matter about as difficult as to establish by testimony that a certain hill is or is not high. If, on the other hand, the shipper carries his case to the Interstate Commerce Commission, he may perhaps get a settlement in his favor in from three months to a year, — after much hearing of testimony, — in which case he will lose the difference between the rate he paid and the rate as finally adjudicated, during the period of investigation by the Commission. But this presupposes that the railroads accede to the decision of the Commission, as, indeed, they often do. If they contest the ruling, or ignore it, the power of the Commission ceases, and it can only fall back on the right of the individual to sue at common law, to enforce its decrees. In brief, the remedy for an unjust charge is hedged about with such difficulties, costs, and uncertainties, that it is nearly out of the large shipper's

reach, and is practically non-existent for the small shipper.

This feeling of impotency on the part of the aggrieved shipper, and the conviction that the cumbersome machinery of the law operates always in favor of the railroad, is doubtless the moving cause in the present agitation, far more than the existence of general or specific schedules of rates which are in themselves unjust. The testimony has cited numerous specific instances where rates are complained of, however. As an example of a concrete increase, which threatens the prosperity of a definite interest, the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association case is characteristic. The representative of this association testified that it was the practice of the Southern and Southwestern cattle-raisers to ship their cattle to Northern states, to be fattened upon the ranges and pastures before being brought to market. The members of the association own approximately four million head of cattle, distributed throughout Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, etc.; so that a large interest, both numerically and geographically, is concerned. Schedules were quoted to show that the rates on cattle from Texas points (Amarillo group) to common points in the Bellefourche group, South Dakota, had been increased from sixty-five dollars per car, between 1890 and 1898, to one hundred dollars per car, with no compensating betterment of service. A voluminous exhibit of tabular matter was presented to controvert the claim that it cost the roads more to do the business to-day than it did ten years ago, and complaint was made that they were not justified in making so considerable an increase in a rate which they had previously maintained through a series of years.

As a case illustrating a more complex aspect of the question, — alleged injustice to the general public, as opposed to any specific interest, — the Hearst testimony is illuminating. Congressman Hearst testified that he instituted suits in the fall of 1902 to show that the high price of coal

was due originally to agreements by the railroads resulting in the establishment of a monopoly. He alleged that the rail rates on coal from the mines to New York had been kept so high that competition was excluded. The railroads and the largest anthracite coal interests being practically identical, the rail tariff could be made as high as they pleased, so that it worked like the old Standard Oil system of rebates, except that in the present case no actual rebate was paid.

Now comes the railroad manager into court to reply to the agitation for giving the Commission rate-making powers. His answer assumes manifold forms, but it rests on three main premises. The first of these is that the present situation does not call for so radical a step on the part of the government; that rates, as a whole, have shown a marked and substantially a steady decrease through a long period of years; that occasional friction is inevitable in the working of so complex a machine as a great railroad system, but that irregularities are corrected as fast as they are brought to his attention. In this connection, he alleges further that most of the popular clamor for rate regulation is specially manufactured for the occasion, and that much of it is political. The railroad manager's second premise is that the practical difficulties attendant upon any equitable system of Federal rate regulation are insuperable; his third premise deals with the patent objections to clothing a single commission with duties corresponding to those of all three branches of the government, — executive, legislative, and judicial, — and he points out that it is manifestly unjust for a body which has acted as prosecuting attorney to sit in judgment upon its own findings.

In support of his first contention, that the present situation occasions no cause for alarm, the railroad manager shows that the average freight earnings per ton per mile were 1.99 cents in 1870, 1.24 cents in 1882, .839 cents in 1895, and .763 cents in 1903. This, moreover, while the purchasing power of the dollar received

by the railroad in payment for transportation has been steadily growing less. H. T. Newcomb presented in evidence an ingenious calculation, based on statistics published by the Department of Labor, which shows that if the average freight from the years 1890 to 1899 be represented by the index number 100, the average rate in 1902 was 90.2. But the average cost of fuel and lighting, from the same original number, increased to 134.3 during the same period; cloths and clothing increased to 102, food to 111.3, and the average of 260 commodities increased to 112.9.

These figures are very striking, though they involve a serious fallacy in comparing the trend of railroad rates by means of the general ton-mile average. If a road that handles a large tonnage of high-class manufactured articles builds a branch into coal fields, or makes a traffic agreement that brings it a considerable new movement of grain, it may raise every rate on its schedule and yet show a lower ton-mile average at the end of the year, because a ton of coal, or of wheat, must in any case take a rate far lower than the corresponding weight of clocks or sewing machines, and the average rate reflects the proportion which low-class freight bears to the total, rather than the tariff paid by any one shipper. But the Department of Labor's commodity-costs, which deal with each article separately, involve no such fallacy, and a study of the railroad schedules, item by item, instead of in the aggregate, shows a general trend which is distinctly downwards, while the commodity-costs have been going up. Mr. Newcomb testified before the House Committee that it took the farm value of one bushel of wheat in every 5½, in 1899, to pay the freight from Chicago to New York, while at the present time it takes only one bushel in every 7.82.

Concerning the direct, practical difficulties which would beset a government commission that attempted to regulate rates, a vast amount of testimony has been brought out. The *prima facie* diffi-

culty of determining what is a reasonable rate is well known, and has already been alluded to. One witness before the House Committee called attention to statements by the Supreme Court that any calculation as to reasonableness of rates must be based on the fair value of the property; that a railroad is not entitled to earn merely for the purpose of paying dividends, operating expenses, fixed charges, and taxes, but that the interests of the carrier, of the shipper, and of the public must all be kept in mind, and he added that these questions were as broad as the subject of logic! An effort to determine what it costs a railroad to handle any commodity is a will-o'-the-wisp chase. It is possible to tell accurately how much coal is burned in hauling a load of furniture from Grand Rapids to New York, — provided nothing else is carried in the same train, — and the wages of the train crew can be definitely set down. But how about the back haul? If it should be necessary to take the cars back light, or with only a partial load, should the east-bound furniture stand the wage and fuel cost for the west-bound train? And what part of the charge for maintenance of way, signals, and bridge renewal; for taxes, interest on bonds, and the salaries of the general officers, — costs met by the receipts from freight and passenger traffic alike, — should be borne by this train-load of furniture? It was freely admitted that the reasonableness of a rate would have to be determined by a commission, — as, indeed, it has been by the present Interstate Commerce Commission, — on some other basis than that of a calculation of the cost of moving the commodity.

But the point has been raised that the traffic manager is as much in the dark as is the commissioner, when the question of the reasonableness of a rate arises; that rate-making must, at best, be a matter of judgment, and that the commission's judgment would have the advantage of impartiality. Setting aside any discussion as to the possibility of putting "reasonableness" on a scientific basis, the

difficulties then become resolved into those of execution. Mr. Hines, appearing before the House Committee on behalf of the Atlantic Coast Line and the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, called attention to a prominent aspect of this in the interdependence that rates have upon one another. "For a rate that is fixed for one point," he said, "you will have perhaps twenty points that will straightway find they have been affected by that reduction. When the Commission fixes a rate, it simply begins its work as to that special rate. When it makes a rate, it does not get a rate off its hands, but it gets one on its hands. This will be particularly true with respect to the adjustment of rates between localities, which, as is apparent from the hearings here, is the principal sort of work that a rate-making tribunal would undertake."

The grain differentials between the grain-producing country and the different seaports illustrate this point nicely. With the schedule observed for many years, the charge for hauling wheat from interior points to New York was two cents greater per hundred pounds than the charge to Philadelphia, and three cents greater than the charge to Baltimore. The question as to the fairness of these differentials has never been settled to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned. The New York interests claim that the lower rate to the southern ports is seriously affecting their business, while Philadelphia and Baltimore angrily contest any proposition to abolish the differential, and clamor for a larger one. The basis of their argument rests technically on the question of mileage, for Philadelphia is ninety-one miles nearer Chicago than New York is, and Baltimore is a hundred and eighty-seven miles nearer.¹ But nobody thinks that the southern ports are actually given a lower rate on account of the shorter haul; the New York Central and the West Shore would be delighted to haul to New York at the lower

¹ Distances calculated, for illustration, on the Baltimore and Ohio mileage.

rate, if doing so would not involve them in a general rate war. The actual reason for the differential is simply that the southern roads must share in the grain business, and the southern ports will not attract the grain when their rates are on a par with New York. Besides the Lake advantage, during the season of open navigation, the largest seaport in the country has, *ipso facto*, great strategic strength in the grain business, on account of its multitudinous steamer lines to every part of the world. These not only offer excellent facilities, but are in position to keep the ocean freights very low, because grain is extremely desirable as a supplemental cargo for a vessel already partly loaded, and the agents of such a vessel, chartered, perhaps, in other service, may find it to their advantage to offer their remaining space more cheaply than would be feasible if the entire vessel were engaged to carry grain.

Suppose, then, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has the power of rate regulation conferred on it. Philadelphia and Baltimore both have differentials from the rate to New York; the New York interests, dissatisfied with the share of grain they are receiving, — as is usually the case, — protest to the Commission that the respective grain rates are unreasonable. Now what is the Commission to do? If it attempts to establish rates on a basis of mileage alone, the difficulty at once arises that there are a number of railroads reaching the several ports, some of which have a longer haul than others. Then the road with the shortest route could name, and would be compelled to name, the lowest rate, which would bring it the entire business, and would throw the situation, so far as the other roads were concerned, into an unthinkable state of confusion. Suppose, then, that the Commission abolishes the differential entirely, on the ground that the haul to New York, although longer, is made over easier grades, and that there is no obvious reason why a higher charge should be made for the service performed. Baltimore and

Philadelphia will then complain, correctly, that their grain business has been taken away from them, and ask the reason for this discrimination in favor of New York. On the other hand, if the differentials be left unchanged, New York will then be in position to point to the clause in the Constitution of the United States which says that no preference shall be given, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one state over those of another. New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore being ports in three states, it would seem that the Commission would find itself on thin ice over the deep waters of preference in any attempt to settle the vexed question of the differentials. It has been held by some writers that this clause of the Constitution would not apply to rate quarrels between ports; that it was written before railroads were dreamed of, and that no meaning can be read into it except that originally intended: to wit, that Congress should not have the power to erect any sort of customs barrier to the hurt of the port or ports of any individual state. But until the question may come up before the Supreme Court, it will be hazardous to risk an opinion as to the construction of this highly important clause, except to point out that the whole fabric of Supreme Court decisions on the Act to Regulate Commerce is built upon a foundation of constitutional principle that fits modern conditions only by the moulding and shaping of judicial interpretation.

The Commission, with its present restricted powers, has already viewed the question of the Atlantic port differentials, and has held them reasonable. (Further investigations by the Commission are in progress at the time of writing.) But so long as it lacks rate-making powers, it is not open to the charge of unconstitutionality arising from port preference. It can readily be seen that as soon as it should have the power to say, either that a specific new rate should be established, or that a specific old rate should be maintained, it would have to

face claims made under this obstinate constitutional clause from as many quarters as there are dissatisfied ports, and where is there a port that is not dissatisfied? However arbitrary the traffic manager's rates may be, they have, in a case like this, the distinct advantage of being the result of a general attempt to compromise and harmonize conflicting claims, and, once made, of being open to no constitutional objection, so long as they are not in themselves unreasonable. The difficulties which would follow the establishment of rates by measure, instead of by compromise, as the result of successive appeals to the courts, are quite apparent.

The situation in which a rate-making commission would find itself when it tried to settle quarrels between ports has been explained fully in this case of the grain differentials. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely of this single phase of the objection to conferring the powers on a Federal Commission. Another side to the same objection, raised by the railroad interests on purely practical grounds, is the matter of rate flexibility. A certain railroad in northern New England has branch lines running through practically undeveloped lumber country. Not long ago a wood pulp manufacturer interviewed the officers of this road, to find out whether it would be to his interest to establish a plant in that territory. In order to do so, he would have to be given a very low special rate, to enable his product to compete in the market with that of other manufacturers located nearer the consuming centre. The traffic manager of the railroad figured that he was likely to make some small profit on the business, and that there would also be a back haul of supplies for the mill and the settlement which would grow up around it. This would be the direct result; an indirect result of building up the territory would be likely to follow. Therefore a remarkably low rate was named, cheerfully and at once, for this special traffic; a rate which the railroad could by no means afford to have quoted as a pre-

cedent, but which served its purpose of pioneer work in developing an industry and building up new traffic.

Problems of this kind come up almost daily, requiring special concessions and prompt action. Any additional freight carried at a presumable profit over operating cost enables the railroad to reduce by so much the charge for carrying other freight, but a railroad manager would certainly hesitate to make such a rate if it was likely to be seized upon by a Federal commission as an example of the kind of tariff that should apply generally, and to be used as a club, on suit instituted by dissatisfied communities elsewhere on the line, to force other reductions. As was stated in testimony before the House Committee, the secret of the great development of commercial and industrial enterprise in this country has been the flexibility and facility with which railroad men have met new conditions, and have reached out after new markets. Comment was made that this initiative cannot be exercised by the railroads and by the Interstate Commerce Commission at the same time, and that, if the Commission can say what the rate shall be, the railroads will be deterred from this wholesome striving after new traffic, because they will realize that what they do in a particular instance will be applied as a precedent in some other case. Instead of simply developing traffic, they would be piling up a highly dangerous line of precedents, that would be pretty sure, sooner or later, to disturb some other relation.

A practical illustration of this is found in the operation of the law in a number of states which at the present time empower their commissions to make rates. Complaints have been frequent, notably in Georgia and in Texas, that the very presence of a zealous commission has tended to keep local rates high, because the traffic managers have feared to make any special efforts to get new business on a basis which would be disastrous if applied to the entire schedule. That the welfare of a community and that of its

railroads are interdependent is well understood, but the delicate adjustment of the relation and the ease with which it can be disturbed are not always appreciated. Wisconsin carried rate regulation to such extremes in the famous Potter law, of 1874, during the Granger period, that its railroads were unable to perform their functions or to pay interest on their mortgages, and the prosperity of the state was definitely retarded during the two years that the act was in force. The conditions in Texas to-day, where the Commission rejoices exceedingly in its strength, are such that railroad capital is becoming chary about extending the development of the state, and railroad managers are not eager to give concessions to develop new traffic. At the time of writing, Wisconsin is again considering the advisability of entering the rate-making field, yet recent testimony before the legislature of that state showed how much easier it has been to further local development there, with the traffic-manager rates as now made, than across the border, in Iowa, where rates are made by a state commission.

So much for the objection that rates made by a Federal commission would be inflexible. The other chief line of criticism to which the President's plan has been subjected is directed on constitutional and equitable grounds against the centring of executive, legislative, and judicial functions in the same body. It was argued by Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway, that the Interstate Commerce Commission at present is an investigating and prosecuting — an executive — body. But if it be given power to enforce a decision that a rate is unreasonable *per se*, it straightway adds the judicial function to the executive. The matter does not stop here, however, for the Esch-Townsend and the other bills under consideration provide that the Commission, after certain specified procedure, shall name a new rate, which shall operate in the future.

Now, the judicial function deals with

acts present or past; not with the future. The power to name a rate means the power to name a future rate, and that power, so far as it is vested in government, is purely a legislative function. That is to say, a new rate made by the Commission would be in the nature of a law, rather than a judicial decision, and therefore not subject to review, on any but constitutional grounds, by the Supreme Court. This is, of course, a point of great weight. All of the Federal rate regulation bills seriously considered at the last Congressional session looked to a review of the work of the Commission by the United States courts, but if it is accepted that the making of a future rate is a legislative act, then the Commission becomes a coördinate branch of Congress, and the courts can do no more than determine, on appeal, whether or not a specific ruling is confiscatory, or otherwise at variance with constitutional limitations; they cannot themselves name a rate which can be put into effect, as the President apparently intended, nor can any *court* be constituted which will be able to exercise such a power. As was said by Congressman Adamson, in examining a witness at one of the hearings, "You propose to constitute a separate body to review the findings of this Commission, to which we have delegated the power to fix rates, and that body may hear the case and decide that everything that has been done is wrong; yet you say that you cannot empower that court to finish the job and declare a final rate that shall prevail."

The testimony laid much stress on the inherent unfairness arising from the simple vesting of administrative and judicial functions in the same body, without regard to the further complication of the legislative function which arises when the Commission names a rate for the future. As it was concisely expressed, — it is not in accordance with American practice to have the prosecuting attorney act as judge. By the very fact that it has collected testimony, examined witnesses,

and promulgated a definite "case" against the railroads, the Commission may fairly be supposed, in each instance, to have disqualified itself from assuming a judicial attitude and from making rulings on its own findings. It is objected that the hearings before the present Commission have not been conducted according to the rules of evidence; that irrelevant matter is freely admitted, tending still further to prejudice the judgment of the commissioners. The peculiar danger of this lies in the evident fact that the rate-making commission is nowhere thought of as a body to be created even partially in the railroad interest, but is frankly considered to be a weapon to enforce the interest of the shipper. It is held preposterous that such a tribunal, designed to be one-sided, should possess the qualifications to render impartial judgments between its avowed clients and the railroads. Moreover, without life tenure, the mere fact that a commissioner is subject to reappointment must of necessity expose him to a tremendous pressure to trim his decisions to the popular side, consciously or unconsciously. It is asking much of any man to require that he be judge while he is attorney, legislator while judge, and political candidate at the same time with all three!

This completes the review, by general topics, of the objections brought out in the Senate and House hearings against Federal rate regulation. Much additional matter was presented which does not require specific discussion, since it falls under the scheme of review and argument already covered. Some of the speakers dwelt on the alleged unfairness of any sort of governmental interference, on purely academic grounds; thus, it was demonstrated that the kind of rate regulation sought is reduction only; that rate reductions tend, in effect, to limit dividends, and that the government has no more right to restrict the profits of a railroad than it has to restrict the profits of a cotton mill. It was pointed out, further, that there was a bi-focal specific reason why railroad dividends should not be in-

terfered with: the growth of the country was in large measure due to the fact that private capital had been tempted into railroad enterprises, and it was important that it should continue to be so tempted, but this could scarcely be the case if the government in effect fixed a maximum return, without guaranteeing a minimum. Railroad investments are hazardous, especially in the localities which need development the most, and the investor must be encouraged to take risks, and, conversely, must be permitted to enjoy the fruits, as he has sustained the losses, of risks already taken.

However convincing this line of argument may be, in the abstract, it may be stricken from consideration at the present time on the ground that it is not relevant to the points at issue, since the Supreme Court has held repeatedly that Congress has an undoubted constitutional right to regulate commerce between the states, and may, as a legislative body, name a rate if it chooses to, provided it does not name one that is confiscatory. (As, for example, in the case of *Smythe v. Oliver Ames et al.*) The practical and effective arguments against Federal rate regulation have been directed against the practicability, rather than against the constitutional possibility, of the assumption of this task by Congress.

Omitting all the fallacious and doubtful issues on both sides, it will be seen that the advocates of rate regulation have proved the existence of undoubted evils, of which the foremost are the law's delay and a procedure so cumbersome and expensive that it amounts simply to a denial of justice for the small shipper who has been wronged. On the other hand, the opponents of regulation have demonstrated not only that the proposed legislation is dangerous, but that it is quite impotent to reach the evils aimed at, many of which are frankly acknowledged. The opposition has also shown that the general rate situation is equitable, and that to place rate-making in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as a

weapon directed against the real evils, would be like firing a charge of buck-shot after a fleeing thief in a crowded street. If the analysis of the respective bills of complaint has devoted less space to the arguments of the shipper than to the arguments of the railroad, it is because the former stand out more sharply, and require less exposition.

A general survey of the testimony must lead to the certain conclusion that the present agitation is based on several different grounds, which tend readily to confuse themselves, and which are not amenable to the same remedies. A considerable part of the clamor for rate regulation in the public press is based on the showing of wrongs which have arisen, not from the unfairness of any rate in itself, but from the fact that certain favored shippers get their transportation cheaper than others do. Some of this discrimination has been flatly illegal, under the Elkins law; much of it has been practiced under cunning devices which evade the law; none of it seems to be amenable to the kind of legislation represented in the Esch-Townsend bill. The methods by which our commerce laws have been "beaten" are legion, but three particularly conspicuous examples will serve, — the private car line method, the terminal railroad method, and the "midnight tariff."

Refrigerator cars are expensive; in most services they are used only for a part of the year, so that it is economical for a private car company to own them and shift them around from one part of the country to another, as needed. A simple form of contract in such a case provides that the railroad shall collect from the shipper of fruit or perishable produce by refrigerator car a lump sum, part of which goes to the railroad, for the haulage, and the balance to the private car company, in lieu of rental, the charge for icing the car, etc. In itself, the proposition is a perfectly equitable one, but it is well known that a few great interests have secured a virtual monopoly of the

business, maintaining the strength of their position by the fact that they control so great a tonnage of perishable goods that they can require the railroads to make exclusive contracts with them. The result of this has been to place a ruinous rate on the transportation of the products of the weak competitors; a rate charged to all alike, but paid by the private car owners into their own pockets for hauling their own goods. Here is a very tangible wrong in the railroad field, wholly beyond remedy by Federal rate-making; a wrong which the railroads themselves would rejoice to see righted, but which they know cannot be touched by the Esch-Townsend bill.

The "terminal railroad" method is another perfectly legal "hold-up" that does not come within the scope of the proposed law; a species of discrimination for which no effective remedy has yet been suggested. A good example of this was given by H. L. Bond, Jr., in his statement before the House Committee. Suppose there is a road, say forty miles long, and the stock of that railroad is owned by a manufacturing company, engaged in the manufacture of steel. Under the charter of that manufacturing company, it is authorized to hold the stock of the railroad, and the railroad connects with three or four trunk lines. All the supplies of the manufacturing company must go over that road. The railroad company says to the trunk lines, "We must have seventy cents on every ton of coal and coke. If you do not give us the seventy cents, you do not get the freight, because this railroad will not accept any less." This sum does not exceed the local charge per ton per mile which the terminal company is authorized to make, under the state law, but it may be at least twenty cents a ton higher than would ordinarily be given a terminal railroad as its share of the through rate. So the terminal railroad, owned by the manufacturing company, says, "We have a position of commercial advantage; we can get our local rate, and we are going to take it;" and it adds, politely,

"If you three or four trunk lines get together and say you will not give us that, we will have you indicted under the anti-trust act!" Here is an air-tight discrimination against the outside manufacturer, which hits the railroads as well, but is beyond the scope of any Federal act of rate regulation, because the terminal railroad is wholly contained in a single state, and is quite within its rights in charging the full maximum rate allowed by the local law.

The "midnight tariff," a device put into execution directly by the trunk line, to get tonnage by a strictly legal method, was much in evidence during the recent grain war between the lines serving the Gulf ports. A certain shipper is prepared to send a large consignment of grain over the line that offers the best inducement. The traffic manager of the A. & B. Railroad agrees to carry this grain for a cent a bushel less than the tariff on which all the competing lines are operating. To make this legal, he publishes a grain tariff in conformity with his agreement, applicable to all comers, but this tariff goes into effect, practically without warning, say at midnight, on a certain date. The A. & B. Railroad hauls the consignment for which it has contracted; then another notice is filed, restoring the tariff to what it was before. The discrimination here lies against the small shipper, who can obtain no such concessions; yet nothing has been done that is illegal, and nothing has been done that a rate regulation bill would remedy.

These three characteristic cases serve as illustrations of the source of much of the prevalent discontent and feeling that the public is not getting a "square deal." In two of the three, the railroads are seen to be unwilling parties to the discrimination, in which they are joint sufferers, but the many self-appointed champions of the public who have arisen do not differentiate between offenders. Great corporations carry a heritage of unpopularity; the railroad is a conspicuously prominent example of the great corpora-

tion. People like giant stories just as well to-day as they ever did, but they have been educated to require a flavoring of truth in the narrative, and there has always been enough of real evil in the railroad situation to weave into a pretty tale of villainy and oppression.

When the House of Representatives passed the Esch-Townsend bill, providing for a rate-making Federal commission and a court of review, and passed it by a majority so large as to be practically unanimous, there is no doubt that it permitted itself to be transformed from a deliberative body into a band of giant-killers. The loud-spoken popular interest demanded relief from an oppression which was tangible enough, but imperfectly understood, and the representative of each local district wished to be on record as having done something, it did not much matter what. With all deference to honest intention, it is permissible to wonder if one in twenty of the representatives who voted for the Esch-Townsend bill had any theory whatever in his own mind as to the manner in which this bill would be likely to bring relief. The Senate, in delaying action pending investigation, refused to be stampeded, but put its reliance in a committee, and in the clarifying effect which lapse of time has on a heated discussion. The record of investigations by previous Senate committees has been excellent. A Select Committee, for example, conducted hearings prior to the passage of the Act to Regulate Commerce, in 1887, and its deliberations resulted in an extremely able report.

It may be conceded at once that the present law and the present procedure for putting the law into effect are inadequate, and that their results fall far short of justice in many cases, particularly where rebates and discriminations of the type referred to are involved; discriminations so cunningly devised that they fear not to walk abroad under the full light of day. But it is equally obvious that there is nothing to be gained by blundering, short-

sighted legislation, which strikes in the dark and exhausts its force when once it has missed its aim. Speaking generally, no scheme for Federal rate regulation has yet been proposed which seems likely to work, or to prove as effective a means of keeping railroad rates down as the natural competition, not between carriers, but between localities. Competition between carriers has been growing steadily less, and cannot be legislated into existence. But competition between localities, by which widely separate points supplying the same market require rates that will allow them to sell their goods at a profit, is bound to be encouraged by the railroads as a matter of self-interest, since every new producing point that can be built up brings new tonnage.

On resolution of Senator Kean, March 2, 1905, the Committee on Interstate Commerce, or any subcommittee thereof, was instructed to sit during the recess of the Senate and acquire further information on all of these matters, including violations and evasions of the anti-rebate law, with a view to considering additional legislation. That this work will be performed in a conscientious and thorough manner, there can be no doubt. Whether the results will be proportionate to the labor expended is less certain. There is an inherent conflict of interest between

shipper and carrier, just as there is between buyer and seller of any commodity whatsoever, and it is asking too much of Congress to expect it to establish relations of perpetual harmony and equity between two hundred and five thousand miles of railroads and their customers. The suggestion made by Dr. Hadley, that the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission be not enlarged, but that this body be composed of men thoroughly competent to serve as expert counsel to a new branch of the circuit court, seems thoroughly sound. It is much to be feared, as he himself hinted, that the Senate Committee will not have the courage or the conservatism to recommend legislation so moderate in its character; but even if it should do so, and if its recommendations should be accepted, the great and ever-present evil of the law's delay would be only partially remedied thereby. The popular clamor is right in demanding that the path to justice must be made straight and plain through all the confusing mazes that have sprung up between the shipper and the carrier; but nothing more than that can be done; any Federal enactment that aims to cure radically and automatically all existing transportation ills is sure to prove a remedy worse than the disease, if it does not fall ridiculously short of accomplishing anything at all.

A NEW POET

BY R. W. GILDER

I

FRIENDS, beware!
Stop babbling! Hark, a sound is in the air!
Above the pretty songs of schools
(Not of music made, but rules),
Above the panic rush for gold
And emptinesses manifold,
And selling of the soul for phantom fame,
And reek of praises where there should be blame;
Over the dust and muck,
The buzz and roar of wheels,
Another music steals, —
A right, true note is struck.

II

Friends, beware!
A sound of singing in the air!
The love song of a man who loves his fellow men;
Mother-love and country-love, and the love of sea and fen;
Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long;
There has come to the old world's singing the thrill of a brave new song.

III

They said there were no more singers,
But listen! — a master voice!
A voice of the true joy-bringers!
Now will ye heed and rejoice,
Or pass on the other side,
And wait till the singer hath died,
Then weep o'er his voiceless clay?
Friends, beware!
A keen, new sound is in the air, —
Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day!

THE CONVENT STAGE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"FROM this hour I do renounce the creed whose fatal worship of bad passions has led thee on, step by step, to this blood-guiltiness!"

Elizabeth was studying her part. We were all studying our parts; but we stopped to listen to this glowing bit of declamation, which Elizabeth delivered with unbroken calm. "I drop down on my knees when I say that," she observed gloomily.

We looked at her with admiring, envious eyes. Our own rôles offered no such golden opportunities. Lilly's, indeed, was almost as easily learned as Snug's, being limited to three words, "The Christian slave?" which were supposed to be spoken interrogatively; but which she invariably pronounced as an abstract statement, bearing on nothing in particular. It was seldom, however, that we insignificant little girls of the second Cours were permitted to take part in any play, and we felt to the full the honor and glory of our positions. "I come on in three scenes, and speak eleven times," I said, with a pride which I think now strongly resembled Mr. Rushworth's. "What are you, Tony?"

"A beggar child," said Tony. "I cry 'Bread! bread!' in piercing accents" (she was reading from the stage directions), "and afterwards say to Zara, — that's Mary Orr, — 'Our thanks are due to thee, noble lady, who from thy abundance feeds us once. Our love and blessings follow her who gave us daily of her slender store.'"

"Is that all?"

"The other beggar child says nothing but 'Bread! bread!'" replied Tony stiffly.

"What a lot of costumes to get up for so many little parts!" commented Elizabeth, ever prone to consider the practical aspect of things.

"I am dressed in rags," said Tony. "They ought n't to give much trouble."

"Lilly and I are to be dressed alike," I said. "'Slaves of the royal household.' Madame Rayburn said we were to wear Turkish trousers of yellow muslin, with blue tunics, and red sashes tied at the side. Won't we look like guys?"

I spoke with affected disdain and real complacency, gloating — like Mr. Rushworth — over the finery I pretended to despise. Elizabeth stared at us dispassionately. "Lilly will look well in anything," she remarked with disconcerting candor, at which Lilly blushed a lovely rose pink. She knew how pretty she was, but she had that exquisite sweetness of temper which is so natural an accompaniment of beauty. Perhaps we should all be sweet-tempered, if we could feel sure that people looked at us with pleasure.

"You will have to wear Turkish trousers, too," said Tony maliciously to Elizabeth; "and get down on your knees in them."

"No I won't," returned Elizabeth scornfully. "I'm not a Turk. I'm a Moorish princess, — Zara's niece."

"Moors and Turks are the same," said Tony with conviction.

"Moors and Turks are not the same," said Elizabeth. "Turks live in Turkey, and Moors live — whereabouts is this play, anyway, Marie?"

"Granada," said Marie. "The Spanish army, under Ferdinand and Isabella, is besieging Granada. I wish I were a Moor instead of a pious Spanish lady. It would be a great deal more fun. I've always got pious parts."

This was true, but then most of the parts in our convent plays *were* pious, and if they were given to Marie, it was because

she was so good an actress, — the only one our second Cours could boast. Elizabeth, indeed, had her merits. She never forgot her lines, never was frightened, never blundered. But her absolutely unemotional rendering of the most heroic sentiments chilled her hearers' hearts. Marie was fervid and impassioned. Her *rr*'s had the true Gallic roll. Her voice vibrated feelingly. She was tall for thirteen, without being hopelessly overgrown as Emily and I were. Strangest of all, she did not seem to mind the foolish and embarrassing things which she was obliged to do upon the stage. She would fling her arms around an aged parent, and embrace her fondly. She would expound the truths of Christianity as St. Philomena. She would weep, and pray, and forgive her enemies, as the luckless Madame Elisabeth. What is more, she would do these things at rehearsals, in her short school frock, with unabated fervor, and without a shade of embarrassment. We recognized her as a Heaven-sent genius, second only to Julia Reynolds and Antoinette Mayo (who I still think *must* have been the greatest of living actresses), yet in our secret souls we despised a little such absolute lack of self-consciousness. We were so awkward and abashed when brought face to face with any emotion, so incapable of giving it even a strangled utterance, that Marie's absorption in her parts seemed to us a trifle indecent. It was on a par with her rapid French, her lively gestures, her openly expressed affection for the nuns she liked, and the unconcern with which she would walk up the long classroom, between two rows of motionless girls, to have a medal hung around her neck on Sunday morning at Prime. This hideous ordeal, which clouded our young lives, was no more to Marie than walking upstairs, — no more than unctuously repeating every day for a fortnight the edifying remarks of the pious Spanish lady.

Plays were the great diversions of our school life. We had two or three of them every winter, presented, it seemed to me,

with dazzling splendor, and acted with passionate fire. I looked forward to these performances with joyful excitement, I listened, steeped in delight, I dreamed of them afterwards for weeks. The big girls who played in them, and of whom I knew little but their names, were to me beings of a remote and exalted nature. The dramas themselves were composed with a view to our especial needs, or rather to our especial limitations. Their salient feature was the absence of courtship and of love. It was part of the convent system to ignore the master passion, to assume that it did not exist, to banish from our work and from our play any reference to the power that moves the world. The histories we studied skipped chastely on from reign to reign, keeping always at bay this riotous intruder. The books we read were as free as possible from any taint of infection. The poems we recited were as serene and cold as Teneriffe. "Love in the drama," says an acrimonious critic, "plays rather a heavy part." It played no part at all in ours, and I am disposed to look back now upon its enforced absence as an agreeable elimination. The students of St. Omer — so I have been told — presented a French version of *Romeo and Juliet*, with all the love scenes left out. This *tour de force* was beyond our scope, but *She Stoops to Conquer*, shorn of its double courtship, made a vivacious bit of comedy, and a translation of *Le Malade Imaginaire* — expurgated to attenuation — was the most successful farce of the season.

Of course the expurgation was not done by us. We knew Goldsmith and Molière only in their convent setting, where, it is safe to say, they would never have known themselves. Most of our plays, however, were original productions, written by some one of the nuns whose talents chanced to be of a dramatic order. They were, as a rule, tragic in character, and devout in sentiment, — sometimes so exceedingly devout as to resemble religious homilies rather than the legitimate drama. A conversation held in Purgatory, which gave

to three imprisoned souls an opportunity to tell one another at great length, and with shameless egotism, the faults and failings of their lives, was not — to our way of thinking — a play. We listened unmoved to the disclosures of these garrulous spirits, who had not sinned deeply enough to make their revelations interesting. It was like going to confession on a large and liberal scale. The martyrdom of St. Philomena was nearly as dull, though the saint's defiance of the tyrant Symphronius, — "persecutor of the innocent, slayer of the righteous, despot whose knell has even this hour rung," — lent a transient gleam of emotion; and the angel who visited her in prison — and who had great difficulty getting his wings through the narrow prison door — was, to my eyes at least, a vision of celestial beauty.

What we really loved were historical dramas, full of great names and affecting incidents. Our crowning triumph (several times repeated) was *Zuma*, a Peruvian play in which an Indian girl is accused of poisoning the wife of the Spanish general, when she is really trying to cure her of a fever by giving her quinine, a drug known only to the Peruvians, and the secret of which the young captive has sworn never to divulge. *Zuma* was a glorious play. Its first production marked an epoch in our lives. Gladly would we have given it a season's run, had such indulgence been a possibility. There was one scene between the heroine and her free and unregenerate sister, Italca, which left an indelible impression upon my mind. It took place in a subterranean cavern. The stage was darkened, and far-off music — the sound of Spanish revelry — floated on the air. Italca brings Zuma a portion of bark, sufficient only for her own needs, — for she too is fever-stricken, — but, before giving it, asks with piercing scorn; "Are you still an Inca's daughter, or a Castilian slave?" a question at which poor Zuma can only weep piteously, but which sent thrills of rapture down my infant spine. I have had my moments of emotion since then. When Madame

Bernhardt as La Tosca put the lighted candles on either side of the murdered Scarpia, and laid the crucifix upon his breast. When Madame Duse as Magda turned suddenly upon the sleek Von Keller, and for one awful moment loosened the floodgates of her passion and her scorn: "You have asked after Emma and after Katie. You have not asked for your child." But never again has my soul gone out in such a tumult of ecstasy as when Zuma and Italca, Christian and pagan sisters, the captive and the unconquered, faced each other upon our convent stage.

And now for the first time I — I, eleven years old, and with no shadowy claim to distinction, — was going to take part in a play, was going to tread the boards in yellow Turkish trousers, and speak eleven times for all the school to hear. No fear of failure, no reasonable misgivings fretted my heart's content. Marie might scorn the Spanish lady's rôle; but then Marie had played *Zuma*, — had reached at a bound the highest pinnacle of fame. Elizabeth might grumble at giving up our recreation hours to rehearsals; but then Elizabeth had been one of the souls in Purgatory, the sinfullest soul, and the most voluble of all. Besides, nothing ever elated Elizabeth. She had been selected once to make an address to the Archbishop, and to offer him a basket of flowers; he had inquired her name, and had said he knew her father; yet all this public notice begot in her no arrogance of soul. Her only recorded observation was to the effect that, if she were an archbishop, she would n't listen to addresses; a suggestion which might have moved the weary and patient prelate more than did the ornate assurances of our regard.

With this shining example of insensibility before my eyes, I tried hard to conceal my own inordinate pride. Rehearsals began before we knew our parts, and the all-important matter of costumes came at once under consideration. The "play-closet," that mysterious receptacle of odds and ends, of frayed satins, paste-

board swords, and tarnished tinsel jewelry, was soon exhausted of its treasures. Some of the bigger girls, who were to be Spanish ladies in attendance upon Queen Isabella, persuaded their mothers to lend them old evening gowns. The rest of the clothes we manufactured ourselves, "by the pure light of reason," having no models of any kind to assist or to disturb us. Happily, there were no Spanish men in the play. Men always gave a good deal of trouble, because they might not, under any circumstances, be clad in male attire. A short skirt, reaching to the knee, and generally made of a balmoral petticoat, was the nearest compromise permitted. Marlow, that consummate dandy, wore, I remember, a red and black striped skirt, rubber boots, a black jacket, a high white collar, and a red cravat. The cravat was given to Julia Reynolds, who played the part, by her brother. It indicated Marlow's sex, and was considered a little indecorous in its extreme manishness. "They'll hardly know what she" (Mrs. Potts) "is meant for, will they?" asks Mr. Snodgrass anxiously, when that estimable lady proposes going to Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy ball as Apollo, in a white satin gown with spangles. To which Mr. Winkle makes indignant answer: "Of course they will. They'll see her lyre." With the same admirable acumen, we who saw Marlow's cravat recognized him immediately as a man.

Moors, and Peruvians, and ancient Romans were more easily attired. They wore skirts as a matter of course, looked a good deal alike, and resembled in the main the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as costumed by Mr. Abbey. It is with much pleasure I observe how closely — if how unconsciously — Mr. Abbey has followed our convent models. His Valentine might be Manco or Cléante strutting upon our school stage. His Titania is a white-veiled first communicant.

The Turkish trousers worn by Lilly and by me — also by Elizabeth, to her unutterable disgust — were allowed be-

cause they were portions of feminine attire. Made of rattling paper muslin, stiff, baggy, and with a hideous tendency to slip down at every step, they evoked the ribald mirth of all the other actors. Mary Orr, especially, having firmly declined a pair as part of Zara's costume, was moved to such unfeeling laughter at the first dress rehearsal that I could hardly summon courage to stand by Lilly's side. "The more you show people you mind a thing, the more they'll do it," Elizabeth had once observed out of the profundity of her school experience, — an experience which dated from her seventh year. Her own armor of assumed unconcern was provocation-proof. She had mistrusted the trousers from the beginning, while I, thinking of Lalla Rookh and Nourmahal (ladies unknown to the convent library), had exulted in their opulent Orientalism. She had expressed dark doubts as to their fit and shape; and had put them on with visible reluctance, and only because no choice had been allowed her. The big girls arranged — within limits — their own costumes, but the little girls wore what was given them. Yet the impenetrable calm with which she presented herself dulled the shafts of school-girl sarcasm. You might as well have tried to cauterize a wooden leg — to use Mirabeau's famous simile — as to have tried to provoke Elizabeth.

Isabella of Castile was a tragedy. Its heroine, Inez, was held a captive by the Moors, and was occupying herself when the play opened with the conversion to Christianity of Ayesha, the assumed daughter of the ever-famous Hiaya Al-nayar, — a splendid anachronism (at the siege of Granada), worthy of M. Sardou. Inez embodied all the Christian virtues, as presented only too often for our consideration. She was so very good that she could hardly help suspecting how good she was; and she never spoke without uttering sentiments so noble and exalted that the Moors — simple children of nature — hated her unaffectedly, and made life as disagreeable for her as they

knew how. The powers of evil were represented by Zara, sister of Hiaya, and the ruling spirit of Granada. Enlightened criticism would now call Zara a patriot; but we held sterner views. It was she who defied the Spaniards, who refused surrender, and who, when hope had fled, plotted the murder of Isabella. It was she who persecuted the saintly Inez, and whose dagger pierced Ayesha's heart in the last tumultuous scene. A delightful part to act! I knew every line of it before the rehearsals were over, and I used to rant through it in imagination when I was supposed to be studying my lessons, and when I was lying in my little bed. There were glowing moments when I pictured to myself Mary Orr falling ill the very day of the performance, Madame Rayburn in despair, everybody thunderstruck and helpless, and I stepping modestly forward to confess I knew the part. I saw myself suddenly the centre of attention, the forlorn hope of a desperate emergency, my own insignificant speeches handed over to any one who could learn them, and I storming through Zara's lines to the admiration and wonder of the school. The ease with which I sacrificed Mary Orr to this ambitious vision is pleasing now to contemplate; but I believe I should have welcomed the Bubonic plague, with the prospect of falling its victim the next day, to have realized my dreams.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

It was a pity that none of this dramatic fervor found expression in my own rôle, which, though modest, was not without its possibilities. But I was ardent only in imagination, dramatic only in my dreams. When it came to words, I was tame and halting; when it came to gestures, I was awkward and constrained. In vain Madame Rayburn read and re-read me my lines, which, in her clear, flexible voice, took on meaning and purpose. In vain she sought to impress upon me my own especial characteristics, — a slavish spitefulness and servility. It

was my privilege to appear in the first scene, and to make the first speech of any importance, — to strike, as I was told, the keynote of the play. The rising curtain revealed Ayesha (Julia Reynolds) in her father's palace; Lilly and I in attendance.

Ayesha. Send hither Inez.

Lilly. (Her one great effort.) The Christian slave?

Ayesha (impatiently). Is there another Inez in the household? You may both retire.

Obediently we bowed and retired; but on the threshold I remarked to Lilly in a bitter undertone, audible only to the house: "Aye! aye, we may retire. And yet I think her noble kinsmen would deem our songs and tales better amusement for a winter's eve than all these whispered controversies on the Christian faith that last sometimes the whole night through. I've overheard them. But wait until Zara returns."

"Try and say those last words threateningly," Madame Rayburn would entreat. "Remember you are going to betray Ayesha's secret. 'Wait until Zara returns.' And you might clench your right hand. Your *right* hand! No, no, don't raise it. Julia, if you giggle so, I shall never be able to teach the children anything. You embarrass and confuse them. Try once more: 'Wait until Zara returns.' Now enter Inez. 'Lady, you sent for me.'"

Rehearsals were, on the whole, not an unmixed delight. A large circle of amused critics is hardly conducive to ease, and the free expression of dramatic force, — at least, not when one is eleven years old, and painfully shy. I envied Marie her fervor and pathos, her clasped hands and uplifted eyes. I envied Elizabeth her business-like repose, the steady if somewhat perfunctory fashion in which she played her part. I envied Lilly, who halted and stammered over her three words, but whose beauty made amends for all shortcomings. Yet day by day I listened with unabated interest to the familiar lines. Day by day the climax awoke in me the

same sentiments of pity and exultation. Moreover, the distinction of being in the cast was something solid and satisfactory. It lifted me well above the heads of less fortunate, though certainly not less deserving, classmates. It enabled me to assume an attitude toward Annie Churchill and Emily which I can only hope they were generous enough to forgive. It was *an honor universally coveted, and worth its heavy cost.*

The night came. The stage was erected at one end of our big study-room (classic-hall we called it); the audience, consisting of the school and the nuns, for no strangers were admitted on these occasions, sat in serried rows to witness our performance. Behind the scenes, despite the frenzy of suppressed excitement, there reigned outward order and tranquillity. The splendid precision of our convent training held good in all emergencies. We revolved like spheres in our appointed orbits, and confusion was foreign to our experience. I am inclined to think that the habit of self-restraint induced by this gentle inflexibility of discipline, this exquisite sense of method and proportion, was the most valuable by-product of our education. There was an element of dignity in being even an insignificant part of a harmonious whole.

At the stroke of eight the curtain rose. Ayesha, reclining upon cushions, and wearing all the chains and necklaces the school could boast, listens with rapture to the edifying discourse of Inez, and confesses her readiness to be baptized. Inez gives pious thanks for this conversion, not forgetting to remind the Heavenly powers that it was through her agency it was effected. Into this familiar atmosphere of controversy the sudden return of Zara brings a welcome breath of wickedness and high resolve. Granada is doomed. Her days are numbered. The Spanish army, encamped in splendor, awaits her inevitable fall. Her ruler is weak and vacillating. Her people cry for bread. But Zara's spirit is unbroken. She finds Inez — in whom every virtue and every grace

conspire to exasperate — distributing her own portion of food to clamorous beggars, and sweeps her sternly aside: "Dare not again degrade a freeborn Moslem into a recipient of thy Christian charity." She vows that if the city cannot be saved, its fall shall be avenged, and that the proud queen of Castile shall never enter its gates in triumph. Dark whispers of assassination fill the air. The plot is touching in its simplicity. Inez, a captive of rank, is to be sent as a peace offering to the Spanish lines. Ayesha and Zoraiya (Elizabeth) accompany her as pledges of good faith. Zara, disguised as a serving woman, goes with them, — her soul inflamed with hate, her dagger hidden in her breast. Ayesha is kept in ignorance of the conspiracy; but Zoraiya knows, — knows that the queen is to be murdered, and that her own life will help to pay the penalty. "Does she consent?" whispers a slave to me; to which I proudly answer: "Consent! Aye, gladly. If it be well for Granada that this Spanish queen should die, then Zara's niece, being of Zara's blood, thinks neither of pity nor precaution. She says she deals with the Castilian's life, as with her own, and both are forfeited."

The scene shifts — by the help of our imagination, for scene-shifters we had none — to Santa Fe, that marvelous camp, more like a city than a battlefield, where the Spaniards lie entrenched. It is an hour of triumph for Inez, and, as might be expected, she bears herself with superlative and maddening sanctity. She is all the Cardinal Virtues rolled into one.

To live with the Saints in Heaven
Is untold bliss and glory;
But to live with the saints on earth
Is quite another story.

When I — meanly currying favor — beg her to remember that I have ever stood her friend, she replies with proud humility: "I will remember naught that I have seen, or heard, or suffered in Granada; and therein lies your safety."

The rôle of Isabella of Castile was played by Frances Fenton, a large, fair

girl, with a round face, a slow voice, and an enviable placidity of disposition; a girl habitually decorated with all the medals, ribbons, and medallions that the school could bestow for untarnished propriety of behavior. She wore a white frock of noticeable simplicity ("so great a soul as Isabella," said Madame Rayburn, "could never stoop to vanity"), a blue sash, and a gold crown, which was one of our most valued stage properties. Foremost among the ladies who surrounded her was Marie, otherwise the Marchioness de Moya, mother of Inez, and also — though this has still to be divulged — of the long-lost Ayesha. It is while the marchioness is clasping Inez in her maternal arms, and murmuring thanks to Heaven, and all the other Spanish ladies are clasping their hands, and giving thanks to Heaven, that Zara sees her opportunity to stab the unsuspecting queen. She steals cautiously forward (my throbbing heart stood still), and draws the dagger — a mother-of-pearl paper knife — from the folds of her dress. But Ayesha, rendered suspicious by conversion, is watching her closely. Suddenly she divines her purpose, and when Zara's arm is raised to strike, she springs forward to avert the blow. It pierces her heart, and with a gasp she falls dying at Isabella's feet.

Every word that followed is engraven indelibly upon my memory. I have forgotten much since then, but only with death can this last scene be effaced from my recollection. It was now that Elizabeth was to make her vehement recantation, was to be converted with Shakespearean speed. It was now she was to fall upon her knees, and abjure Mohammedanism forever. She did not fall. She took a step forward, and knelt quietly and decorously by Ayesha's side, as if for night prayers. Her volcanic language contrasted strangely with the imperturbable tranquillity of her demeanor.

Zoraiya. Oh! Zara, thou hast slain her, slain the fair flower of Granada. The darling of Hiaya's heart is dead.

Spanish Lady. The girl speaks truth. 'T was Zara's arm that struck.

Zoraiya (conscientiously). From this hour I do renounce the creed whose fatal worship of bad passions has led thee on, step by step, to this blood-guiltiness.

Zara. Peace, peace, *Zoraiya*! Degrade not thyself thus for one not of thy blood nor race.

Zoraiya. Thy brother's child not of our blood nor race! Thy crime has made thee mad.

Zara. Thou shalt see. I would have word with the Marchioness de Moya.

Marchioness de Moya (springing forward). Why namest thou me, woman? O Queen! why does this Moslem woman call on me?

Isabella (with uplifted eyes). Pray, pray! my friend. Naught else can help thee in this hour which I see coming. For, oh! this is Heaven-ordained.

Zara. Thou hadst a daughter?

Marchioness de Moya. I have one.

Zara. One lost to thee in infancy, when Hiaya stormed Alhama. If thou wouldst once again embrace her, take in thine arms thy dying child.

Marchioness de Moya (unsteadily). Thy hatred to our race is not unknown. Thou sayest this, seeking to torture me. But know, 't were not torture, 't were happiness, to believe thy words were words of truth.

Zara. I would not make a Christian happy. But the words are spoken, and cannot be withdrawn. For the rest, Hiaya, whose degenerate wife reared as her own the captive child, will not dispute its truth, now that she is passing equally away from him and thee.

Spanish Lady. Oh! hapless mother!

Marchioness de Moya (proudly). Hapless! I would not change my dying child for any living one in Christendom.

And now, alas! that I must tell it, came the burning humiliation of my childhood. Until this moment, as the reader may have noticed, no one had offered to arrest Zara, nor staunch Ayesha's wound, nor call for aid, nor do any of the things

that would naturally have been done off the stage. The necessity of explaining the situation had overridden — as it always does in the drama — every other consideration. But now while the queen was busy embracing the marchioness, and while the Spanish ladies were bending over Ayesha's body, it was my part to pluck Zara's robe, and whisper, "Quick, quick, let us be gone! To linger here is death." To which she scornfully retorts: "They have no thought of thee, slave; and, as for me, I go to meet what fate Allah ordains:" and slowly leaves the stage.

But where *was* I? Not in our convent schoolroom, not on our convent stage; but in the queen's pavilion, witness to a tragedy which rent my soul in twain. Ayesha (I had a passionate admiration for Julia Reynolds), lying dead and lovely at my feet; Marie's pitiful cry vibrating in my ears; and Zara's splendid scorn and hatred overriding all pity and compunction. Wrapped in the contemplation of these things, I stood speechless and motionless, oblivious of cues, unaware of Zara's meaning glance, unconscious of the long, strained pause, or of Madame Rayburn's loud prompting from behind the scenes. At last, hopeless of any help in my direction, Zara be-thought herself to say, "As for me, I go to meet what fate Allah ordains:" and stalked off, — which independent action

brought me to my senses with a start. I opened my mouth to speak, but it was too late; and, realizing the horror of my position, I turned and fled, — fled to meet the flood-tide of Mary Orr's anger and disgust.

"Every one will think that I forgot my lines," she stormed. "Did n't you see me looking straight at you, and waiting for my cue? The whole scene was spoiled by your stupidity."

I glanced miserably at Madame Rayburn. Of all the nuns I loved her best, but I knew her too well to expect any comfort from her lips. Her brown eyes were very cold and bright. "The scene was not spoiled," she said judicially; "it went off remarkably well. But I did think, Agnes, that, although you cannot act, you had too much interest in the play, and too much feeling for the situation, to forget entirely where you were, or what you were about. There, don't cry! It did n't matter much."

Don't cry! As well say to the pent-up dam, "Don't overflow!" or to the heaving lava bed, "Don't leave your comfortable crater." Already my tears were raining down over my blue tunic and yellow trousers. How could I — poor, inarticulate child — explain that it was because of my absorbing interest in the play, my passionate feeling for the situation, that I was now humbled to the dust, and that my career as an actress was closed?

SUPERANNUATED

BY JAMES LINCOLN

I

THE June sunshine was glistening on the towering masses of oak leaves, whose shadows patched the rustic little lawn, when Professor Lane stepped from his cottage door, and bared his head in reverent salutation of the beauty of the world. The head thus bared was white, but it was not until the last few days that Professor Lane had been pointed out as the senior professor in Milton University. The professor of mineralogy had been the one to tread at the heels of the dean in the Commencement procession, but yesterday a new grave in the white city on the hill had received its tenant, and Andrew Lane had succeeded to that uncoveted first place in the professorial line.

The strangest thing about it was that he felt younger than ever. It was not that *he* had grown old. To be sure, his body, mere mortal machine that it was, no longer seconded the impulses of his spirit. The sparkling foliage delighted him as in boyhood, but those elastic limbs that used to climb so eagerly into its midst, — the rheumatic old professor heaved just the least beginning of a sigh.

But, rheumatism or no, he hustled about his diminutive estate with his accustomed morning energy, his red Irish setter, Cuchullin, affectionately getting in his way as much as possible. There was the bird bath, a natural basin in the granite ledge that flanked the lawn, to be put in order for the day's business, and a thriving business it was in midsummer. On the previous afternoon, the professor had counted, in one hour, over a score of birds — robins, orioles, bluebirds, chip-ping sparrows, and warblers of several varieties — coming to dip their warm little bodies in this shallow reservoir. So he

was not surprised to find the water several shades darker than crystal, and, nodding assurance to the importunate blue jay watching from a branch above, he fetched an old broom from an outside angle of the house, at the back, and swept the puddle, so far as sweeping would do it, from the basin. But still a few dusky pools lingered in cracks and corners, defying the dabs of that distracted broom, whose splintered straws stuck out in all directions, and the professor succumbed, as usual, to the first temptation of the day. Casting a furtive glance toward the kitchen window, he hurriedly dived behind a clump of barberry bushes and drew from its hiding-place, always the same, Norah's mop, immaculately washed and dried. With those long and decent tresses he scrubbed the granite until it shone again. And then, as always, Norah caught him at it.

"The Lord look down on the poor!" wailed a dolorous voice from the pantry window — the professor invariably forgot that his movements could be overlooked from the pantry as well as from the kitchen — "And is it poor Norah's clane mop ye must be taking for your dirty hole in the rock?"

Andrew Lane had learned, in the course of a long pedagogical experience, to have convenient attacks of deafness. One of these befell him now, while he moulded a bit of wax into the leak of a broken-nosed watering-pot, long since retired from the regular service, filled it at the hose faucet, and emptied it again into the bird bath, on whose edge the impatient blue jay alighted as he turned away.

"Mother o' Mercy!" Norah went wailing on. "Now the Lord save us! It's kaping a boarding-house for the birds we must be all the winter, with a chunk o'

suet here and a bag o' walnuts there, and then our iligant bathing establishment in the summer. O saints and angels!"

And Norah's plaint trailed off into long, wild laughter.

Norah had been, in her own parlance, "away," ever since her only sister, to whom, after years of working and saving, she had joyfully sent the passage money from Ireland to America, was lost in one of the great ocean disasters. The one point on which town and university had been for thirty years agreed was that Professor Lane ought to put his crazy servant into an asylum. But she had loved his bride, the white rose whose lingering fragrance still made his heart a garden of romance, and as long as Norah kept fresh flowers beside that smiling portrait upon his study table, the professor of Greek would have accounted mad all the world who had forgotten to lament his Clara before he would have believed it of Norah who remembered.

There were malicious tongues in the university which said that the reason the professor remained unaware that his domestic had an addled brain was not far to seek. His absent-mindedness furnished material for one of the longest books in the Faculty Apocrypha handed down by word of mouth from class to class. And, after all, it was Crazy Norah who saved him from adding another and peculiarly grotesque chapter this very morning.

After his piazza breakfast, — a slice of melon, a dish of cereal, a cup of coffee, — Professor Lane ran, or, rather, attempted to run, his fingers through his hair. It was a lifelong gesture with him, significant of a course of action determined upon, and he had not, in these later years, accustomed himself to the surprise of finding so little hair where so much used to be. Discomfited, he dropped his hand, patted Cuchullin, and addressed Norah with the dignity of one who covers a mistake.

"I am now going over to Professor Andrews' house" —

"Oh, and it's in his long home he is, poor man. The Lord resave his soul!"

And Norah laughed.

"By the terms of the will — I was in his confidence, Norah — there is to be a public sale of all his goods for the benefit of the university" —

"Mother o' Moses! And what will the university be wanting of his old pans and kettles?"

"His colleagues are invited to choose for themselves, in advance of the auction, personal souvenirs" —

"Lord love ye, sir! Get one o' them things, do. We're out."

"I, as his oldest colleague, have the first choice."

"Be shure ye pick out the best quality."

"And it seems to me, on the whole, most appropriate that I should ask for his academic cap and gown."

Norah gasped.

"It is true," continued the professor, with his classroom manner, "that I regard the gown as worn in our American institutions of learning as a ridiculous affectation. A survival of monastic dress as it is, it may be no unfitting garb for a scholar under the Gothic shadow of an Old-World foundation, but to foist it capriciously and artificially upon our infant colleges, a dress notably unsuited to our climate, environment, and tradition, — well, well! Professor Andrews was older than I, two years older, and my senior in appointment by three, yet he gave way and bought a cap and gown, and wore them at the president's inauguration, and I think it now becomes me to subdue my prejudice to his example. Yes, I will ask for his cap and gown, and wear them this Commencement."

Norah did not ordinarily permit her master to indulge uninterrupted in so long a monologue, but on this occasion her eyes were fixed in a ghastly stare. It was not until the professor had taken his hat and cane, and was moving down the gravel walk, Cuchullin's nose snuggling beseechingly into his hand, that Norah found breath to scream: —

"Mother of God, sir! Don't ye do it."

Don't ye do it. It's ill luck to be stripping the dead o' their grave-clothes and — Mary save us from the Pain! — him confined but yisterday."

The professor stopped short. Ah, true enough. He saw again the wasted form as it lay in its unaccustomed bed of flowers, there below the altar in the university church, with the stalwart young bearers waiting at foot and head. Professor Andrews had been buried in his academic gown. "Surely," thought the professor of Greek, shaking his white head sadly, "surely I am beginning to grow forgetful."

But he had not forgotten that this was the day when electives were due. Precisely on the stroke of nine, Professor Lane entered his study, opened his desk, dusted it with his pocket handkerchief, and laid out upon a new saffron writing-pad a very long strip of carefully ruled paper. For the next three hours it would be his duty to examine into the qualifications and register the names of students applying for admission to his classes of the ensuing college year.

"Norah," called the professor cheerily, "I expect a number of callers this morning, young gentlemen of the university. Please have lemonade ready and iced raspberry shrub. It's a hot walk across the campus."

"Our Lady of Sorrows!" shrilled Norah with ready agitation, as she hastened to the refrigerator. "It's melted into butter they'll be, and mother's sons ivery one of them. The Lord look down in mercy!"

The professor waited. His gentle blue eyes roved lovingly from one to another of the high, black-walnut bookcases set around his study walls, — old-fashioned bookcases, which he had picked up, one by one, at some twelve dollars apiece, in the auction-rooms of the neighboring city. His Homeric library was here, his collection of Greek dramatists there, the orators and historians were grouped together. In less honored position stood the case of Greek grammars, dictionaries, and refer-

ence books. Most precious, because most personal, were the contents of the tallest and grimmest of all these tall, grim bookcases, the one which he had inherited from his father's country parsonage. His father's worn Greek Testament was here, with Plato, and the Lyric Anthology, and Theocritus, — all nearer and sweeter than any living friends to the professor's peaceful heart. On the top shelf stood a row of plump little volumes in faded blue and gold, — the set of American poets which his girl wife had prized as the best of her wedding gifts. How like a silver bell her voice would ring out as she read the spirited ballads of Whittier to him of an evening during their first — their only — winter! And while that voice still sounded in his ears, the clock struck ten.

Professor Lane sprang to his feet, and looked into the broad white face of his timepiece incredulously. Ten o'clock? And no students yet? He stepped to the window. The gravel walk was empty save for Cuchullin, who, at sight of the countenance in the casement, flopped over on his back, waving his four paws in air as an entreaty for his master to come out and pat his breastbone. The professor was more startled than he would have liked to own, even to Cuchullin. He returned to his chair and waited, questioning within himself the wisdom of the elective system. During his first years in the university, every student was obliged to take Greek, to drink from the primal fountain of culture, to feel the moulding and transforming touch of "the humanities." Those were golden times, and it was but a silver age that followed, an age when Greek was required only in the classical course. There came, some ten years since, the great tide of innovation, the sweeping away of all prescribed, disciplinary studies, this reckless system of free electives, and, with that, such enlargement of the university, such expansion in all departments, that a junior Greek professor was appointed to assist Professor Lane. And now he had five assistant professors in his department, as-

sisting him so well that it began to look as if they would leave him nothing at all to do. For the clock was striking eleven, and still there had appeared not a single candidate for any one of his three advertised courses.

The professor waited. He remembered how, in Junes gone by, his study had been thronged on elective day, while waiting groups filled the piazza, and stood about the lawn. Why was his teaching less acceptable now, when his stores of knowledge were richer, his love for his subject more deeply passionate than ever before? But these new methods of criticism! This vast importance attached to archæology! Yes, his classes had certainly been falling off of late years. There had been a considerable drop in his electives last June. He had wanted to talk it over with Andrews, but Andrews had been ill for eighteen months with that cruel, eating cancer. A man could not remember his own troubles in the presence of such agony as that. Poor Andrews! And such a brilliant lecturer as he had been! How short a time ago it seemed when they two were cheered at an alumni banquet as the Castor and Pollux of the university, its twin stars, the "two ablest and most progressive men" upon its faculty!

The clock struck twelve. A little boy was running up the walk. Norah, a glass of iced raspberry shrub in one hand, and of lemonade in the other, hustled him into the study with joyous promptitude. The urchin pulled off his cap, wiped his sweat-beaded face with it, and handed an envelope to Professor Lane.

The senior professor of Milton University adjusted his glasses, and took the note in a hand that trembled with eagerness. Perhaps some change had been effected — many things escaped his notice nowadays — in the method of choosing courses. Perhaps the interview plan, which consumed so much professorial time — ah, not his, of late — had given place to the simpler way of presenting the electives in written form. Perhaps some arrangement had been made by

which the full list was thus handed in. He smiled back to the pictured girl-face on his study table. Then the old professor unfolded an official looking sheet of letter paper, and read a typewritten notice: "In view of the limited resources of the university, any course for which less than seven students have applied must be withdrawn from the announcements for the next calendar year."

II

The sultry heat was growing insupportable. The professor, sitting quiet in his armchair on the piazza though he was, wiped the perspiration from his purpled face. Another moment and the storm had broken in wild and terrible beauty. The rain rushed down through the windless air in straight, unswerving lines, beating to an earthward slant the broad branches of the oaks, and bringing dismay and ruin to many a frail nest-nursery. The streets and walks, just now so deep in dust, were floods of dashing water. The more distant trees grew silvery to the vision as if veiled in mist. The thunder peals broke on the ear with a suddenness so appalling, a violence so awful, that Cuchullin's red sides panted with terror, and Norah's cries rang piteously from her refuge in the cellarway.

"Oh, praise be to the Highest!" she shrieked. "Good Lord, you never killed poor Norah with your thunder yet. Don't do it now. Oh, grace of Mary! Poor Norah believes in God the Father, and Christ the Son, and in the Holy Ghost. Mercy of Heaven! Poor Norah believes in thim all."

While Cuchullin anxiously eyed the livid sky, there broke out, close on a fierce leap of lightning, such a shattering crash that the red setter, with a shamefaced look back to his master, fled into the house and crouched beside Norah on the cellar stairs.

"Now I wonder," mused the professor, watching the storm with the adoring joy

of a nature-lover, "if Cuchullin fancies there is a big dog growling up there, and flashing angry eyes at him — a big dog trying to get at Cuchullin — hide away, old fellow! — and I wonder, if it comes to that, how far Norah's creed is an advance on his."

Professor Lane had been having a trying afternoon. Three of his five assistant professors had run in to announce their large electives. The man whose Aristophanes course fell just short of the number which allowed a division into two sections, with a proportional increase of salary, made voluble demands for commiseration. The other two expected repeated congratulations, a delighted interest in their success. Professor Lane's response, it must be admitted, fell a little short of the demand. Ever gentle and kindly, his sympathy was less spontaneous than usual. Only one of the men thought to ask, and that out of a half malicious curiosity, about his own electives. The old professor told the truth unflinchingly, although he knew his hearer for a coarse-grained gossip who would have the story all over the chattering college town within twenty-four hours.

He had hoped the storm would free him from more visitors, but the new president of Milton University was not a man whom common or uncommon obstacles turned from his course. The professor of Greek shivered a little as the spare, erect figure came swiftly up the gravel walk, but he hastened forward, and greeted the ominous caller with his characteristic simple courtesy.

The president touched the professor's hand with the cool, light, inexpressive touch which was the same for all the subjects, faculty or students, of his little university realm. Charles Gavotte had a wife whom he loved, children whom he fondled, early friends for whom his clasp was lingering and warm, but to the members of Milton University he meant to be, and was, merely the bloodless potentate.

"You have a snug little place here, Professor Lane," began the president,

glancing carelessly about. "I wish I could make the clematis grow as luxuriantly over my piazza."

"I dare say the only difference is that my vines have been growing longer," replied the professor.

"Ah, yes, longer. Very much longer, I am sure. You are our senior professor now, you know, — our senior professor."

Cuchullin pressed against his master's knee.

The president continued easily and steadily, secure in a good conscience, for one of his first duties had been distinctly defined for him by the trustees as "the clearing out of the dead timber on the faculty."

"It seems to me, Professor Lane, that you have fairly earned a rest. Man does not live by work alone."

He had added the second sentence with a vaguely pious intention, and found something disconcerting and secular in the way Professor Lane sat pulling at Cuchullin's ears.

"I have been meaning for some time," pursued the president, "to talk over the situation with you, and the way the Greek electives have gone for next year seems to bring the matter to a head."

Professor Lane made an unexpected remark.

"I believe it was at your suggestion, President Gavotte, that every course I offer is duplicated, substantially, though not in title, by courses offered by the younger professors in the department."

President Gavotte's tone, as he replied to this man old enough to be his father, was sharp with official rebuke.

"You will pardon me for reminding you, sir, that what concerns us in this interview is the result, not the suggestion. My stratagem, if you choose to call it so, developed the following fact. Given a choice between another man's presentation, and your own, of any subject in Greek letters, the preference of our students is manifest."

"Youth calls to youth," murmured the old professor dreamily.

"Quite so," agreed the president, in a voice of less asperity. "Few men ought to teach beyond the age of forty; not one in a hundred beyond fifty. It is no secret to you that life has its successive periods of growth, full vigor, and decay. In any profession whatever, a man past sixty is practically out of the running. I should myself put the limit five years earlier."

"Sophocles wrote *Antigone* at fifty-five," remarked Professor Lane.

The president made a slight gesture of impatience. He was a product of the modern scientific and engineering education, and had never wasted eyesight over Greek. He would have had more respect for *Antigone*, if, instead of a play, it had been a piston. However, the professor's words gave him his opportunity.

"I trust you are sure of your assertion," he said, "and are not depending upon old-fashioned authorities. To speak plainly, the charge is brought against you of indifference to the more recent advances in your subject. Much that was taught as fact a quarter-century ago has been reduced to fable, exploded into poetry, by the acuteness of the new scholarship. Your assistant professors are all keeping pace with the times, and are making, in one way or another, contributions to Greek philology and textual criticism. Waldron's views on the latest disputed fragment of Sappho are quoted with respect in German periodicals."

"He told you so?" queried the old professor, smiling faintly. "This afternoon, perhaps, when he carried you the report of our electives? But I will not trouble you for further explanations, President Gavotte. You have made the situation clear. There are no students for my courses; my scholarship, such as it was, has ceased to confer distinction on the university; worst of all, I am sixty-seven. You shall have my resignation by the evening mail."

President Gavotte's keen visage grew bland with gratification.

"You understand, I hope, Professor Lane, that we — the trustees and I — ap-

preciate your long term of service, — highly valued service in its prime, I understand."

The professor bowed in silence. He was thinking of trustees and presidents whom he had known in the vanished years, known as friends and comrades, rendering honor for honor, and faith for faith, — trustees and presidents who were men when Charles Gavotte was a baby.

But that hard-edged, authoritative voice claimed attention.

"In fact, Professor Lane, there has been some little talk, among the older and more conservative trustees, of a pension. I do not hesitate to tell you frankly that I have discouraged it. The needs of the university are so many and so pressing; the demands of the young life, for whose nurture the university was founded and exists, are so exigent, — all this, taken in connection with the fact that one pension means another, until as an inevitable result we get our treasury burdened with a regular pension system, — all this has led me to believe that you, devoted as you have ever been to the highest welfare of this seat of learning, would be the first to reject such a proposition."

The full stop required speech from Professor Lane, who was gently rubbing his forefinger under Cuchullin's chin.

"Apparently I cannot have the pleasure of being the first," he said, again smiling faintly, "but I would undertake to follow your lead and be a good second."

President Gavotte knitted his brows, but the old professor's conclusion, however perversely put, was satisfactory.

"And then, as I reminded the trustees," proceeded the president, who had inherited a fortune, "there is really no necessity for a pension in your case. You have not, I am aware, children upon whom to lean" —

The professor's mind sped back by a sacred, tearworn way to a blue-eyed baby girl, long since "a plaything in the Palace of Persephone."

"But you own your little place, I be-

lieve," continued the president suavely, "and you would undoubtedly prize — as I said to the trustees — a life of frugal independence above any grant that might seem to savor, however remotely, of charity. And yet, if you should wish it, I might suggest to a few of our wealthier alumni" —

"No, sir, you might *not*," interposed Professor Lane, springing so suddenly to his feet that President Gavotte involuntarily rose also. Yet, after all, why should he stay? He had two other superannuated professors to dismiss before dinner. And there were important guests coming to dine, — guests with money which, could one but wheedle it out of their pockets, might stand the university in excellent stead. Then there was his address before the Civics Club that evening on "Refinements of American Civilization." So he took the old, quivering hand again in his slack, impersonal hold, and went his ways, a man remote from suffering, bent on a rigid execution of the work that it was given him to do.

And Professor Lane, sinking upon the steps of his vine-wreathed porch, took his dog's head between his palms, and looked wistfully into the troubled, worshipful eyes.

"Oh, Cuchullin, Cuchullin," he asked, in a voice between a laugh and a sob, "what does a dog do when he has had his day?"

III

The dark, slender woman leaned forward, wrestling with her grief. Looking upon her, Andrew Lane marveled at the ancestral strength that spoke through that delicate form. She was of mighty stock and bore her weight of nearly sixty years with triumphant vitality. Not a thread of gray in the gleaming black hair, not a wrinkle on the broad white forehead. There was fire in the deep eyes; grim endurance in the thin lips and in the stern, almost rugged jaw. The hands, exquisite though they were, suggested

forceful graspings. Something vigorous, vehement, tragic, dwelt in that woman's heart and had written, for the few eyes skilled to read, its sign-manual on face and frame. The society of the little university town in general considered Miss Elva Hazleton cold and proud. Among the faculty she had friends who admired her dignity, her reserve, the clear-cut judgments that fell on appeal from her usually reticent lips. Since the death of her half-brother, Edwin Andrews, late professor of mineralogy, none were left who recognized the volcanic energies pent within that outwardly tranquil and monotonous existence. To one alone had her treasures of tenderness been revealed. She was a genius in love. Only in loving did she fully realize herself. Then she was complete, clothed with all the ermine of her nature, royal in passionate devotion. The thing, ecstatic, tormenting, that for forty years she had brooded in her heart was love. The wings of silence that hid it from the world warmed and cherished its growth. People saw but the wintry wall of her. Her garden of spices was shut far within. Only once had she opened the door with invitation. In one wild hour of girlhood she had let Andrew Lane see that she loved him. He had deemed it the part of a gentleman to forget. And so, with the moonlight falling strangely upon her craving face, she leaned forward on the rustic settle, wrestling with her grief.

Professor Lane, simplest and most deceivable of men, supposed that Miss Hazleton had been accidentally passing by, when, seeing him pacing his piazza in the moonlight, she had turned in to rest for a few minutes and exchange consolations with an old friend for the loss they both had suffered in the death of Edwin Andrews. They had spoken in hushed voices of his sterling virtues and his amusing foibles, finding cause for reverence in what had hitherto been cause for mirth. They had talked of his gay, engaging youth, the dash and high spirit of his early manhood, the half-affected cynicism, the sacrilegious grumbling against

university authorities which characterized his later years. And Elva Hazleton's soul was hot with anguish because, although she had deftly turned the conversation a dozen times so as to give him opportunity, Andrew Lane had betrayed no impulse to confide in her, to bring his wound to the healing that she yearned to give, to lay his burden of humiliation upon the strength of her unvanquishable pride in him.

"Professor Lane," she said abruptly, "I want to learn Greek."

"Do you mean it?" he asked, brightening.

"I mean it," she answered earnestly. "You know I shall find myself old presently, unless I keep my courage for attempting new things. The secret of youth is adventure. I want to embark on the enterprise of the Greek Grammar."

"Good! good!" cried the professor, rubbing his palms together in momentary glee. "A little rough weather of verbs and accents, and then — ah, the enchanted isles of poetry, the mystic groves of deep philosophy, the golden fleece" —

"Not too fast!" interrupted Miss Hazleton, throwing up her hand, ivory in the moonlight, to check him. "Will you steer my Argo? Will you give me lessons? Have you time to take a private pupil?"

She had surprised him into confession. He winced, flushed to the roots of the hair that had grown so thin, and then said, with a pathetic attempt to speak lightly, —

"Time enough and more. The boys do not like my work any longer. I have become a back number. So runs the world away. And — this afternoon President Gavotte asked for my resignation. I mailed it not an hour ago. Everybody will know all about it by to-morrow."

She might have told him that everybody knew all about it to-night, that, dining out, the word had come to her across the soup, and, thenceforward, plate after plate had been set before her and taken away unnoted; but she let him suppose that she now first heard the news.

"I congratulate you on your liberty," she said, "but I am ashamed of the university. It is more barbarous than the Indians whose tepees used to stand where the campus is now. Painted savages though they were, they prized the wisdom of age."

For all her effort to speak quietly, anger and grief vibrated in her voice. Professor Lane was absently watching the play of the moonshine through the leafy branches of the oaks, and she saw, with a rush of misery, the misery of helplessness, that her words carried him no comfort.

But there was one thing that she must do. She set her teeth and tried again.

"Do you know that Professor Eldridge and Professor Page have also?" —

"Oh, no, no," cried their colleague of many years. "They too! Oh, no! Even Gavotte could not, — why, how will they live?"

"How will *you* live?" asked Miss Hazleton.

"How? oh, anyhow," answered the professor, disconcerted. "Dear me! Everybody will say that I ought to have put by money."

"Not people who know what paltry salaries the university pays its professors, — salaries that a first-class janitor would refuse. Not people who know the cost of books and learned periodicals. Not people who know how many subscription lists you have headed, how many alumni you have entertained, how many poor students you have aided, how many" —

"Please!" begged the old professor, blushing crimson, "Please!"

He should never entreat her in vain. She was silent. And he presently began to speak again, in apologetic fashion: —

"Of course, if Clara and the baby had lived" — his tone sank in tender memory — "I should have contrived to make more money, to save more. But when it was just a question of myself, — well! if I had gathered together a little to put by against the chance of a rainy day, there was always somebody at hand in present need of an umbrella. Was I to let my

neighbor be drenched for fear I might get a wetting to-morrow? And this promises nothing worse than a sprinkle. I have the cottage and the bit of land, and my library is valuable. I could live for months on literal scraps from the feast of Homer. And after we have eaten up the books, we might begin on my grandmother's china that all the Commencement ladies rave about. Norah!" he called cheerily to the bent, gray-haired servant, who was washing and wringing out her mop with ostentatious care beside the barberry bushes. "How does it feel to be hungry?"

"The Lord look down on the poor!" chanted Norah, as if in ritual response. "But it's not meself that can tell ye that. Though, shure, there was people of mine in Ireland through the famine time, but I don't remimber of any of thim telling me as they died of it."

"You see," said the professor, turning to Miss Hazleton with an echo of his old blithe laugh, "Norah and I are not afraid. And Cuchullin, more provident than his master, has the lawn planted full of bones against an hour of need. No, it will hardly come to hunger, but if it should, better that than the food that is begrudged. It is worse for Eldridge, with that mortgage on his house, — far worse for Page, with his invalid daughter. Oh, I shall manage. I will turn gardener, and I have, at all events, money enough to buy a cow."

"A cow!" groaned Miss Hazleton. "Money enough to buy a cow, after the devoted and illustrious labor of a lifetime!"

"A cow and hens," assented the professor firmly. "Capital company, all of them. Really, I wonder that I have been content to associate with college faculties — and trustees — so long."

"I hope your cow will hook the president," breathed Miss Hazleton vengefully.

"Yes, I will turn gardener," ran on the professor, like a boy telling himself a fairy tale, "and then I can wear my old clothes every day."

A burst of student song from the campus dashed his whimsical mirth, which had almost infected his companion.

"But my work is over," he said simply. "My work has failed. My life closes in dishonor. I am turned out of the university, — much as Norah throws away a broken clothespin."

Blind tears rushed to the woman's eyes. He suffered, and she was powerless to help. She had a luxurious home, an abundant income. How gladly would she have given him her all, and sewed in a garret for the rest of her thwarted life! But the very bitterness of it lay in the fact that she had no right to give, — no more right to minister to the outer need than to enter the inner sanctuary of his pain. She knew his vitality of spirit too well to doubt that, after a little, even the shame would be transmuted into sweetness, into beauty, into triumph. She recalled the words of his own beloved Æschylus: —

"Still to the sufferer comes, as due from God,
A glory that to suffering owes its birth."

But it must be her part to stand aside and watch, from afar, his struggle and his victory. The utmost it was given her to do was to bring him a token from a love that was less than hers.

"I have something to tell you," said Miss Hazleton, crossing the shaft of moonlight, and taking a seat nearer the professor. "It is a message from Edwin."

"From Ned? Dear Ned!" murmured Andrew Lane.

"He feared that this was coming. He knew that it was only his wealth, the expectation that he would leave it to the university, which kept President Gavotte from demanding his resignation two years ago; and he knew that, so long as he lived, he protected the men next in line, yourself and Eldridge and Page. His will keeps the vow of his graduation day, — that the bulk of his property, like the strength of his life, should go to his Alma Mater. But a month before he died he made a few gifts to friends who, he believed, cared for him enough to allow him that

last joy. He asked me to be his messenger, after all was over."

The ivory hand passed out an envelope to the old professor. Holding the page of painful handwriting to the moonlight, he read aloud in a shaking voice:—

"DEAR ANDY: — If Gavotte is up to any of his tricks, cut it. Make that trip to Greece you have been planning since the time of Deucalion. Start with the notion of taking a holiday, but be sure that some good work will come out of it. And don't get huffy with your old chum who has no use for money any more."

A check for ten thousand dollars was folded within the note. The old professor made a choking sound. Elva Hazleton turned away her face.

Poor Norah's crazy laugh from the

kitchen roused them both. Miss Hazleton rose to go.

"It is hard to leave you here alone," she said impulsively.

"Thank you," replied Professor Lane, rising also, and carefully stepping across the dog sleeping at his feet. "But I have Cuchullin, who is both solitude and society, and, especially on moonlight nights, Clara seems to be here with me again."

Judge Hazleton's proud daughter smiled a grim little smile as she refused the professor's offered escort. No, let him sit on his moon-silvered piazza and dream of Clara. His romantic faith to that dead girl — the foolish chit of a thing — had become a part of him. And Elva Hazleton loved him as he was.

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES¹

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

II

THE NEW OUTLOOK

THE importance of Secretary Seward's influence in the domestic affairs of the United States during Johnson's administration has probably been exaggerated; but it would be hard to exaggerate the importance of what he achieved and of what he initiated in his own proper field of diplomacy. His chief, occupied as he was with fierce controversies over other subjects, found, we may well suppose, but little time for foreign relations. He does not appear to have interfered with policies which were already adopted or to have initiated any new policies of his own. Seward must therefore be held responsible, to a degree somewhat unusual, for the conduct of the delicate negotiations, involving very far-reaching consequences,

to which the war gave rise. It was he who first presented America to Europe in that attitude of conscious strength which the thorough establishment of our nationality at last enabled us to take. It was he who reasserted, effectively, yet without any arrogance, our traditional stand in reference to the Latin republics to the south of us. It was he who, facing westward, accomplished an expansion of our system never even meditated until his day by those who had guided our destinies, and turned our thoughts to the farther shores of the Pacific as a field for American trade and American influence.

The intervention of France in Mexico offered to Seward as good an opportunity as he ever got for the exercise of his skill

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in diplomacy; and his conduct of that episode exhibits his powers and his peculiar temperament as well, perhaps, as any other activity of his long career. Until the end of the war, the situation was difficult in the extreme. The question which he had constantly to consider was whether, and how far, in view of our embarrassment with the Confederacy, we should endure the contumely and the danger, the disregard of our so frequently declared policy, and the threat to our interests, which the presence of the French in Mexico, and the subversion of the native Mexican government, certainly involved. For it was perfectly apparent that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine depended on the outcome of our civil strife. It required no undue stretching of the imagination to perceive that the future, not of Mexico alone, but of Central and of South America, would be profoundly affected if we were not soon in a position to exercise a commanding influence. "I wish," said the Marquis de Boissy, speaking in the French Senate early in the spring of 1865, "that the American war may not end, but continue forever, even to the complete extermination of the contending parties. If the war should unfortunately come to an end, our army would be taken prisoner." This frank expression of the French senator's feeling indicates fairly well the relations between the United States and France throughout the latter part of the war; relations concerning which M. Drouyn de Lhuys, minister of foreign affairs, remarked to Mr. Bigelow in January, 1865, that they were "as usual, friendly, but delicate — delicate." Seward's task had been to accept nothing of what had been done in Mexico, to surrender none of the rights which we had claimed as the guarantor of the integrity of other American Republics, and yet to avoid a collision with France until our hands should be free. All this he accomplished by the device of treating the French invasion as if it were confined to the object originally avowed — to the enforcement, namely, of certain

European claims against Mexico. He thus left in abeyance the questions which would at once be raised by a recognition of the true character of Napoleon's enterprise. It had been hard to restrain Congress, which had more than once threatened to force the Secretary's hand, as Grant also, by his massing of troops on the Texas frontier, seemed now bent on forcing it. Grant had actually worked out a plan by which American soldiers, Union and Confederate, were to be united in Mexico under Major-General Schofield. But Seward, by adroit flattery of Schofield himself, diverted him from the enterprise and sent him to Paris "to get his legs under Napoleon's mahogany, and tell him he must get out of Mexico." There was no collision, and yet, when at last our great armaments were free, we could take up the true issues involved in the setting up of Maximilian unembarrassed by any concessions or agreements made in the time of our weakness.

The intervention must be considered as the last of the long series of efforts which France has made to extend her power and her civilization to the new world. Louis Napoleon, whose whole career as the ruler of France was a series of fantastic revivals of imperial enterprises, undoubtedly designed to accomplish in Mexico and Central America what had been vainly attempted in Canada and in Louisiana two centuries before, what at the beginning of the nineteenth century Napoleon I had again for a little while meditated. In the spring of 1865, when Seward's hands were at last free, it was not obvious that the adventure had failed. Maximilian, established in his castle-palace of Chapultepec, would have needed a greater perspicuity than accorded with his mild and amiable temper, and a wider experience in affairs, to perceive how slender and unstable were the bulwarks of his throne. He still had an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by Marshal Bazaine, and Napoleon had promised him that the Foreign Legion, numbering fifteen thousand, should not

be withdrawn for six years from the date of his accession. The Republican government was overthrown, and its forces practically driven from the country. Although Juarez the president, an extraordinary representative of the Indian race, had never given up the fight, his address of January 1, 1865, issued from Chihuahua, reads almost like a confession that his cause was lost. Porfirio Diaz, hero of Puebla and of older battles, who had held out for months at Oajaca, in the south, was taken at last and brought a prisoner to the capital; in him and Juarez was the entire hope of the Republicans. Mexico was in fact freer from civil strife than she had been for years, and there were serious-minded observers who hoped that she might find in the rule of Maximilian and Carlotta, — the tall, fair-haired Hapsburg and his womanly, devoted Belgian consort, — an order and stability which neither republican nor monarchical institutions had ever yet secured.

But these hopeful signs were all on the surface. Whether one looked within or without, the insecurity of the Empire should have been plain. The only men who had really welcomed Maximilian to Mexico were the reactionaries, political and religious. It does not seem probable that these were, to begin with, more than a respectable minority of the Mexican people; and he had not held them to his cause. On the contrary, he had disappointed the old opponents of the Republic by his disposition to conciliate its adherents, who on their part had with few exceptions rejected his overtures; and he had disappointed the clerical party by refusing to restore to them the power and the possessions which they had lost through the reforms of Juarez. Before six months were passed, he had broken with the leaders of the monarchical faction, and he had broken also with Rome. He had failed, too, in his several attempts at administrative reform; his empire was as dependent on France for financial as it was for military support.

And there were signs enough already that France was wavering. The Duc de Morny, president of the Corps Législatif, and next to Napoleon himself the principal advocate and supporter of the intervention, died in March. There was a strong party in the Chambers, headed by Jules Favre, which opposed the whole Mexican scheme with an increasing bitterness. France had other foreign complications that threatened to force her to recall her troops. And now at last there were the United States, with their enormous army and navy, and their Monroe Doctrine, to reckon with.

Seward showed no undue haste to assert the control of the situation which we had gained. On the contrary, his communications to the French foreign office were uniformly mild and courteous; he generously forbore to heighten with threats the plain menace of the entire situation. American soldiers and American rifles were by this time strengthening the hands of Juarez, whose force was again rapidly increasing; and many Confederates also found their way into Mexico, some to be naturalized and to take office under Maximilian's government, others to engage in various business enterprises. There was, moreover, a friction between Sheridan's command and Maximilian's forces on the Rio Grande which might, if such had been our desire, have furnished a good enough pretext for hostilities. Price, Terrell, Hindman, and Kirby Smith, Confederate general officers of high rank, and Commodore Maury, were members of the American colony at the Mexican capital. From time to time Dr. William M. Gwin, an adventurous American, sometime senator from California, where he had been the leader of the Southern party, also appeared there; he was the moving spirit in a scheme to colonize the districts of Sonora and Lower California under a grant from a former Mexican government to the Swiss house of Jecker, which grant it was now proposed to transfer to France. Of this scheme our government felt that

it was bound to take cognizance, and Seward succeeded in frustrating it. But in spite of all these things he proceeded with a deliberation born of confidence toward his main object—the withdrawal of French support from the Empire. The Empire, it was plain enough, must then fall of its own weight. He meant to get the French army recalled without the use of force.

He therefore gradually strengthened the tone of the communications which he made through our minister, Mr. Bigelow, to the French Foreign Office, never abruptly or harshly announcing our ultimate purpose. In September, 1865, he sent a memorandum which calmly set forth the general attitude of the United States toward Mexico, insisting, however, on the right of the Mexican people to choose, without interference, their own form of government. In October, the tension was heightened by a most unwise decree of Maximilian which practically outlawed the adherents of the Republic—a measure which the French marshal, Bazaine, at once made good by orders to his subordinates. This violent course provoked much feeling in the United States. The Senate promptly passed a resolution denouncing it. Seward drew the attention of the French government to the decree, and by the middle of December he felt that the time was come to state, in plainer words than he had yet employed, that the long friendship between the two countries “would be brought into imminent jeopardy unless France could deem it consistent with her interest and her honor to desist from the prosecution of armed intervention in Mexico.” In the same dispatch he declared, in the most positive terms, that we would never recognize the Maximilian government. The President, in his annual message to Congress, indicated quite as clearly our attitude toward the intervention and the Empire.

Napoleon was by this time convinced of his failure. M. Drouyn de Lhuys had intimated to Mr. Bigelow, even before
VOL. 95 — NO. 6

Seward's dispatch of December 16, that the French government was desirous of withdrawing its troops. The inspired press of Paris, by adopting a conciliatory tone toward the United States, and a tone of depreciation toward Maximilian and his government, began now to pave the way for a change of policy. In January, 1866, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, retreating by the door which Seward had all the time held open for him, suddenly returned to the ground which his country had taken when the project of intervention was first broached in 1861. He announced his expectation of a guarantee by Mexico of the claims of France. Seward acknowledged the statement with perfect gravity, and renewed his assurances of neutrality. But the French minister's proposal, that as a condition of the withdrawal we should recognize Maximilian's government, was firmly rejected. When, a little later, the legislative chambers began their session, Napoleon took occasion in his speech to announce his change of policy. Early in April, our department of state was informed that the French troops would evacuate Mexico in three detachments, the last of which would sail not later than November, 1867. Subsequently, however, the withdrawal was hastened, and in March of 1867 Bazaine and his command, the last French army to set foot upon this continent, sailed from Vera Cruz.

It was not until the end of May, 1866, that Maximilian knew that his imperial backer had abandoned him. From that time, there was never any real hope for his government; but he would not at once give way to his despair. The Empress was equally resolute. Of her own motion she set forth upon a journey to Europe, where she sought in vain, first to hold Napoleon to his word, and then to secure elsewhere the help without which the Empire was lost. Napoleon, adding brutality to his breach of faith, would not even hear her with courtesy. From him she turned to Rome. Failing there also, she broke down under the strain of

her anxiety and the bitterness of her disappointment. Maximilian, waiting for some news of succor, learned, instead, that his wife had lost her reason.

The young prince was for a time unmanned by his sorrow: he hesitated, and would make no final decision. Once, he was on the point of abdicating; but unwise counsel, and the appeals of men whose whole hope was in the empire, deterred him from that course. He at last resolved to throw himself on the support of the Mexican people. That recourse was hopeless, for in a few months Juarez was master of the provinces, and Diaz, who had escaped from prison, was besieging the capital.

In March, Maximilian and his followers were shut up in Querataro. Many powerful influences were at work to save him. Seward also did his best. But he himself made little effort to escape. If he had failed as an emperor, he could at least face disaster with the courage and the dignity of a right princely nature. Betrayed by the infamous Lopez, tried before a court-martial of boys, and ordered to be shot, he spent his last days in the discharge of all the obligations of friendship and courtesy. A false report of the death of Carlotta being brought to him in prison, he said simply, "One less tie to bind me to the world!" Led forth to his execution, and told to stand between two of his generals who were likewise condemned, he surrendered the place of honor to General Miramon in recognition of his courage. The rattle of the muskets marked, perhaps, the end of all monarchy in the New World; but the bitterest critic of democracy could scarcely desire a gentler figure than Maximilian's to stand before the eyes of Americans as the last representative of aristocracy and of kingship on this continent.

The outcome was the reestablishment in Mexico of the republican government, headed by the indefatigable Juarez, which we had recognized from the beginning to be the rightful source of authority. During the five remaining years of his presidency, Juarez went far to justify our

confidence; he was constantly strengthening the foundations of order and of authority, and making plain the way for his still more competent successor. From the death of Maximilian to the present time Mexico was to know but two rulers, Juarez and Diaz; and both were exceptionally successful in their task of investing with the outward semblance of democracy a rule which is in truth absolute, though not despotic. One result of their success has been a steady growth of friendliness, and a better and better understanding, between the United States and our nearest neighbor to the southward.

The issue of intervention and the Empire was not the only matter concerning which we were in controversy with Mexico, or with France, at the end of the war. With both countries there were questions of claims and of counterclaims. Many of these had come about through the war itself; others were of longer standing. In July, 1868, an agreement with Mexico referred all the claims at issue between the two republics to a joint commission, which by successive extensions remained in existence until 1876. In settlement of our claims, which amounted to five hundred million dollars, less than four and one half millions was finally allowed. To Mexico, which claimed nearly eighty-seven millions, only one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was awarded. The negotiation with France lasted much longer. It was not until 1880 that a commission was agreed to. The awards which it made to both parties were less than two per cent of the claims.

The war had brought us into no other serious complications with Latin-American countries. Now that slavery was gone, one principal motive for concerning ourselves with the affairs of Cuba and of Central America — namely, the desire of the Southerners for more territory — was removed, and the Cuban question, for many years intermittently prominent in our diplomacy, ceased to attract attention until the discontents of the Cubans led, in 1868, to an uprising which soon began

again to involve our interests and to enlist our sympathies. There was, however, a slight renewal of the discussion of an Isthmian Canal; and at one time it seemed probable that we should annex the West Indian islands of St. Thomas and St. John, which belonged to Denmark. Seward was the moving spirit in the enterprise. He had begun the negotiation in the winter of 1865, and the next winter, on a tour of convalescence, he had visited the islands. Denmark had hesitated a year, but Seward was earnestly supported by General Raasloff, who was in a peculiar sense the representative at Washington of the Danish ministry then in office. It appears, in fact, that Raasloff's own personal fortunes, and the fate of the ministry, of which he was a member, depended on the sale. When Congress met in December, 1867, the President sent to the Senate a treaty of purchase and annexation. But there was no demand of American public sentiment for the purchase, and a destructive earthquake, followed by a tidal wave and a hurricane, which visited the islands a little while before the treaty was sent in, seemed to Congress a convincing argument against it. Congress, moreover, probably welcomed the opportunity to inform Secretary Seward that it did not share his ardor for expansion. The House passed a sweeping resolution against the buying of more territory, and declared that if treaties of annexation were made it would not feel bound to appropriate the purchase money. The Senate was of the same mind, but Raasloff was liked at Washington, and senators were loath to reject the proposal outright. The treaty was laid on the table, and the subject was held in abeyance until a new administration came into office; and then, Raasloff being absent from Washington, the treaty was rejected. Early in 1869, another scheme of Seward's, to buy from Santo Domingo the gulf and peninsula of Samana, widened later into a proposal to annex the entire island, was voted down by the House of Representatives.

Strained as our relations were with France and with Mexico at the end of the war, an adjustment satisfactory to us was reasonably assured from the day of Lee's surrender. So much could not be said of our relations with Great Britain. Our differences with the mother country were too many and too debatable, public opinion on our side was too inflamed, on the other side too sluggish and ill informed, and both sides were still too lacking in good will, to permit of an easy or a quick adjustment. The mass of Americans then living had from their childhood been imbued with a tradition of enmity to England, and of friendship with France. Except the intellectual centres of the East — the old Federalist strongholds — and perhaps a certain number of Southern plantations, there were probably few American communities where the great names of earlier English history were revered, as they should be, as among our own immortals; and few where the hero-worship of Napoleon Bonaparte was not common. It was still dangerous for any administration to be suspected of a foreign policy favorable to Great Britain, and such a policy was sure to be particularly unpopular in those communities, now not few, where Catholic Irish were numerous. On the other hand, there seems to be no question that a majority of the English ruling class still maintained an unfavorable, even a hostile and contemptuous, attitude toward the Republic. It is equally beyond question, however, that what are commonly called the lower classes in England, particularly the workingmen, were distinctly friendly to America, and had favored the North throughout the war. Henry Ward Beecher, who visited England in 1863, was writing, when he died, a glowing tribute to the British workingmen for their loyalty to the cause of free labor, notwithstanding the distress which they suffered from the failure of the cotton supply. "No other men of the English-speaking people," he wrote, in the last sentence of his unfinished manuscript, "gave a testimony of the love of liberty so

heroic or so pathetic as the weavers of Lancashire." The disposition toward amity was thus in America strongest in the intellectual aristocracy, an influential, though by no means dominant, minority; while in England it was strongest in those classes which were, indeed, the most numerous, but had not the political control. Public sentiment and opinion in the two countries was an important factor; in both, but particularly in America, it had already great weight in diplomacy. Moreover, the social, intellectual, and industrial relations between the two countries were growing always closer and closer. It might, in fact, be said that the negotiations themselves owe much of their importance to the effect they had on the attitudes of the two peoples, as distinguished from their governments, toward each other.

Of the specific differences, the least important was the controversy over the ownership of the island of San Juan, in the Northwest. Neither was the old question of our rights in the fisheries of Canada and Newfoundland a matter of acute interest, save among the fishermen of New England. Under the treaty of 1854 we had been granting, in return for privileges in the fisheries, a reciprocity with Canada in certain commodities. It was found, however, that of the commodities named in the treaty of 1854, most of which were either food-stuffs or the raw material of manufactures, there were few which we sold to the Canadians in any considerable quantity, while our importations were comparatively large. It was held, therefore, that the reciprocity worked to our disadvantage, and that the disadvantage outweighed the privileges we had bought by conceding it. In March, 1866, having given the required twelve months' notice, we brought the arrangement to an end. The whole question of the fisheries was therefore open again, and it was become more difficult than ever. For Great Britain was now entering on a course of great liberality with her North American provinces. The very next year she granted, in the new Dominion Act, an

extraordinary measure of self-government to the Canadians, and at every presentation of our desire concerning the fisheries began to urge the desire of Canada for freer trade with the United States. For half a century, in fact, nearly every question of our relations with Great Britain has been complicated by the juxtaposition of Canada and the United States.

It was through Canada, too, that the more extreme of the Irish patriots, using the United States as a base, were now endeavoring to strike at the mother country. Within a few years the Fenian brotherhood had brought their association in America to a strength which aroused serious apprehensions in England and in Canada, and made, in the existing relations between ourselves and the English, a really serious threat to our peace. The society was founded in 1857. The American branch was at the end of the war organized in three hundred and sixty-four circles, covering all the states from Massachusetts to Illinois, and there were fifteen other circles in the army and navy. The total membership was probably not less than eighty thousand. By this time, however, there was a division of the members into two factions, one led by John O'Mahony, the other by William R. Roberts; it is probable that the attack on Canada was hastened in the hope that action would unite the factions. But when, in the spring of 1866, the incursions began, there was a lack of concord, and the preparation was clearly inadequate. As is always the case with secret movements, selfish and base men had joined the order for purposes of their own; and low politicians, in New York and elsewhere, had played upon the passions of the members.

The O'Mahony faction, operating from New York city and Portland, moved first against New Brunswick. Their rendezvous was Eastport, Maine, and in April five hundred men were gathered there. An iron steamer, purchased in New York, was to bring them arms, but O'Mahony, doubtless fearing interference by United States authorities, countermanded the or-

der to set sail. Seven hundred and fifty stands of arms, sent from Portland, were, in fact, seized. Nevertheless, small parties of Fenians landed on the island of Campo Bello. But Canadian troops were promptly mobilized for resistance, United States regulars were sent to Calais, and the enterprise was soon abandoned.

Buffalo was the base of the Roberts faction, and its attempt had a somewhat more serious character. The extent of its preparation was indicated by the discovery of a thousand stands of arms at Rouse's Point toward the close of May, and another thousand at St. Albans a little later. Both collections were seized. A convention was held at Buffalo on May 30, and two days later a body of twelve hundred to thirteen hundred men crossed the river and seized an unoccupied fort. Colonel O'Neil, a graduate of West Point, was in command. In an encounter with the Canadian militia, the invaders were worsted, and a considerable number were captured. General Grant at once went to Buffalo. The defeated Fenians, attempting to return, were intercepted by the U. S. S. Michigan, seven hundred of them were arrested, and the others were paroled. Similar measures prevented incursions from other points, and the enterprise, though several times bruited, was never again seriously attempted.

President Johnson had been prompt to urge upon United States marshals and attorneys the exercise of vigilance lest our neutrality laws be violated, and he had issued a proclamation to the people. The British government, though it was several times incited to make remonstrance to ours concerning the activity of Fenians on our soil, thought it wiser to forbear. It suggested, instead, that the two countries revise their laws of neutrality. In truth, Great Britain had no reason to complain of the way in which we enforced our laws, such as they were. On the contrary, Sir Frederick Bruce, British minister at Washington, said to Seward: "The government of the United States acted, when the moment for action came, with a vigor,

a promptness, and a sincerity which call forth the warmest acknowledgments." Nevertheless, there is no doubt that very many Americans did sympathize with the general aim of the Fenians, if not with their methods. Many of the men who were most active in the movement in England and Ireland, as well as in America, were American citizens, Union and Confederate veterans. Some of these were apprehended, and there were strong remonstrances from America at the severity of their punishment. Partly on account of the questions thus raised, partly on account of complications with other European states, the whole subject of the status and rights of Europeans naturalized in America was much discussed at this time. The outcome was a series of treaties, beginning in February, 1868, when we reached an understanding with the North German Confederation, which aimed to define in every case of doubtful citizenship, the rights and obligations both of the two countries and of such persons as might emigrate from one into another. In most of these treaties it was agreed that after living five years in America an emigrant should be considered to have renounced his allegiance to the country of his birth. By the end of 1870, the states of central Europe, Sweden, Norway, and finally Great Britain, had all made such agreements with us.

The Fenian movement did not of itself cause any break in our relations with the United Kingdom. It was of importance chiefly as an aggravation of the principal difference between the two main branches of the English-speaking people. That principal difference had arisen from the course of Great Britain, and the character of her neutrality, during the war. A brief review of the facts, familiar as they are, is necessary.

Early in May, 1861, less than a month after the attack on Sumter and President Lincoln's call for volunteers to put down the insurrection, and less than a fortnight after his proclamation of the blockade, Queen Victoria proclaimed the neutrality

of Great Britain, and thereby conceded to the Southern Confederacy the rights of a belligerent. Spain, France, and other countries of western Europe took the same course, but not quite so promptly. It has been held, and with reason, that the President's proclamation of a blockade, and other acts of war by our own government, had in fact left the powers no other course. Thaddeus Stevens, a leader of the House of Representatives, maintained at the time that it would be wiser, instead of proclaiming a blockade, to declare the Southern ports closed. In July, Congress authorized the President to close them. But there were good reasons to doubt the effectiveness of a mere closure. It could also be argued that the queen's proclamation was in reality of advantage to the North, since it freed the Union government of responsibility for the acts of the Confederates. In any event, it is hard to see how England or the other powers could have long delayed to take the action which they did take. Nevertheless, the promptness with which they took it provoked great resentment in America, where the feeling was that these countries, and particularly Great Britain, had been influenced by sympathy with the South or enmity to the Union. Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams, our minister to London, maintained that these proclamations, and England's most of all, really gave life to the Confederacy. They even asserted that the insurrection would have collapsed after a few weeks but for the hope of foreign intervention which this premature recognition of belligerency encouraged, and that the British government was therefore to blame for the prolongation of the war. The too quick concession of belligerent rights to the Confederates was accordingly made a count in our arraignment. If it could be made good, it would be the principal count.

The course of the English press and the language of English public men were, however, more exasperating, and a more reasonable ground of resentment, than this particular act of the government. It

is difficult at this day to believe that English newspapers and English statesmen could possibly have said what in fact they did say concerning the American conflict; and it is a question whether their blind confidence in the ultimate success of the South or their coarse and ignorant abuse of the North was the more extraordinary. There were, it is true, notable exceptions among the public men. Cobden and Bright, like the whole class whom they best represented, W. E. Forster and John Stuart Mill, the Duke of Argyle and Sir George Lewis, were, for example, steadfast friends of the North. But these men did not pretend to speak for the country or for the government; and the exceptions among the newspapers were rarer. It is astonishing to read the words of Gladstone and of Earl Russell, the one declaring that the success of the Southern arms was "as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be," and the latter that the "subjugation" of the South by the North would be a calamity to America and the world, "and especially calamitous to the negro race." It is even more astonishing to find the *Times*, whose foreign service has long been so admirable, not merely confident of the overthrow of the North, but denouncing the Northern people as "insensate and degenerate," and the war for the Union as a hateful and atrocious crime, which could not be defended before a single European society; or to find the *Post* gravely announcing its opinion that "if President Davis were to assume the functions of president of the United States, the population of the North would at once acknowledge his authority;" or to read in the *Standard*, under the date of Gettysburg and Vicksburg: "We have learned to dislike and almost to despise the North; to sympathize with, and cordially to admire, the South." Although there was no such responsiveness of public sentiment between the two countries then as there is to-day, the effect of utterances like these, so common in the great organs of opinion and on the lips of the foremost English-

men that they might well be taken for the voice of the nation, was very serious indeed. That there was a strong contrary sentiment — a sentiment favorable to the North and to the Union — could scarcely be apparent to Americans when a member of Parliament could say that he had never met an Englishman who did not sympathize with the South. These things, of course, could have no place in diplomacy; but they made the task of diplomacy much more difficult.

It did not help the matter that, in the first important incident of England's neutrality, the arrest of Mason and Slidell, we ourselves had been under the necessity to admit that we were wrong. We did admit it promptly; but we barely escaped — it is said, through the personal intervention of Albert, Prince Consort, then in his last illness — a peremptory and hectoring demand for redress. That incident left us in a mood to press our case to the uttermost when it appeared that the neutrality which England had been so ready to proclaim did not prevent her from serving as a naval base for the Confederacy. Such, in truth, she was fast becoming when the graver and graver remonstrances of Mr. Adams finally made it plain that she must either change her course or fight.

The simplest explanation of her course is to say that the British government, in the maintenance of neutrality, went no farther than to enforce the letter of the existing British statute of foreign enlistments. That statute, passed in 1819, was conspicuously lacking in clearness and precision. When the Confederate agent, Bulloch, sought to ascertain if it would be possible for his government to get vessels of war built and equipped in England, he was informed that the law forbade the building, arming, and equipping, in British waters, of a ship intended to be employed in warfare against a friendly power. But it was held that merely to build a vessel for that use was not illegal. The law would not be violated unless she were both built and equipped in British

waters, with the intent to use her in warfare against a friendly power. All that was necessary, therefore, in order to serve the object of the Confederacy, was that the ship and her equipment, both of which might be openly made and sold in England, should leave England separately. They might even be purchased of the same firm. Later, the United States minister brought a test case before an English court; and the decision, which was applauded by a crowded court room, practically confirmed the advice of Bulloch's counsel. So long as the courts should interpret the law that way, and the government should hold the enforcement of the law as it stood to be the sole obligation of neutrality, there was no reason why the Confederates could not procure as many privateers and men of war as they could pay for. It is fair to keep in mind a characteristic of the English people — their extraordinary respect for the letter of their own laws — as somewhat explanatory, somewhat mitigatory, of the attitude of their government; but it is plain that the law thus interpreted was little better than no law at all. As a matter of fact, seven vessels, the *Florida*, the *Alabama*, the *Shenandoah*, the *Georgia*, the *Alexandria*, the *Atlanta*, and the *Rappahannock*, all either bought or built for the Confederacy in Great Britain, put to sea under the British flag, and destroyed, all told, one hundred and seventy-five United States merchant vessels, valued roughly, with their cargoes, at fifteen million dollars. It is perhaps too much to say that they alone destroyed our carrying trade, or to hold them solely responsible for the enormous decline of our merchant marine; but they were certainly the principal immediate cause of these things. The Confederates were thus enabled to inflict a material loss greater than any they could inflict by land. Still more powerful vessels were under construction in England when at last, in October, 1863, the ministry changed its policy, and the order was given to seize them.

The strongest, though not the heaviest,

of our claims against Great Britain, was based on this inaction of the government up to the time of its change of policy, and on the depredations of the Confederate privateers. The heaviest claim was based on the prolongation of the war which — so Mr. Seward had urged — was due to Great Britain's hasty recognition of the Confederates as belligerents. Great Britain, on the other hand, preferred many claims for injuries to British subjects, both in their persons and their property, which had been inflicted during the progress of the war; and there were counterclaims on our side. These questions of damages to individuals, however, though far more numerous and important than those which we had to adjust with any other country, were not otherwise different; if they had been all, we should, no doubt, have reached an agreement very soon, probably by submitting them to arbitration. But our enormous claim based on the neutrality proclamation was not for a moment seriously considered; and when our claim for reparation for the injuries inflicted by the Confederate cruisers was first advanced by Mr. Adams, Lord Russell coldly answered that her majesty's government entirely disclaimed all responsibility for any acts of the Alabama. That position, first taken in March, 1863, was resolutely maintained until the end of the war. So late as the close of August, 1865, after two years of correspondence and negotiation, Lord Russell would go no farther than to propose a joint commission to sit on all claims arising during the war "which the two powers shall agree to refer." Years afterwards, he spoke as if this proposal embraced the so-called Alabama claims; but at the time he made it clear that such was not his meaning.

It can scarcely be said of Secretary Seward's conduct of this negotiation that it was comparable in wisdom and foresight to his conduct of the Maximilian episode. At the beginning, he was still possessed with the peculiar notion, which he conveyed in an extraordinary note to Lin-

coln, that a foreign war would save us from a civil war. His instructions to Mr. Adams, rhetorical and impassioned, were, it is well known, changed and softened by Lincoln's own hand. Throughout, the mingled firmness and restraint of Adams was a better mood than the secretary's. It is also probably true that Seward's insistence on our extreme view of Great Britain's recognition of the belligerency of the Confederates weakened his presentation of our stronger case for damages inflicted by the cruisers. But when all is said in excuse for Lord Russell's management of his side, it can scarcely be denied, particularly in view of the final outcome, that he adhered far too narrowly to that view of the matter which a lawyer, arguing before a court of claims, would have felt bound to maintain. He took too much account of the situation at the moment, too little of future contingencies. He was curiously unmindful that England, as the foremost commercial and seafaring country in the world, had more to lose than any other country if the notion of neutrality which her own government had put in practice should continue to prevail. Even while the war lasted, the special representative of that very ship-building industry which had profited most by the loose construction of the law pointed out in Parliament what might happen if the parts were changed, and England were at war while the United States were neutral. Mr. Adams saw the situation clearly when, after remarking in his diary that Lord Russell's proposal was in effect to refer the British claims and exclude ours, he added: "We lose nothing by the passage of time; Great Britain does." And he significantly alludes to Russia, and a war cloud on the eastern horizon.

However, either Lord Russell, who before the end of the year became prime minister, or his successor in the Foreign Office, Lord Clarendon, began soon to perceive that England had something to lose as well as to gain by leaving things as they were. In December, overtures look-

ing to the renewal of negotiations were made to Mr. Adams both by Lord Clarendon and by Mr. W. E. Forster. But nothing was done before the next change of ministry. It would appear, however, that the American Congress had meanwhile come to see the situation as Mr. Adams saw it. In the summer of 1866, so far from following the suggestion of Lord Clarendon that the two governments coöperate in improving and strengthening their laws of neutrality, the House passed a bill repealing those provisions of our own laws which aimed particularly to prevent the fitting out of ships for belligerents. It remained to be seen whether the Conservative ministry of Lord Derby would overcome, any better than Lord Russell's, the proverbial indisposition of Englishmen to see that they are losing. The new ministry did, in fact, during its brief term of service, bring the negotiation into a new and far more hopeful phase. Lord Stanley, Clarendon's successor, distinctly abandoned the contention of his predecessors that existing English law, as interpreted by English courts, was the sole criterion of the obligations of neutrality. He was willing to entertain the question of responsibility for the cruisers; he was willing, it appeared, to arbitrate all the questions which had been raised, save only the question of premature recognition of belligerency. But to that claim both Seward and Mr. Adams were thoroughly committed. Their insistence upon it caused a deadlock which lasted until July, 1868, when Adams's seven years of distinguished service in England came to an end. He was succeeded by Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland.

Johnson soon negotiated, at first with Lord Stanley and then with Lord Clarendon, who presently came into office again in the Gladstone ministry, a treaty which was signed in January, 1869, and promptly sent to the American Senate. It provided for the arbitration of all claims on both sides, save only our claim of redress for premature recognition of

belligerency. This Seward had at last abandoned. The secretary was probably hoping to signalize his retirement from diplomacy and from public life with a final adjustment of the threatening differences between the two great branches of his race. But the treaty was held over until a new administration should come into power; and when Charles Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, brought it up in committee, so far was he from treating the controversy as ended that he used these words: "We begin to-day an international debate, the greatest of our history, and, before it is finished, perhaps the greatest of all history."

But to have brought this difficult negotiation from the seeming deadlock in which Lord Russell had left it into such a phase that, whatever delays there still might be, an adjustment reasonably fair to both sides was, as we can now see, the probable outcome, and to have adjusted all the other controversies into which the war had brought us with the peoples of Europe and of our own hemisphere, and to have done all this without any surrender of our interests or any turning aside from our fixed policy in international affairs, — in a word, to have established for the new Union right relations with all the peoples on our Southern and on our Eastern horizons, save only the people of our own blood and language, — this was no mean record for Seward to retire on. Had he been given to sentimental comparisons, he might have found, in a notable event of the year 1866, a sort of parallel to his achievements in diplomacy. The first attempt to construct a submarine cable across the Atlantic had failed in 1858. But Cyrus W. Field, an American man of business, a member of a remarkable family, had stuck to the enterprise through many disappointments, until at last, a year after the war, it was permanently accomplished. His is the name which will always be recalled first in connection with it; but he himself was not disposed to belittle the scientific, as dis-

tinguished from the merely financial, aspect of the undertaking. It was Commodore Maury, — an exile in Mexico, — whose study of the seas had made it possible. "I furnished the money," Field is reported to have said, "and Maury supplied the brains." Seward wrote to Field: "Your grand achievement constitutes, I trust, an effective treaty of international neutrality and non-intervention." The achievement, important in itself, was even more important as a demonstration of the feasibility of submarine telegraphy on the widest scale. The next year, a line connecting Florida and Cuba was laid; and in a few years all the civilized peoples were linked together with cables which stretched along the bottoms of all the seas.

But Seward's outlook was not through Eastern windows only. Benton and Douglas being dead, there was no other of our eminent statesmen who had so long faced toward the Pacific, toward Asia, whenever his thoughts turned upon the future of the Republic. No one else had ever made so bold and sweeping a prevision of the westward progress of our civilization. At the middle of the nineteenth century Seward had dared to prophesy what at the beginning of the twentieth century, though by that time the stream of tendency was far plainer, it still sounded magniloquent to claim. In 1852, he had declared his faith that "the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will be the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." And that, he argued, would mean the complete emancipation of America from European influence; it would mean an American ascendancy in world politics. In his vision of the reunion of the two civilizations which parted on the Persian plain thousands of years ago, he conceived that America would find her true rôle, her sublime significance, as the guardian and the representative, in that final contact of East and West, of all that our people had brought with them, and of all that they had gained, in their long wanderings. He had for years regarded

our Pacific coast rather as the point of a new departure than as a final bourne. It was not, indeed, permitted him to transplant our civilization to the islands of the Pacific or to the Asian continent, but it was he who found and used the opportunity to extend it for the first time to a portion of our own continent not contiguous to our own principal territory.

In all probability, the purchase of Russian America would not have sufficiently commended itself to public sentiment, but for the attitude of Russia, so markedly in contrast with that of England and France during our Civil War. Strange as it seems, Russia alone, of all the great powers, had been, from first to last, friendly to the North and confident of the preservation of the Union. Perhaps the czar, Alexander II, himself an emancipator, had sympathized with Lincoln; or perhaps, to the most absolute of despotisms, that aspect of the war in which the North appeared as the champion of authority and the established order was more impressive than that other aspect of it in which the freedom of a race was the principal issue. But perhaps, too, the unfriendly course of England may have been the real cause of Russia's friendly attitude. At any rate, Russia had vetoed Louis Napoleon's scheme of a European intervention; and in many other ways she had made plain her sympathy with the Union cause. That we on our part were not wanting in grateful recognition of her friendship appeared quite as plainly in our welcome to a Russian fleet which visited New York in September, 1863. When the admiral and his officers came to Washington, the cordiality of the Secretary of State was particularly marked. In 1866, when the life of the czar was attempted, Congress, by joint resolution, congratulated him on his escape, and a man-of-war was detailed to carry the message to St. Petersburg. These pleasant exchanges may be said to have culminated in 1871 in the visit of the czar's brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, to the United States. When he went to Boston, the

school children sang for him, to the Russian national air, some verses written by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Weremembered, he was told,

"Who was our friend when the world was our foe."

Russia had failed to make her American province pay, but no doubt she was also moved by good will to the United States, and by the hope of weakening England's power in the Pacific, when, after some negotiation, she renewed an offer, first made twenty years before, to sell the colony to us; and we were prompted by similar motives to accept it.

For it appears that an offer to sell Russian America was made to the administration of President Polk, at a time when we were, apparently, very close to war with Great Britain over our Northwestern boundary, and that it was made on the condition that we should hold to our full claim, which would have excluded Canada from any frontage on the Pacific. The scheme was revived in 1859, and by this time there was some public sentiment in the Pacific states in favor of the purchase; Senator Gwin, of California, took much interest in the enterprise. But the Civil War soon put an end to it. When the matter was again taken up in 1866, the only semblance of a public demand for the purchase still came from the Pacific coast. That winter, Baron Stoeckl, the Russian minister, went to St. Petersburg and discussed the cession with his government. Returning to Washington, he entered at once into negotiation with Seward, and terms were soon agreed upon and sent to Russia for approval. Late in the evening of March 29, 1867, Stoeckl called at Seward's house, informed the secretary, whom he found at whist with his family, that he had the authority to make a treaty, and proposed that they begin with it on the following day. But the Senate, which was in extraordinary session, was expected soon to adjourn. "Why wait till to-morrow?" said the secretary. "Let us make the treaty to-night." Before midnight the state depart-

ment was open, and Seward, Stoeckl, and Senator Sumner met there to conclude the business. By four o'clock the next morning the treaty was signed. The purchase price was fixed at \$7,200,000; to the sum of seven millions, once agreed to, Seward had added \$200,000 in order that the province might come to us free from any claims of companies. For many years Russia had practically leased it to the Russian-American Fur Company, which had exercised the powers of government.

Next to Seward, Charles Sumner is responsible for the acquisition. If in his place as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs he had opposed the treaty, it could scarcely have been ratified. He plainly announced that he was opposed to buying or otherwise acquiring any territory without the consent of its inhabitants; but — so he wrote to John Bright, with whom he regularly corresponded — "the question was perplexed by considerations of politics and comity and the engagements already entered into by the government." He felt deeply our debt of gratitude to Russia, and he believed, with Seward, that the whole continent must in time be ours, — though perhaps he could not go so far as Seward once went when, at Sumner's house, he declared, "In thirty years Mexico will be the capital of the United States." Sumner reported the treaty favorably, spoke several hours in defense of it, and on April 9 it was ratified with but two opposing votes. Afterwards, the injunction of secrecy being removed, he with much labor of research extended his speech into a comprehensive account of Russian America which long remained the best source of information concerning it. It was he also who suggested that the name, Alaska, up to that time applied only to the peninsula which links the Aleutian Islands with the continent, be given to the whole province.

Alaska increased our area by one fifth, but it added probably less than seventy thousand to our population; and of this increase all but twenty-five hundred Russians and half-breeds were aboriginal In-

dians and Esquimaux. "The immense country," to use Sumner's words, was "without form and light, without activity and without progress." But he had much to tell of the wealth to be found in its forests, in the furs of its land animals and of its seals, in its fisheries, in its minerals; even thus early it was suspected that there was gold along the coast. He could paint an attractive future for the vast, snowy peninsula, when freedom and law and civilization should be extended over it. But the American people set little store by their new possession; and Congress was as neglectful as the people. In October, Russia withdrew her officials and her flag, and the United States took possession; but the House of Representatives, where many opposed the purchase altogether, found the cession of interest chiefly as an opportunity to assert its old claim to a share in the treaty-making power. The bill appropriating the purchase-money declared that the consent of Congress was necessary to give the treaty effect. That preamble the Senate rejected, and it was not till the summer of 1868 that the money was paid. The bill in its final form merely set forth that the treaty could be carried into effect only by legislation to which both houses must consent. To this statement of an indubitable fact the Senate made no objection.

When, however, it came to the point of making good the treaty by an actual extension of our system into our new possession, Congress was apathetic. First as a military district, then as a department, Alaska was committed to the rule of military officers. It was, in fact, no less than seventeen years before Congress made any serious attempt to organize a civil

government. The Pribyloff Islands were leased to a company with the exclusive right to take seals within the three-mile limit, and in a few years the revenue from this source alone made a handsome return on the purchase money. But the peninsula could not be developed without law. Immigrants found that there was no legal way provided to preëempt land, or to convey property, or to collect a debt. Save in the neighborhood of the military posts, there was no protection either for property or for persons; and there is only too much evidence that contact with the soldiers and traders was demoralizing to the natives. The liquor traffic, though forbidden, was not in fact suppressed. To the Indians of Alaska we gave only the same careless wardship which we had given to our own tribes. In 1884, following a suggestion which General O. O. Howard had made nearly ten years before, Congress, still unwilling to take the time for detailed legislation for Alaska, merely extended over it the laws of the territory of Washington "so far as the same may be applicable." There is no better instance than this of the sluggishness of our national legislature when no strong interest or widespread public sentiment stirs it to action. Those students of our government who deplore our failure to fix clearly the responsibility for the initiative in legislation, as in England it is fixed in the ministry, could scarcely find a better case to illustrate their view. It should serve equally well those who contend that our system unfits us for the right administration of colonies. Unlike England's neglect of her American plantations, our long neglect of Alaska was neither wise nor salutary.

GENEROSITY AND CORRUPTION

BY G. W. ALGER

SOME years ago there died in New York a politician who had been the notorious leader of one of the slum districts. During the greater part of his career, he had been the subject of the most pointed attacks by individuals and organizations interested in decent government, for he had been the enemy of everything which meant honesty in public affairs and social life. He had made money corruptly by extending his favor, under the usual arrangements, to individuals who wanted franchises for gas, electric light, and street railway operations; by affording his protection and influence to "policy men," to pool-room gamblers and disorderly-resort proprietors. His name had been signed hundreds of times on the bail bonds of thieves and fallen women.

He was a politician of a type common enough in the great American cities, and the characteristics of his career had been long familiar to the newspaper-reading public. Yet when he died, the largest church in the district was filled with a vast crowd of mourners. As the papers said, there was not a dry eye in the church. It was genuine sorrow. For the money which his more reputable gas and railway friends from the brown-stone districts had given him had paid many an old woman's rent, had helped many a friend in trouble. The "protection" money had been freely given to the outings and games of the social organizations of the district. His "pull" had always been available for the man who wanted a job. The money of Peter had gone to an army of Pauls, and the great robber baron had died comparatively poor. He had been a public enemy — with a big heart; dishonest — and generous.

There are two lines in Tennyson's

Idylls of the King which seem to embody a kind of fascinating puzzle.

" . . . God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

How can any custom which is good be corrupting? Can there be a dangerous virtue? Considerable rumination has persuaded the writer into giving an affirmative answer to the question, the episode of the funeral of the District Leader being only one of the cases in point which have led to this conclusion.

The foundation of healthy, sane life, and of right public law and government is justice. This is trite and platitudinous enough, but it is dangerous to forget it. The departed District Leader got his power in life and his apology and defense in death from the fact that throughout his career he ignored or abused all known notions of justice — and was generous instead.

There is a certain dramatic quality in generosity which appeals to the heart. A mean rascal we all despise and hate; but a rascal with a big heart, who never forgets his friends, finds many apologists. It is of the utmost importance to a country organized, like ours, on a democratic basis, that as a people we should be highly sensitive to injustice. That sensitiveness is the most necessary protection for freedom, the greatest force for good government. Anything which tends to befog our ideals of justice, or to make us underestimate its importance, is a danger to be guarded against.

In the latter days of Rome, the darlings of the rabble were the oppressors of Africa, who transmuted the sweat and blood of conquered provinces into bread and circuses for the Roman mob. Justice, long since dead in the imperial city,

had been succeeded by a riot of generosity of the most lavish and barbaric kind. It would be, of course, a jaundiced eye which should make any but a most distant parallel between the Roman rabble and the American people. But much, if not everything, is forgiven the millionaire whose fortune has been wrung from the overtempted consciences of aldermen, if he recognizes what the college presidents call "The Responsibility of Men of Wealth."

As a people we have fairly good taste in our attitude toward the philanthropy which finds its root in fraud and unjust enrichment. If a traction magnate or a tricky financier gives us a hospital or art gallery, we do not cry in an offensive chorus, "Where did he get the money?" We accept with a philosophic gratitude anything given back to us collectively which was stolen from us individually, for the excellent reason that, the ill-gotten booty having been once acquired by the great operator, it is a public good fortune that his expenditure of it should in some degree take the form of public gift, rather than of private wassail and ostentatious extravagance. The great man, we say, was not obliged to spend anything on public charity. His fortune, by whatever devious, crooked ways acquired, is, so far as the legal title is concerned, his, and not ours; and so any portion of it which he may choose to transmute into public service is a just cause for general rejoicing. It all goes to confirm our faith that there are bowels of compassion and spots of virtue in the worst of men, even in our most inveterate millionaires. Having accepted the gift, we refuse to vilify the donor.

One of the effects of the generosity of the unjust, which deserves more consideration than it gets, is this: it closes the mouths of critics whose voices might otherwise be heard in effectual protest against public wrongs or defects which cry for change in economic conditions. Limitation of space confines the writer to one illustration.

There was public agitation some years

ago concerning a certain bill, involving a franchise of great value, which was being heavily lobbied through the New York legislature. A movement was at once begun against the measure, and during its progress a gentleman standing justly high in public esteem, a man of unquestionable probity and of great influence, was asked to take part in this protest. He remained in doubt for a few days, and then declined. He was the president of an important charitable institution dependent largely for its support on the generosity of a particular donor who was also the real sponsor for the grab bill. With what he conceived to be the prosperity of his institution at stake, he could not feel it to be his duty personally to antagonize the corrupt scheme of the generous supporter of his institution. Other able men, he argued readily, could be obtained to do the work which, under the peculiar circumstances, he must refuse to do himself. The gain which the opposition to the lobby for the bill might make by his influence did not seem to him at all equal to the quite probable loss which he felt might come to his institution by such offensive action on his part.

Now this man is normally, and when not subject to peculiar and perplexing circumstances, neither weak nor timid, but quite the contrary. In this particular case he simply had been called on to decide a hard problem. His decision was undoubtedly wrong from an abstract moral standpoint; but in view of the great responsibility which he felt for the welfare of his institution, his error was at least pardonable. He was a man whose silence could not have been bought by any personal consideration. Yet the generosity of a public enemy to his particular institution of charity had effectually closed his mouth.

Just how far the loss of influence of the city churches is due to similar conditions, it is hard to say. To the writer there seems to be a certain tendency among the great metropolitan churches, to plan their expenditures on the basis of the largest

amount which may be expected from the richest parishoner. So that in case any two or three heavy contributors should for some reason terminate abruptly their donations, the work of the church would be practically crippled. With the finances of the church built on such a foundation, it is hardly surprising that the sharp edge of pulpit criticism should be dulled, or should find expression, if at all, in innocuous and ineffectual generalities that keep up the brave show of a spiritual independence which has been long since smothered by charity.

The medical world to-day is full of learned talk about germ diseases, and the great scientists are constantly increasing the fund of human knowledge as to how these germs are to be destroyed, or their perpetuation retarded. If it were only possible for some spiritual scientist to devise some workable scheme to prevent in the moral world the perpetuation of perverted ideals! We read much to-day of the Great White Plague, — tuberculosis, — and how it breeds and spreads in the tenements, destroying its thousands. But the Great White Plague in the rich man's university, the germ of moral tuberculosis in the ideal of success, avoids the microscope.

After all, the principal use of the college is as a place where the next generation is to get right ideas of what is worth while in life itself. The academic facts which to the ignorant seem the advantages of education are of minor importance. We hear much during the season of college commencements of the necessities of the modern university in the way of enlarged endowments and increased equipment. Some of this talk is, of course, reasonable enough. It is addressed mainly to the rich as a demand for the recognition by them of a duty of generosity, one which in our days has had a most remarkable response. But apparatus is an impossible substitute for ideals, and the best endowment of a college is the character of its graduates. The two-thousand-dollar bequest, for example, to his Alma Mater,

which the will of the late William H. Baldwin contained, was small if considered as a mere matter of money, but his character and the ideals of public service which his life expressed form part of that permanent endowment which alone makes a university great. The memory of a railroad president ready to sacrifice, if need be, his position, rather than lose an opportunity for usefulness on an unpaid committee of citizens banded together for important civic service, is a rarer and more precious contribution to the fibre of university life than any mere material bounty from ravenous fingers unclutched by hypocrisy or the fear of death.

The principal criticism of the generosity to colleges of men whose great fortunes have been obtained by doubtful methods and through suspicious sources is not alone that their money comes coupled with their own personal history, nor that the hope of their favor has an undesirable influence on certain forms of college teaching and on the public utterance of college officials, but that these gifts of brick and mortar and money have a tendency to make the ideal endowment seem less valuable and important. We cannot afford to have the traditions of our colleges become largely the traditions of suspiciously rich men who made money and built buildings.

It seems like the mere hyperbole of a jealous and disappointed spirit to affirm that the corrupt practices of the unjustly rich are less harmful than their benevolences; but the statement will bear argument and furnish much reason for a belief in its accuracy. It is because this benevolence tends to create in the popular mind confusion on a matter of morals concerning which we cannot afford to have confusion. We cannot afford to believe that the seizing of special and unjust privileges, or the use of corrupt practices or oppression, by which enormous wealth is increasingly acquired, may be excused or palliated by public gift or private benevolence, or by generosity, however bountiful. We cannot afford to let a delayed or partial res-

titution acquire a false glamour, and under a false name become a substitute for common honesty.

There is no place where the substitution of generosity for justice is a greater evil than in the courts. The great delay which frequently occurs in the selection of jurors in law cases is due to the endeavor of one or the other of the opposing lawyers — rarely of both — to pick out jurors who will deal justly with the rights of litigants and who will not be merely generous at the expense of justice. The task of selecting such jurors is increasingly difficult, particularly in accident cases against railways. The injustice which results from the corrupt granting of railway franchises, for example, has a larger area than is generally supposed. There is a strong tendency manifested in juries to even up this original injustice by a generosity which is itself unjust. For injustice almost invariably begets a spurious generosity.

The writer listened some years ago in the New York Supreme Court to the trial of an accident case brought by the widow and children of a man who had been killed by the street railway which runs on Broadway, to recover damages from the railroad company for having caused his death. The widow produced only one witness, and his testimony was clearly perjury from start to finish, while four reputable bystanders called by the railroad clearly showed that the accident had been the result of the recklessness of the deceased; yet the jury after some delay brought in a large verdict for the widow and the children. One of the jurors explained his verdict thus: "The railroad company got on to Broadway by putting up a little money to a bunch of aldermen. They got their franchise for next to nothing, and that woman and four children have as good a right to their money as the road has to its franchise. With all the money the road gets out of Broadway, they can afford to

do something for that man's family, and I am glad we had a chance to give them the verdict. I could not go home and tell my wife that I had a chance to give some railroad money to a widow and four children, and did not do it. She would put me out of the house."

The railway companies complain bitterly, and often with much reason, of the injustice done by such verdicts, but they forget the original injustice which these juries blindly, blunderingly, and unjustly seek to correct.

In politics, as we all know, the worst class of politicians, the one whose power for evil is the hardest to overcome, is the class in which corruption is coated with the whitewash of generosity, — the legislative burglar with a big heart. The log-rolling which is the bane of our politics is nothing more nor less than the exchange of generousities by public servants at public expense, and a large part of bad law-making is the result of the unjustifiable favors which one unconscionably kind-hearted statesman extends to another.

It is, of course, a mean soul which is not warmed by generosity and benevolence and the expression through such acts of the larger humanities. In comparison with true generosity, justice seems meagre and mean, as the cold working of the intellect rather than the warm pulsation of the heart. Justice, mere justice, never satisfies. Aristides the Just was killed by the Greeks, not because he was just, but because he was nothing but just. From fibre like his, heroes are not made. The natural man much prefers Robin Hood. Without generosity the moral world seems dull, gray, cold, and conventional. It lacks sap and vitality, and the imagination is not touched. But, after all, justice is the rock on which alone generosity can safely build, and when it seeks some other foundation, it is the scriptural house built on the sand, and like it cannot endure.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

XI

Hatless, short-skirted, with brave, swinging step, two girls were walking over the wide upland of the Wahonet golf course, clubs in hand, intent on the game. Ahead, the long grassy slopes were broken here and there by the sharp outlines of slim cedar trees, giving, in the way the dull green cut the blue, a suggestion of Italy's cypresses standing against a sky of deeper tone. Far and near they grew, trooping in long lines up the side of a hill, or standing by crumbling stone fences, and they lent a certain poignant charm to all the landscape. One of the least cedars of all grew invitingly near a great flat gray rock, half buried under running blackberry vines and low fern. The temptation was too much for Frances Wilmot, and she sank down on the stone in happy weariness, leaning gratefully against the little tree.

"Do you think anything bad will happen if we rest a few minutes?" she demanded, and by way of answer, Alice Bevanne followed through the fern tangle and sat down by her side. Frances noted with delight that the girl's fair hair and faintly flushed cheeks looked somewhat demoralized by fresh air and exercise.

"Why is it," Alice asked shyly, "that you always bring an atmosphere of your own to everything? It seems to me that you live apart in a world of wonder and mystery, where the beautiful things come true."

"I live in the same world you live in," said Frances Wilmot, laughing, and placing on the pale hair a poet wreath of green fern leaves; but the crowned head shook in slow dissent.

"You have some enchanted sense of

things, and you would be just like the princess of the fairy stories if" —

"If" —

"You are too wise. You look like the princess, but I am more like her inside, for I can only feel, and you can think, too. And then you change too much for the princess, for she always wears the same sweet smile, while you are never quite the same twice."

"Perhaps I have a touch of the dragon and a dash of the old witch," suggested Frances.

"You are different with different people," said Alice sagely. "With me you are always sweet and serious and real, but when other people are near you keep saying little keen, humorous things as if you were n't in earnest, and I always wonder why."

"Nature, little Alice," said the Southern girl, bending to kiss the parted hair, "has given to each animal some protective armor: to the tortoise, its shell; to the porcupine, its quills; why should woman be left defenseless?"

"There!" cried Alice triumphantly, "that is just the look I mean. It is the expression you have, well, when you talk to Alec, for instance."

"I did not know it," said Frances Wilmot gravely; and even as she spoke she saw him far off on the green slope, coming slowly toward them. They waited in silence on the rocks, watching.

To Alice Bevanne the sojourn of this Southern girl at the Emerson Inn was like a dream come true. She had lived the twenty years of her life in an old yellow house on a crossroad, set, with a row of locust trees at one side, at the end of a driveway of broken poplars. Year after year the paint had worn away from the

house, and the branches had fallen from the scraggly trees. Prosperity had long deserted the Bevanne homestead; what little money there was had to be devoted to Alec's education, and there was not enough to send the fair-haired daughter of the house even to boarding-school. All that was left her the invalid mother bestowed upon her child: the training of a gentlewoman, and her hardly acquired sense of the peace of letting go.

Frances Wilmot, one of the rare women on whom the gift of happiness and the gift of sympathy have been bestowed at the same time, had divined the whole story after one quick glance at the worn carpets and the pale faces of mother and daughter, and Alice was brought to share, so far as was possible, the Southern girl's free life of wood and shore. Frances must have some one to ride with her; would Alice mind learning? The woodland roads were surpassingly beautiful, and Mr. Phipps happened to have in his stable one horse that would be just right for a beginner. Alice made merry with the guests who danced in gowns of pink or white or green at the Inn under the dull rafters in the evening, or tossed out over the waves in white-sailed boats, following the flight of the gulls, or drove through long mornings by hidden roads where ferns dipped their pale green fronds into tiny brooks trickling over the wayside rocks. No motion that her hostess made escaped her; the young girl's eyes followed her with a look that enveloped her as with sunshine. Whether she awakened the place to music, or arranged flowers in just the right places, — great bowls of yellow roses against deep blue or dull green portières, or clusters of fern against the yellow wall, — Alice Bevanne watched and understood. Color and fragrance and beauty flooded the starved little life.

"Who owns all this?" asked Frances Wilmot, as the young man strolled up, fresh and smiling in his well-cut golf suit of gray chevrot.

"Oh, our friends the Warrens," he answered, throwing himself upon the

grass near by. "Nearly half the county belongs to them. I used to call the estate 'Bare-acres,' after Thackeray, you know, only I spelled it B-e-a-r. To tell the truth, the elder Mr. Warren was something of a bear. And speaking of the Warrens, it is a great pleasure to us to think that such friendly relations have been established; I cannot help feeling that it is in some way partly due to you. They are old enemies of ours, hereditary, you know; it's a sort of a Montague and Capulet affair."

"If you go on like this," said Frances, with the sudden flash of her smile across a face alive with mischief, "I shall have to bring a book of 'One Hundred Useful Literary Allusions' in order to understand you. I have n't a doubt I could find one at the Inn."

Then she was sorry, not because the young man's face changed, but because she caught Alice Bevanne's eyes, which always gave her a look of knowing more than she ought of hidden human motive.

"I did not know that there had been enmity," she said hastily. "What caused it? Did some very early wicked Warren lay hands on his neighbors' barns?"

Alec Bevanne shook his head.

"Nobody knows the whole story, but from early days there has been outspoken enmity, and as boys young Warren and I struck out, like many warriors of larger growth, in a quarrel which we did not understand. It has always been more or less of a mystery, though I believe it began with something akin to murder, certainly with blood-shedding."

"I think it was some dispute about land," suggested Alice Bevanne.

"It is really very nice of them to be so friendly," said the young man. "And are n't they interesting as a family? Mrs. Warren is charming."

"I won't tell him that the impression is mutual, because he ought n't to be talking about them," mused Frances Wilmot.

"I find Uncle Peter a perpetual delight as a study, and I marvel at their patience with him. Young Warren is a fine fellow. I like that touch of the ancestral bear in

him, don't you? though it is rather a pity that he has cut himself off from all social life."

"I really had not thought about it," said the girl coldly. "I'm not very well acquainted with Mr. Warren. He seems to belong to a type of man that is fast dying out; and personally I like it better than the kind that plays the guitar and reads Ouida. He is a very quiet person."

"He's tremendous down under," said Alice Bevanne, "like some smothered elemental force, — perhaps a tidal wave that has n't got started."

Frances looked quickly at her with puzzled eyes.

"Pshaw!" said Alec Bevanne, "that's just what he is n't! He's a man who has worn all the elemental forces out of himself, studying. Dresses oddly, does n't he?"

Frances Wilmot looked lazily across the sunlit field and yawned.

"Mr. Warren looks as if his ancestors had been well enough dressed to allow him to be a bit oblivious in regard to his clothes. Let's change the subject: don't you like these old, rocky, fern-haunted New England fields, with their 'gadding vines' and their silences? There is nothing like them anywhere."

A tiny wild rabbit crept round the edge of a rock not far away, and stood, all a-quiver, with front paws slightly lifted, gazing with eyes that begged to know if danger were near. Catching those of Alice Bevanne, it stood, transfixed, and then came softly forward as if it had found there an invitation too sweet to be withstood. The beckoning motion of the girl's white hand, however, startled the little wild creature, and it ran a few steps, looking back over its shoulder with a glance that she could not resist, and she was off, halfway across the field, following the gay feet of her new friend as they leaped capriciously here and there.

"Alice was always like that," said her brother, as the two watched her. "She can tame anything under heaven. I fancy

she will come back with bunny riding on her shoulder."

"I don't wonder," said the girl. "I should go to her if I were wild."

"Miss Wilmot," said the young man abruptly, "may I consult you on a personal matter? I know I ought not to intrude, and yet I trust your insight completely."

"Do you?" said the girl, surprised, and off her guard.

"More than you know," he answered warmly. "You know how matters are with me: I'm in a small place where I have n't half a chance, but where I've taken a certain hold, have got a sort of influence, you know."

He looked inquiringly at her; she nodded, and moved the slightest bit farther away upon the stone.

"Now a good chance has come for me to go to a larger place. It means everything, from the point of view of ambition, you know: more money, wider scope, and, something for which I care very much, charming social life. But the mud-stricken little town down in Alabama haunts me; I mean something there, and a few hungry souls have been good enough to say that I mean food to them. Now, what shall I do?"

The bright blue eyes were full of eloquent appeal; the whole face quivered, perhaps partly with a sense of the moment's dramatic value.

"I think, Mr. Bevanne," she said slowly, "that the question is one which you ought to ask your own soul and not mine."

"But a woman sees so much more clearly the spiritual values of things," he answered, wondering at finding a feminine conscience which refused to act as leader to the man in a moral crisis.

"I think, from the very way you have told me, that you see the spiritual values here very clearly."

"Perhaps I need a little moral impetus," he answered. "And I thought you might be interested; it is the South, you know."

"I should be sorry to bring undue influence to bear on a man in making him decide the right," said the girl, smiling. "It is a pity to deprive anybody of a chance to show what strength is in him."

It was Alice Bevanne, coming back without the gray rabbit, who rescued him from the embarrassment caused by the girl's refusal to take a personal attitude toward his predicament; and the rescue was no less grateful to Frances than to him. She rose, holding out both hands to her friend.

"You have saved us from abstractions; now let's use our muscles."

The caddy rose from the ground where he had been lying at a discreet distance, shouldered his burden, and led them to pastures new.

XII

Lazily Paul Warren paced the garden paths, his hands loosely clasped behind him, warm sunshine on his untroubled face. To the young recluse these summer days were like the coming in of sudden light on life, for it was as if, from mazes and tangles of the mind, he had chanced suddenly upon a world of beauty, where unseen paths lay clear. The rare sunlight of a yet undiscovered youth dawned for him on sea and distant mountain toward the north and the dear green meadows between; and he sniffed the roses about the old porch with the feeling that a new sense had been granted him. Slowly he was learning to understand all things that live: the old dog, stretched out on the sun-warmed step; the cows, wandering over fresh green grass, or standing knee-deep in placid water; the wood thrushes calling to one another in the cool of late afternoon. There was an amazing simplicity, after all, about the great lesson of beauty; and the old, old, elemental truths, which had been true all the time he had been thinking, were his at last.

The woman who had roused him from his old melancholy was naturally much in his mind; and when he met her by the

box border of one of the ancestral flower beds he was hardly conscious that the picture in his mind had changed to that of actual vision.

"I am afraid that I am intruding," she said as she faced him. "Some one told me that you were not at home to-day."

"Certainly you are not intruding," he answered.

"The Lady from Boston wanted to make a polite call, and I came with her. I've escaped for a few minutes to see about a fern that Andrew promised me. I am very fond of the garden, you know."

"Women and gardens," he observed, "have always had a peculiar affinity, from the dawn of time."

She did not deign to answer him for a moment, but stood, silently fingering the petals of a great tiger lily, which grew erect and tawny among its fellows.

"That reproach," she said at length, "comes badly from either man or the serpent. Which part are you playing?"

By way of answer he merely laughed, and side by side they wandered down the long path in silence. It was a hazy July afternoon, a day for the weaving of dreams or the casting of spells. Through the warm air came the murmur of bees, and the wind that touched the eyelids was fresh and sweet from the sea.

"What are you thinking?" asked the girl at length.

"I was merely wondering," he answered, stopping by a row of sweet peas that fluttered like butterflies pausing on wings of purple or rose color or white by the dull cedar hedge, "if Adam saw the flowers of the Garden before Eve was created."

"Perhaps the apple blossoms," said Frances mischievously; and with that they came to an old apple tree, gray-green against the soft blue sky, its branches alive with the murmur of wind and of sea.

"Did it ever occur to you, Thinker," she demanded, "that the tree of knowledge was not the tree of life? Did you know that there were two in the Garden of Eden?"

"No," he admitted. "I was taught but one."

"I thought so!" she cried triumphantly. "That partly accounts for you. But they were distinct and separate, and, so far as I can tell, our forefathers and foremothers might have gone on forever eating of the tree of life if they had not eaten of the tree of knowledge first. Oh, I can forgive them for eating, but I cannot forgive them for choosing the wrong tree."

He plucked a little hard green apple and gave it to her.

"Serpent!" she said, as she turned it over and over in the palm of her white hand. "Knotty, and hard, and sour, from the tree of knowledge. If they had only known enough to nibble one wee bit from the leaves of the tree of life!"

"Living forever in a garden would have been a bit wearisome, would n't it?" he ventured.

"Living, no!" she said with a little stamp. "Thinking, groping about, yes. Please shut your eyes."

He did so.

"What do you hear?"

"Bees, and soft waves, and a voice that is like music."

"What do you see? Keep your eyes shut."

"A shimmer of blue and of green, with the flowers of the garden resting against it; and what else I see I shall not tell."

The girl nodded with satisfaction.

"You are coming to your senses, Ghost," she said. "I mean, in the real, not the usual, acceptance of the term."

Not far from the apple tree, in a quiet corner where a few straggling scarlet poppies burned on the summer air, was an old wooden rustic seat, and Frances Wilmot dropped into it with a sigh of pleasure.

"The Lady from Boston has n't finished looking over the old punch bowls yet: do you think she has?"

"I am sure she has not," said Paul Warren, sitting down on the grass, with a like sense of weariness and of delight.

"Did it ever occur to you that your wis-

dom is based too much on mere temperament?"

"And what is your philosophy," she retorted, "but temperament — in a formula?"

He laughed, the sudden laugh of sheer pleasure that nothing but this girl's sauciness had ever won from him.

"It is a story-book day," said Frances Wilmot, following with her eyes the motion of the slow white clouds on the horizon. "It is the kind of a day that makes you feel that beautiful things will happen: the giant will forget his plan of having little boys and girls for supper, and the dragon will dream instead of going a-hunting."

"Tell me a story," said the man, from the grass.

"I did not know you cared for them."

"You evidently do not know me," he answered.

Leaning back she pondered, the flickering light and shadow of a slim young locust falling on her bare head, and after a few minutes began: —

"Once upon a time there was a land beautiful beyond the power of the tongue to say, with soft green meadows where deep grass waved all day long in summer, and straggling fences where slim poplars stood, white, with a shower of pale green leaves against the blue sky. It had a long coast line, curving beach of yellow sand and high-piled, dull red rocks or gray between the blue of the water and the green of the meadows by the sea. Somewhere there were mountains all softly wooded, and there were loveliest pasture lands green and gray. Over it all blossomed flowers, crocus and violet and mayflower in the spring, and pink wild roses and scarlet poppies in summer, and golden-rod with the coming of fall.

"Now, it was a land on which there was a spell. Some old irony of the gods lay across it like a mocking smile, and its beauty of color and of sound when the sea sang round it and the wind murmured in the trees — beauty to the breaking of the heart — was holden from the people

who lived there. The fates which preside over the puzzles of men's hearts had set their folk to weaving little webs all out of their own brains: little gray gossamer webs which they kept tying, tying across their eyes; fine little webs of brown which they kept weaving, weaving across their ears; heavy webs of slaty drab with which they covered their fingers, so that eyes and ears and finger tips were blinded. Day after day and year after year they sat in their houses and spun and spun and wove and wove, all in the dark; and they moved along the sweet green leafy lanes with groping hands, and the bobolinks went mad on the meadow grasses because they could not make men hear, and the little winds sighed and wailed because men were deaf to the music that they made in the leaves, and the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea met in sorrow because men were blind. Then the fates which preside over the puzzles of men's hearts leaned back and chuckled, for of all the games that they could play they liked the Tantalus game the best."

As the girl's voice ceased, a great bumble-bee took the story up and noisily added a few remarks; a tiny yellow warbler chirped a few notes, and the little breeze in the locust whispered a few bits of story, until the man sitting on the grass continued the tale.

"So it lasted until one day a wise enchantress came wandering up the shore. She was a lazy enchantress who neither toiled nor spun, but walked idly through the meadows while all good maids and matrons were busy with their webs."

"Why did she come?" asked Frances. "I like to have everything definite in my stories."

"For mischief," he answered, "to break up the gray color and to upset the old order which was so comfortable and so even."

"Which way did she come?" There was a touch of defiance in the voice that asked the question.

"She came from the South, trailing her long robes after her; and, though she was

all in white, there was always about her an iridescence of color as if her beauty broke the white light a thousand ways, to gold and violet and crimson and blue."

"I should never have supposed that you could tell a fairy story so well," said Frances, yawning.

"I am quite susceptible to influences of style," he answered, and took up the tale again.

"They called her the Opener of Doors, for every moment spent with her was like the throwing wide of doors and windows looking out on life and beauty. And her voice worked mischief with the hearts of men, for the melody of summer days had got into it: of the wind running through the deep meadow grass and making it wave in great ripples; of bees and dragonflies humming in the warm air; of leaves on poplar tree and locust, vibrating to unseen touches; and at the sound, thoughts and feelings that had been safely shut up for years ran out through door and window, nor could any one tell that it was not wind and bee and dragon-fly that called. Then she began with her white fingers to untie the webs: the gray webs across the eyes, the brown webs across the ears, and the slaty-drab webs wound about the fingers; and the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears followed the untying. There was trouble enough in the land when the old ways were undone and this woman had set her touch of wildness there; for there was pain in waking to see the color of the world and to hear its music."

"I think I don't care to hear about her," said Frances. "She was a troublesome old witch, who meddled too much with other people's affairs."

"It is not polite to get tired before the story is done," said the story-teller, watching her from the shadow of the locust on the grass; "and this one is not done, it is only begun."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the girl. "I never did like my fairy tales too long."

"Yes, she made trouble," the man went on, "for wherever she went she wakened

hunger in men's hearts: hunger for joy, for the gold light on the edge of things, for escape from the conscience-haunted, dim, gray, cobwebby, world, to a land where the heart would not ache with sorrow, and where tears would not come to the eyes."

"Then she was a poor, ignorant enchantress," said the girl softly, "for it is good for tears to come to the eyes: they make the vision of beauty more clear."

XIII

Robin Hood was hunting for his master. There were certain lanes and far fields where John Warren had loved to walk, which his dog now patrolled faithfully, at irregular intervals, hoping to surprise his master there at sunrise or in the late afternoon. He spent only part of his time at the house, sitting always when there at one corner of the great veranda, or lying in the grass near by, where he could watch the long driveway under the overarching elms. Very wistfully he gazed at every carriage that drew near and at the figures that alighted; never the right one came. The old dog slept lightly, starting up nervously from his dreams if a footfall sounded that had in it any echo of his master's step, and flinging himself to fuller length on ground or floor when a second echo showed him that he was mistaken,—watching, watching, with half opened eyes. He admitted no one to his friendship, the experience through which he was passing seeming to justify his worst suspicions of mankind; and he gave but uncertain obedience to the people who issued orders to him, for the voice which he knew was right was silenced forever, and he listened to these new, unauthorized commands with a certain skeptical lifting of the ears.

One day Robin whimpered long at the door of the library, scratching with eager paws and begging to be admitted. Paul, who was inside, presently opened the door to him, and the old dog rushed joyfully

in, sniffing at chair and table, and at the papers lying on the desk in the corner.

"Poor old fellow," said Paul, patting his head; but the dog shrank away suspiciously from the caress; not until John Warren's absence was accounted for should they place cajoling hands on him! He lay down under the desk where Paul was busy with his father's papers, giving a little whimper now and then as the unfolding of one after another brought back to his dog-sense his master's very presence. One yellow folded paper fluttered to the floor as a bundle of letters from the farthest pigeon-hole was untied. Robin laid his paws lovingly upon it, and, stretching out his head, half fell asleep, dreaming of happier days.

Paul was going slowly through his father's papers, shrinking often from the touch, which brought with it a new sense of hurt. He could not bear the sight of the fine, soft dust already gathered there, wearing, he half fancied, a certain symbolic expression which made it differ from the dust gathered on the possessions of the living. Everything was in good order: important mortgages and deeds were in the safe built into the wall behind a swinging bookcase. Here in the desk were only old letters and documents that showed the interests and the pleasures of scores of years ago: faded programmes from Washington theatres of plays given there when John Warren had been congressman; memoranda of articles to be bought,—a copy of Moore's poems, for instance, and a diamond ring. Paul smiled as he read the latter item, little likely to be forgotten, and written there probably only for the lover's pleasure in putting down the words. That ring was on his mother's hand to-day. The young man found a thousand hints and suggestions that connected his father's experience with his own: bits of verse that recalled the manuscripts kept under lock and key in his own room; keen hints of criticism of books lately read, and here and there a faded flower. The look in Robin Hood's blinking eyes and that in

his master's were very near akin in tenderness as the work went on; to John Warren's son it seemed as if he himself had traveled all that long way and were only now remembering.

He tied up the bundles neatly, as he had found them, and in doing so for the first time noticed the letter that had fallen to the floor and was lying under the paws of Robin Hood, who whimpered over it mournfully. The old dog growled as it was drawn away; would they take from him even this last bit of paper that bore his master's touch? As he carelessly opened it the young man quickened to sudden interest and read it, half protesting with himself against his own act. He looked at the signature, and re-read it, then sat gazing at it with the expression of a man on whom light had fallen where he had been groping in the dark.

It was an impassioned love-letter, — apparently a first avowal, for the words came thick and fast as if they had long been choked back, — from the father of Alec Bevanne to Mrs. Warren. It bore the date of the year of her marriage, and must have been written when she was a bride, and when Frederick Bevanne was still a bachelor.

"Whatever you may say of right and wrong," the hot words ran, "and I know by the look of your sweet face that you will have much to say of them, I know only this: I cannot live without you, I cannot, I cannot. If I may not be near you, always, while I breathe, I shall fling myself into the ocean. If you will come to me and escape the prison in which you are shut, I will make your life a long dream of beauty."

Paul turned the letter over and over in his hands, and caught sight of a brief memorandum on the back, written there in faded ink: "Brought me by my wife."

John Warren's son started as if smitten by a blow, and a thrill of fear ran along his nerves. What might have been, what had been, the effect of this insult upon his father, whose sense of honor had been keen to morbidness, whose anger, when

roused, had been unappeasable? Robin's vague sense of trouble, stimulated by the look on his young master's face, broke out into a mournful howl whose echoes sounded full of memories of old quarrels, fierce and never ended. The very clock in the corner seemed touched by the mystery, and ticked away in solemn questions, to which no answer came. Paul searched pigeon-hole and corner for further records which might throw light upon this one, and, finding nothing, almost groaned in relief, glad not to know what had befallen. At last he half understood the look upon his dying father's face, and knew that this had been placed among offenses not to be forgiven.

He picked up the letter in gingerly fashion and flung it into the fireplace, then touched it with a match and watched it turn to black tinder, marveling as he did so at that hot Gallic blood to which love had been as a quick flash in the pan, dangerous, but probably soon over; then he shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of relief. What had he to do with the Bevannes, with old quarrels and old mistakes? Nothing, and less than nothing. All this had gone away into oblivion, and he would keep no record of refuse bits of experience which were fit for nothing save to be cast out and thrown away. Why must the shadow of the past fall so persistently on present days, he asked himself with a touch of irritation? What could burn away from his memory, as the flame had burned the letter, the needless and meaningless pain of all his life? To the awakened soul within him it seemed as if brave days and kindly deeds and long sunlit spaces might be his portion if but the impossible could happen and he could forget.

Outside it was full summer, with all its splendor of deep leafage, of wide fields of golden, ripening grain, and of wild red August lilies blooming in the wayside grass; but in the heart of the man it was earliest spring, when the first flush of color comes to the topmost twigs, and a ripple of pale green runs along old boughs.

He dimly remembered, as one recalls something observed but not understood, how April came to the old house, stealing in sweet odors down long passage-ways, and flinging her banners of pink blossom from the decaying peach trees in the garden. A sense came to him of green springing about the feet along worn path-ways, of new flickering shadows on tender grass, of the beat of bluer wings against the blue. An April mood came knocking at the doorways of his soul, crying out that the past should be but the rich soil in which delicate things might bloom for him, while life became as sudden song from the old eaves at dawn.

He roused himself from his reverie with an apprehension of danger. Must he not bar window and doorway to shut the intruder out before it was too late? He paused, in his hand a faded flower that had fallen from his father's papers, and something thrilled through him as the wind thrills through poplar leaves, making music there. His father had been free to love; why not he? Ah, no, he was apart from other men and must abide his fate! What had he to offer that radiant creature, whose voice was as earth's hidden music made audible, and whose dusky hair made a dark glory against the blue of the sky, save the gloom of these old walls, a moody and discouraged lover, and Uncle Peter? The race was run out, Paul told himself, leaning back in his great leather chair, the old unreasonable habit of accepting the past as final in his life being too strong to break. They had never in their best days made happy homes, these Warrens; now he — the last of all, on whom the blighting melancholy of the family had descended, he who was impotent to achieve or to care greatly about achievement — would never ask where he could never give.

Would young Bevanne win there, he asked himself — for he had long ago divined the secret all too easily betrayed by the ardor of his young neighbor's eyes. Paul grew hot at the thought, then reflected, not without satisfaction, that a

comparatively obscure young college professor would have little chance of winning the Southern beauty. Why was it, he impatiently asked himself, clasping his hands behind his head and thrusting an ottoman away with his foot, that when he fancied himself ready to go out with the olive branch to his father's old enemies, this persistent distrust of the present representative of the family waxed and grew? The very thought of his young neighbor roused dislike. He objected to the blue eyes, the over-ready smile, the professional vocabulary of long words, the slightly exaggerated courtesy. Paul smiled at himself, becoming for the moment a disinterested spectator of the workings of his own mind. Was his father's fiery indignation against the Bevanne descending upon him, who had all his life long watched it with a feeling of amused pity?

Again he came back to his own problem, resolved to reason the matter out once for all with his own soul. Of his morbidness in shrinking from the full measure of human existence his intellect was fully aware, yet this did not keep him from a resolve to withhold his hand lest in touching sacred things he should too greatly fail. It was no renunciation of a meagre nature, but of one rich and full, smitten now with a man's hunger and thirst. Aware of the folly of scruples in an age when greatness of success seems proportioned to lack of scruple, and cursing himself as a Puritan born out of his time, he faced his inner fear, — fear of bringing misery where most he loved, of handing the terrors of the past down to unborn generations to whom life might come as a curse. Wearily he trod his old circle back to his starting-point, wondering again at the deep irony that from those to whom the doing of the right was the one supreme thing the right should be veiled beyond human ken.

"Give us more insight, O Lord, or less," he groaned aloud, and Robin Hood blinked in understanding.

Yes, he would retire to the innermost

recesses of his soul: drawbridge and moat and barricade should be made ready to repel this foe. Then, after fleeing thither, manlike, he courted danger, and came out for parley and for conference, yearning to feel the thrill of peril, and dauntlessly brooding over the quiver of Frances Wilmot's mouth, the rustle of her gown. Think! he could not think! Reason and will had departed together; young tendrils seemed touching eye and ear; unseen blossoms opening just beyond his vision; and all along the trodden paths of thought hid violets in sudden bloom.

XIV

There was an almost paternal solicitude in the feeling of Paul Warren toward Alec Bevanne, after reading the letter which had betrayed the tragedy of almost thirty years ago. Sympathy with his own father, whose heart's core had been eaten for so long a time by hidden hatred, mingled with anxiety for this young neighbor, with his inheritance of weakness and of treachery; and the measure of his pity for the son was the measure of his contempt for the father. For one with a taint like that in his blood the fight toward high standards of honor must be hard indeed: a keener anxiety than he was wont to feel regarding the inner problems of other people possessed him in the presence of this man.

It was a day of a long sail and of a picnic on a white sand beach a dozen miles away. Mrs. Warren had begged for it; there were peculiar shells to be found there, and the breakers were fine; did not Paul think that everybody would like it? Mr. Bevanne had said that it would be charming. Paul, inwardly groaning, made ready with a cheerful face: it was not for him to check, even by a look, the gayety of fifty years. Thus it happened that he found himself piling sticks in company with the son of his father's old enemy, and peacefully boiling water in a copper saucepan over the flame that

leaped high from the level sand, flickering against the blue; and he smiled grimly as he took his turn in stirring up the fire with a long oaken staff.

"This is what Christianity and civilization have brought us to," he said to himself, humorously watching the handsome pink face and the smiling blue eyes. "Instead of my steel at his throat he finds my sandwich in his hand, and munches with the happy abandon of six years."

Gentle pleasure beamed from Mrs. Warren's sweet blue eyes as she watched her son; she had never learned to discriminate between his smiles. The new tenderness in his manner toward her lent warmth to the sunshine, and she thrilled with the thought that he and she were making these people happy, — happy in the old way of her girlhood. Unhesitatingly she bade them spread her dainty damask on the white sea sand, and she recklessly placed upon it fragile cups of white and gold taken from an old-fashioned wicker basket. The thin, rosy, flaky ham, the firm, white chicken, the great plums with violet bloom, the early, ruddy peaches, and, above all, the fragrant coffee, satisfied the standard of her earlier days as to what a picnic should be. A rare flush of excited pleasure stained her cheeks: she was glad that Mr. Bevanne was having such a good time in devoting himself to Miss Wilmot, whom Paul was treating with marked neglect. A girl like that ought always to have young men at her feet.

It was Uncle Peter, however, to whom the occasion brought the greatest intoxication of delight; he enjoyed himself even enough to talk with Alice Bevanne.

"You — are n't interested in heredity, I believe," he said, as he nibbled the last crumbs of his luncheon from his fringed napkin, and looked up at her as she sat above him on a throne of sand.

"Oh yes, indeed I am," she answered.

"I've never heard you speak of these matters."

"I'm interested in many things that I don't speak of," she said, laughing.

"Now, I'm not," asserted Uncle Peter stoutly. "I believe in opening out to your kind, in giving all you have. Well, you have some splendid bits of history in your family. There's French blood there, as of course you know. You are naturally acquainted with the story of your ancestress who played so heroic a part during the Revolutionary war?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Tell it," begged Frances Wilmot from her pile of sand, but Alice Bevanne shook her head.

"Mr. Warren must tell it; I should only spoil it."

Uncle Peter was only too ready.

"Why, one of the ancestresses of this young lady—let me see, it must have been her great-great-grandmother—defended a house for a couple of hours against the redcoats and fired again and again with her husband's old shooting rifle. Came out of it with her hair partly burned off and her face all smoked, and fell on her husband's neck with her baby in her arms when the rescuing party came; then she fainted. Touching story, is n't it?" Uncle Peter passed a silk handkerchief across his eyes. "I—I feel these things very much myself."

"That's a beautiful story!" cried the Southern girl.

"What did that woman look like?" asked Paul, glancing at Alice Bevanne as she sat with her fine profile and smooth, parted hair silhouetted against the blue water.

"How should I know?" answered Uncle Peter, indignantly. "I was n't alive. You youngsters all think your elders were witnesses of what happened before Methuselah was born!"

"There are pictures, you know," suggested Paul apologetically.

"Oh, that is what you mean! Well, I cannot tell you, but I fancy that she did not look much like this young lady."

"I fancy that she did," said Frances.

"Imagine her firing a gun!" jeered Uncle Peter, looking at the girl's slender hands that hung loosely in her lap.

"I can fancy her firing a gun, or a powder mine, if it were necessary," said the Southern girl saucily; "not that she would do it for pleasure."

Uncle Peter shook his head as he rose.

"I am afraid that you have not a very deep insight into character; one would hardly expect it of a young lady with so many charms;" and he made a deep bow. "Now the reading of character is one of my strong points, and I can see in Miss Bevanne a most devoted domestic personage, but hardly a warrior."

The girl was looking at them with her humorous little smile, aloof, as if she were the last person to be concerned in this discussion of herself, in which she claimed no place, even by the quiver of an eyelid.

They turned and went their several ways, to walk on the firm sea sand or to climb the heights beyond the beach. It was a brilliant day, clearest, bluest of all, and the crisp air stung freshly on brow and cheek, while out and out, far as the eye could reach, the great, even breakers came rolling in, falling into white foam,—the nearer ones translucent green, the farther purple-tinged. As close to the ripple of the waves as she could safely step went Frances Wilmot, gathering, from wet sand or dry, frail white wave-beaten shells, and holding them in her hands with a fine sense of their symbolism. Her sea treasures she heaped at the feet of Mrs. Warren, who sat shading her eyes as she looked out over the great water, wondering why it seemed so much more beautiful and more friendly than of old.

Meanwhile, wilted and wan, to the top of the grass-grown promontory at the left wearily climbed Uncle Peter, for the gay mood was gone, and the droop of the wrinkles at the corners of his mouth betrayed the inward man. Always black melancholy sat croaking near, ready to flap her raven wings at slight provocation about Uncle Peter's head, for a time, at least, and she was flapping them lustily now, because of Paul's careless question. Paul had broken in upon a mood that was all compact of youth with an inquiry

which suggested in him remote age, and this in the presence of Miss Wilmot! It was not all resentment against Paul, however, which filled his thought: this momentary conviction of age always brought with it a sense of a life spent without its proper dues.

It was at the top of the cliff that he met Alec Bevanne, who was having a brief run for exercise, and who stopped, panting, a vivid red coming and going in his cheeks.

"Are n't you feeling well?" asked the young man, halting as he saw the other's face.

"As well," answered Uncle Peter, out of the gloom, "as a victim of both God and man could be supposed to feel."

"Now, Mr. Warren, what have you got against God and man?" asked Alec Bevanne good-naturedly. He liked Uncle Peter, and always found any kindness shown him more than repaid in amusement.

The old man folded his arms, unconsciously taking the attitude which he had more than once seen assumed by the villain on the stage.

"God has given me an undeserved inheritance of — of tendencies," he remarked, "and man has taken from me the possessions that were mine by hereditary right."

Alec Bevanne slipped his hand through the misanthrope's arm.

"Great-great-grandfather Warren troubling you to-day?" he asked jocosely.

"He is always troubling me," said Uncle Peter. "In my soul of souls I feel him crouching, ready to spring."

"Well, what about your other trouble? Pour it all out, and you will feel better."

The words were comforting, and the wavering mind of Uncle Peter wavered assent.

"It is something I would not tell everybody, but you have a face to be trusted. I should confide in that face if I met it disembodied in the Desert of Sahara!"

"All right! Go ahead!"

"It is about my property," said the old man in a whisper, "wrested, wrested away."

"How's that?" said Alec, drawing him into a brisk walk.

"Simply defrauded of my birthright, that is all, Mr. Bevanne! I was the elder son, and yet Paul's father, my younger brother John, got it all, except an annuity to me. When John died, I naturally expected some readjustment of affairs, but no! The same annuity comes, and Paul, it seems, steps into his father's whole estate. There has been fraud somewhere; now tell me, whose was the fraud?"

"Oh no! You take too dark a view of it. If I were comfortable I should not worry about might-have-beens, though I admit that it looks queer."

Uncle Peter shook his head and dragged his companion into a slower walk.

"There's a mystery somewhere," he said simply; "I've suspected it all my life. Little hints out of my childhood come back: for instance, I remember, when my brother John was born, — an occasion which naturally made a great impression upon me, — going into the library and finding my father there with a tall man in black. They had some papers with them, and they stopped talking when I came in. I can remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday how my father put his hand on my head and said something about its being hard on somebody; I presume the experience through which I was passing made me extraordinarily sensitive to receive and to retain impressions.

"Is he bright?" the man said. My father shook his head. Until then I had thought that they were talking about me, and lately I have begun to suspect, in thinking it all over, that my first impression was right. The answer that that man made is still vivid in my mind, though it has puzzled me from that day to this: 'Then you will have less difficulty in carrying out your plan.' Now, Mr. Bevanne, what do you think of all this?"

The young man was whistling, and his

eyes were filled with amused wonder. Was this some of Uncle Peter's romancing, or had it really happened?

"I think," he answered, "that the whole thing is extraordinary, and some time I should like very much to hear more of it. But this is not a picnic mood. Down there I see Mrs. Warren and Miss Wilmot literally wasting their sweetness on the desert sand. Shall we join them?"

"Yes, by all means," assented Uncle Peter, with his wrinkled smile. "That's a charming girl! Now, if I were you!"

"If you were I," said Alec Bevanne, in sudden dejection, "you would probably be as big a fool as I am; but you are not I, so congratulate yourself."

It was while this conversation was going on that Paul Warren had climbed the high white sand dune guarding the beach, and had come full upon the tidal river that flowed here between sand-bound banks, blue toward a bluer sea. Long reeds and grasses, washed by tide waters, grew at its edge, and drooping willows dipped their pale green fronds into its intense color. There were ripples on its surface, and the reeds and grasses swayed; it was a day of strong breeze, and mighty waves, and heroic moods. Idly following the motion of the water, Paul became suddenly aware that Alice Bevanne was leaning against the golden-brown bark of one of the willows not far away, and with the sight of her he suddenly remembered one of the shadows that lay for him across the sun. Unobtrusively he watched her, full of a wistful desire to atone to her, through some finer shade of courtesy, for having had a father like that. To him she was as perfect an enigma as he had ever found: aloof, silent when he was near, she often watched him with those wonderful eyes which seemed to make her face all vision, yet persistently avoided him, probably because she could not so soon forget the family hate. Now, leaning as with the sudden abandon of utter weariness against the tree, with her hands clasped about the bark, she was looking down into the river. Soft gleams of brown and of gold came

from its pebbled depths; green reflections from the feathery leaves above quivered there, where the blue of the sky was mirrored back in softer, tenderer blue. So intent was the gaze of the girl's eyes that Paul could almost have believed her to be holding communication with some water spirit of the stream. The whole slender figure wore a curious expression, like the look he had more than once seen in her eyes, as of one who asked nothing and expected nothing, not even to understand. She had the face of one whom no fate could find unprepared.

"I must beg your pardon for disturbing you," he said, going near her. She looked up at him, unsmiling.

"You do not disturb me," she answered.

Something in the deep light of her eyes, which had failed to change so quickly the expression they had worn in gazing into the water, arrested him, and he paused on the bank.

"Miss Bevanne," he said, and then stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" asked the girl.

"There is something that I have wanted for a long time to say to you, and it has been difficult, for we are both a little shy," he said, with a boldness which dumfounded himself. She did not answer him, but waited.

"You know something of the old enmity between your family and mine."

She bent her head in assent, and the strange, pale gold of her hair seemed to make a light about her.

"I hope," he added hesitatingly, "that for you, as for me, it is over. I hope that you do not share the old feeling, or connect it with me?"

The ghost of a little smile flitted across Alice Bevanne's pale face.

"Why do you ask that?" she said quietly. "Do I act like an enemy?"

He was puzzled for a minute, and colored in embarrassment.

"No," he answered, and was silent. Then, as they looked at each other, the girl's eyes wore the look of one about to

smile, but she did not. It was he who smiled.

"I have sometimes been afraid that I annoyed you," he said frankly. "It has seemed to me that you avoid me, and I have been wondering what I could do to make myself not entirely obnoxious. To me it seems best to let old grudges die, and I should like to be friends."

She did not change color, and yet so transparent here was the veil of flesh, that her swift change of mood seemed to leave a physical record in her face.

"I have not thought of you as an en-

(To be continued.)

emy, Mr. Warren," she said, holding out her hand.

He took it gladly.

"It may be an absurd fancy of mine; possibly it is a guilty conscience, or an ancestral guilty conscience, but I had imagined that you rather withdrew from any matter in hand, golf or tennis, or whatever it might be, if I was one of the players."

She smiled for the first time now.

"I think that you must forget your earliest acquaintance with me. Was I not always the little sister who watched, but did not play the game?"

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT

BY FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED

WHEN asked to write a paper relating to Village Improvement, I at once thought of a fragment of manuscript upon which I recently happened among the papers of my father, the late Frederick Law Olmsted, written perhaps fifteen or twenty years ago, but applying with more than passing appropriateness to the conditions of to-day.

"Fifty years ago," wrote my father, "I had a long day's walk with two other boys. As the sun passed behind the hills the road widened before us, the footpaths strayed out from the wheelway, stone walls and pasture lands gave place to picket fences, front dooryards, and houses. Gradually the opening way took the character of a narrow common in which there were great trees standing not at regular distances, not in lines quite straight. In the midst ran a narrow and rather dusty track for wheels, from which now and then branched loops and crossways. Near the fences the turf had been trodden out in broad footpaths from which others prim and straight led squarely off

to the house doors. The houses were some of one story, none of more than two. They were neither steep nor flat-roofed. They were without verandas, porches, umbras, awnings, hoods, or other outworks. Their gables had no overhang or emphasis, no verge boards, brackets, scroll work, or finials. Neither their windows nor the panes in them would be called large or small. Their glass was neither clear, stained, nor wrinkled. Their wooden walls were thin and weak and had been painted white. There were blinds to the windows painted green, but no sign of interior drapery. Yet with these common characteristics no two were quite alike; each had a certain air of unassertive individuality.

"There were two houses like unto the others in form, roof, windows, and paint, but larger and with belfries and spires showing them to be meeting-houses. An 'academy' and schoolhouses, an engine house and a hearse house, two or three small gambrel-roofed stores, were alike crude, simple, and uncouth. In the background there were barns and small out-buildings generally painted red, well-

sweeps, martin-boxes on masts, orchards, and glimpses of green fields and distant low mountains. Barefoot boys were driving cows through the streets loiteringly, and most of the grass had been cropped short by these wayfarers.

"There was a graveyard in which an old horse was seeking out such forage as could be found among the abundant asters and goldenrods, burdocks and mulleins, and boys and girls were looking for blackberries in the thickets obscuring the enclosing walls.

"We came to the house where we had been invited to 'pass the Sabbath.' Its occupants were three old maids, — two of them accounted rich. The third, their 'help,' sat with us at the table, and at our repast between meetings the next day made sharp comments on the sermon, starting a little discussion when one of the ladies read the 'actual words of God' in the original Greek; for these ladies were scholars, corresponded with scholars beyond the sea, and had fitted several poor young men for college, aiding them also in their after studies for the ministry.

"When we first came to their home, one was painting the kitchen floor, the other was carrying a basket and trowel, and snipping with garden scissors the straggling shoots of the bushes in the front dooryard. There was no man or boy about the house, yet at night the front door was left unlocked. There were nicely trimmed box borders, and rows of beautiful flowers, as well as tall bushes between the door and the street, and in a similar plat in the rear many more, mingling with current and raspberry bushes, fennel and asparagus.

"No rural cemetery, no village improvement association, no branch of the Art Decorative, no reading club for the art periodicals, no park or parklet, no soldiers' monument, no fountains, no florist's establishment, not a single glass house, no bedding plants, no ribbon gardening, no vases, no lawn mowers, no rustic work, nothing from Japan, in all the long street.

"Since then, I judge, all these things have come; the village is connected with the metropolis by railroad, it is enriched by summer visitors, a large hotel has been built, several retiring men have built very unretiring villas on the street, several of the old houses have been 'fixed up,' many fences have been taken down, tar walks have been laid, and correspondents of the press fill columns with reports of improvements.

"And yet no village abounding in the beauty that has come to us with these is as beautiful to me as was this of which I have described the more prominent objects. None has the attraction for an artist. None so engages the admiration of thoughtful travelers.

"The reason is no doubt a little complicated, but more than in anything else it lies in the fact that there was one consistent expression of character, and that character simple, unsophisticated, respectable.

"I confess that while I am pleased with all these things that have come in of late, and praise the work of architects and gardeners, engineers, and sanitary engineers, decorators, and aesthetes, I do not think that the villages which have gained most from them, or from the admirable labors of beauty-organizing women, are likely to impress visitors of the best intuition and the highest culture as pleasingly, gratefully, and hopefully as those of the general character and aspect I have endeavored to recall.

"There were then hundreds of villages of this general description, every one of which would now excite great admiration from men of good taste. They have now, at some points, taken on town airs, killing what remains of their former character; at other points, they have become neglected and slatternly. Lastly, the pursuit of beauty through decoration has set back any character they had, either as a local distinction, or as a class, which if found in Norway or Java would have been known as the beauty of an American village. The beauty, on the other hand, that

they have acquired is largely a common, extrinsic beauty, which might as well have been produced anywhere else. Much of it even would have been attainable, and may even be found in greater degree and measure on the outskirts of large commercial towns, and in European or Australian towns, as well as in New England or Maryland.

"What was the ancient beauty of an American village, with its bare, bleak, cheap, utilitarian structures, its cramped dooryards, its meagre and common ornaments, its fences and straightlacedness? The answer may be suggested by another question.

"Let a thing be supposed, of greater bulk than the largest of our fine Fifth Avenue private habitations, to have been made for a mere common purpose of trade by the work of many men, not one of them ranking among artists, not one of liberal education, men not at all delicate, not nicely fingered, not often even clean-handed; muscular, sweaty, and horny-handed; no small part of them rude and clumsy in their ways, tobacco-chewing, given to liquor, slang, and profane swearing. Suppose the thing so produced to have no beauty of carving or color, to be mainly smeared black and white, and any touch of decoration upon it to be more than barbarously childish and clumsy.

"It can hardly be easy for those who best represent what we have been more particularly gaining of late in æsthetic culture to believe that such work can have given the world a thing of supreme beauty. It will be still harder to realize that the coarse, rude, sensual men producing it had in general a deep artistic sense of its characteristic beauty, so that they would protest in stronger terms than Mr. Ruskin ever used, against the putting upon it of anything by which the rare refinement of it might be marred.

"Alas! that I must speak of this as of a lost art, for it is of the Baltimore Clipper of fifty years ago, the like of which will never again be seen, I speak. Will Mr. Peabody's bequest to Baltimore, or Johns

Hopkins', lead ever to one thing as beautifully adapted to its special purpose?

"I have seen a high-bred lady and a dull, low, degraded, and sodden seafaring laborer animated at the same instant by the same impulse of admiration, each exclaiming, 'The beauty! the beauty!' at the sight of a sailing ship. What is this admirableness, dependent on no single thing done for admiration, no decoration, no ornament, no color of splendor, of a sailing ship?

"Whatever else it may be in the last analysis, it cannot be separated from this fact, that a fine clipper ship, such as we had in America just come to build and rightly sail, when the age of such things passed away, was as ideally perfect for its essential purpose as a Phidian statue for the essential purpose of its sculptor. And it so happened that in much greater degree than it can happen in a steamship, or in the grandest architecture, the ideal means to this purpose were of exceeding grace, not of color, but of form and outline, light and shade, and of the play of light in shadow and of shadow in light. Because of this coincidence it was possible to express the purpose of the ship and the relation and contribution to that purpose of every part and article of her, from cleaving stem to fluttering pennant, with exquisite refinement. These qualities, with the natural stateliness of the ship's motion, set off by the tuneful accompaniment of the dancing waves, made the sailing ship in its last form the most admirably beautiful thing in the world, not a work of nature nor a work of fine art.

"If any reader doubts the fascination of this seafaring beauty, the grandeur of it, the refinement, the spur it gives to the imagination, let him read the stories of Clark Russell. But no writer, poet, or painter can ever have told in what degree it lay in a thousand matters of choice — choice made in view of ideal refinements of detail, in adaptation to particular services, studied as thoughtfully and as feelingly as ever a modification of tints on painter's palette. One needed but a little

understanding of the motives of seaman-ship to feel how in the hull every shaving had been counted, and how in the complicated work aloft every spar and cloth, block and bull's-eye, line and seam, had been shaped and fined and fitted to do the duty required of it in the most sinewy way. Phidias could not have told the special duty of every curve and line more beautifully. I have seen a boy rope's-ended for leaving on a rope's end a fray of twine that could not have been seen two yards away. Such untidiness was shockingly incongruous with the lovely form and fine array of the Anne McKim, and the mind too indolent to see this needed a stimulant.

"The beauty most to be desired in a chair is not beauty of carving, of penciling, or of weaving; in a house, not of jig-sawing, chiseling, or painting; in a lawn, not of shaven grass, of flowers, of twig-gage, or of leafage; in a road, not of flagging, curbing, guttering, and paving. The beauty most to be desired in towns and villages is no more the decorative beauty of our present flurry than that of a ship or of a horse.

"It would seem to have been thought by most of those who directly or indirectly lead village improvements that a choice of beauty is mainly a choice of embellishments. But by far the highest and choicest beauty is that of inherent and comprehensive character and qualities, and whatever of decoration hides this, or withholds attention from it, however beautiful in itself, is in effect a blemish. Many of us see this of late much better than formerly in respect to architecture. It is beginning, that is to say, to be realized that the work of the builder is not to decorate, 'but to expound, emphasize, and refine upon the work he did in his capacity of constructor, and to develop and brighten its effect.'

"Where the reverse of this occurs, as it yet does in the larger part of our buildings, private and public, we are beginning to recognize the putting away of beauty. A revival of good sense in this respect, even in railroad cars and stations, is so
VOL. 95 - NO. 6

generally welcomed that we may hope to see it go on yet to steamboats and hotels.

"When, however, we have to deal not with stone and wood, iron and glass, in constructions, but with flowers and plants and trees, groves, woods, forests, hills and dales, mountains and valleys, as we have occasion to do in determining the sites of our houses, in arranging roads, laying out towns and villages, railroads, plantations, and fields, and in placing fences and gateways, fountains and monuments, how much are we given to asking what is to be the effect of our determinations upon the more important conditions of beauty? Is it to be that of emphasizing them, fixing them; or the reverse? Suppose that the general local beauty is but meagre, and that there are blemishes; are our plans laid to obscure and tone down these, and to develop, exalt, and hold the eye and the mind to what nature and circumstances not of our arrangement have provided that are inherently beautiful?"

And so, questioning, my text ends. But let us pursue the matter a little further.

I have in mind an "improved" village common which was, in its unregenerate state, a triangular plot having short-cut paths leading directly from one much frequented point to another, all but two of which had been planted with rows of trees, though most of them had become broken and discontinuous. The older trees were all elms, and along one side of the common there was a double row sufficiently complete to form a fine mall; but "improvers" of the last generation, seeking for variety, had replaced gaps among the elms with maples. They interrupted the sweep of the arched avenue of elms, and weakened it, without removing the impression that an avenue of elms was intended. Imperfection, not variety, was suggested by the maples, because they were introduced in a composition the chief characteristic of which was the ordered continuity of repeated forms.

The rough turf on the common was unsystematically and occasionally mowed,

for the absence of cows formerly allowed to graze here left the grass weedy and rank. Considerable patches were worn in the grass where the boys of the neighboring school played ball. A good deal of litter lay about the grass, and in one low corner water frequently stood in a stagnant pool. There was also a wooden pump, but the water had become of doubtful quality.

Now came an energetic spasm of Village Improvement. First and best, litter and paper were cleared away, barrels for such rubbish were set out (unfortunately of a bad color), lawns were systematically mowed, and the people persistently educated in neatness.

Next, the areas worn bare were seeded, but the boys promptly wore them out again, a difficulty that might perhaps have been met by frequently shifting the diamonds, to distribute the wear, without closing the common to ball playing, as was strongly urged by some of the improvers.

The next year a distinct embellishment was undertaken by excavating the objectionable wet spot, supplementing the uncertain natural water supply by a pipe discharging through a boulder rockery at one side of the pond; the rocks very prettily covered with ferns and nasturtiums, with water lilies planted in the pondlet, with shores enlivened by iris and other aquatic plants, all surrounded by a curving path, and a wire fence to keep the dogs away from the flowers. Another year flowering shrubs were introduced back of the rockery, making a strikingly picturesque, if somewhat "gardenesque," composition.

The well having been condemned, a wealthy summer resident gave a drinking fountain, the design for which was made by a clever Boston architect¹ based on an Italian fountain of which the donor gave him a photograph. This, too, was a very pretty thing, although its character had no more connection with that of the common at large than had the picturesque water-garden. The architect, feeling the

¹ Montgomery Schuyler.

need for some appropriate setting, prevailed upon the committee to grade a little terrace about the fountain and border it with a privet hedge, providing also a straight walk leading in at right angles from the nearest path, and continuing in the same line to the path on the opposite side. The two old paths to the pump had led in slantingly from the most convenient points, and another piece of fence had to be put up to keep people from breaking through the hedge and reverting to one of the old path lines. The old lines had looked reasonable enough with the old pump, but the architect was certainly right in feeling that they were quite too casual and informal to harmonize with the new fountain.

The Daughters of the American Revolution, in order to mark a point of historic interest, set up a large boulder bearing a bronze tablet. The inscription, by the way, was in "stock" lettering, which costs less than half as much as lettering designed for the special purpose, and has a very neat and business-like look, as though it were the product of a sort of gigantic typewriter.

In the meantime further decorative planting was undertaken. A weeping beech, three purple barberries, four golden elders, a Colorado blue spruce, several assorted conifers, six hydrangeas, and some good plants of native rhododendron, were set out. The purple barberries and the golden elders were grouped together (because they always do go together, you know), and pleasant open locations were selected for the others, where they could be readily seen. The local florist was an active and public-spirited member of the Improvement Association, and he has maintained for four years at his own expense, in the middle of the slope above the pondlet, a star and a crescent and a Maltese cross in bulbs, followed by summer bedding plants.

Now what is the net result of all this embellishment? The bit of rich informal gardenesque treatment round the lily pond looks lonely and ill at ease in its

simple and severe surroundings; the specimens of ornamental shrubs and trees dotted here and there are individually interesting, but inconsequential; the delicate and almost hyper-refined Italian fountain and the D. A. R. boulder stare each other out of countenance; and the old common, which forms the framework and background for all this decoration, is quite bewildered and befuddled. Its quiet open spaces are frittered away with decorations, the simplicity of its plain short-cut paths is at odds with the newer introductions, its old character is shattered, and in place of it no single character worthy of the name is to be recognized, but a series of samples suggesting half a dozen different characters, any one of which might, with good effect, be given to the tract, but none of which has been.

The only safe procedure, when one goes a single step beyond the neat and orderly provision for generally recognized practical necessities of the village, is to look fairly and squarely into the future, to adopt a definite and comprehensive plan and policy, and never to undertake or accept a project of improvement without earnestly and deliberately comparing its probable results with the aims of the general plan. However wise and comprehensive they may be, such general plans must from time to time be modified, but the modifications should be thoughtfully and deliberately accepted, not drifted into haphazard.

A savage, forced by the limitations of his condition, may live upon a spare and healthy diet. Give him the opportunities of civilization, and he will gorge himself

with indigestible combinations, selected at random from among the endless number of things that individually please his palate. The civilized man may be equally fond of the same things, but when he wants a good dinner he resolutely rejects nine tenths of the things which please him on the bill of fare, for the sake of adequately enjoying what he elects to have at that particular place and time.

What village improvers seem often to forget is that their selections from the bill of fare are not for a day only, but for many years, and must be considered in relation to the selections of the past and of the future for the locality in which they are to occur.

"Will it be beautiful?" should be asked as to any proposition for improvement, but it is not by any means the first question to be asked. "Is it in purpose and tendency aiming in the direction we have deliberately chosen?" "Is it appropriate to that particular kind of common, park, street, dooryard, or township, which we can reasonably look forward to having during the period in which the improvement will be effective?" These are the first questions to ask in such a case. They are often hard to answer, but real improvements are not made easily and thoughtlessly. Time, effort, and money expended on embellishments, without painstaking thought as to their ultimate result, are apt to be worse than wasted; while wise forethought as to purposes and tendencies may so shape the simplest utilitarian necessities of a village as to give it the beauty of consistency, harmony and truth.

SOME ASPECTS OF JAPANESE PAINTING

BY WALTER M. CABOT

I

Everything has its beauty, but not every one sees it. — *Confucius*.

"THERE are cases," says the critic Moto-ori, "in which a precise reproduction of a thing as it is in nature produces a bad picture unlike the object delineated. This is the origin of the conventions of the schools, and of the neglect by the masters, in certain cases, of the facts of nature. Hence the value of these conventions, and the perils attending their non-observance."

"But in his landscapes," writes another Japanese critic, of the painter Okio, "there is less success, as he was so particular about insuring correctness of forms that they are lacking in high ideas and deep spirit. For a landscape painting is not loved because it is a facsimile of the natural scene, but because there is something in it, greater than mere accurate representation of natural forms, which appeals to our feelings, but which we cannot express in words."¹

And in a verbal criticism, by a Japanese connoisseur, of a Western work of art, it was said, "It is a close imitation of nature, but it lacks style."

The ideas expressed in these three bits of criticism embody the æsthetic point of view of the whole Japanese nation, and, when rightly interpreted, supply us with a clue to a sympathetic appreciation of their painting. The Japanese mind shows itself here, as elsewhere, to belong, generally speaking, to that class whose attitude toward art we term formal or classic. Japanese painting, indeed, had

its periods of comparatively romantic and individualistic inspiration. Yet when regarded as a whole, and judged from our modern point of view, it will be seen to be essentially classic in spirit.

Firstly, the primary aim of the Japanese, as of every classic artist, is to reveal the various kinds of beauty which the nature of his art places at his command. The Oriental, for instance, sees in his lines and colors, his darks and lights, the means whereby he can create a sort of visual symphony, which, like the musical, shall produce its effect to a large extent independently of external aid. In other words, ideas that are attached to the elements of his art merely by chance association — ideas, that is to say, which are not essentially plastic — do not play a vital part in his æsthetic intention. But this is the classic view-point in a nutshell. For the most characteristic feature of classic art is the fact that the visible image and the thoughts it suggests are indissolubly fused.

Again, the Japanese painter takes special pleasure in certain other qualities which distinguish classic art, — lucidity, order, and finish; and his work gives us that sense of harmony and poise which constitutes plastic beauty.

The luxuriant symbolism which is often found in Japanese art does not, to my mind, disprove its classic intention. Symbolic form is in itself no evidence of a lack of classic taste. It is employed in Greek art. Only when it serves to express ideas the meaning of which cannot be conveyed otherwise is it an indication of subjective mystical feeling, of an unclassic frame of mind. Now the use of symbolism in the religious art of Japan, as in that of Greece, is to a large extent traditional. When Buddhism was introduced

¹ I take the liberty of using the translation of these two passages to be found in Mr. Arthur Morison's article on "The Painters of Japan," *Monthly Review*, July, 1902.

from China in the sixth century A. D., symbolism already formed an integral part of it. Buddhistic symbolism is, however, essentially mystical; and it may be urged that the fact of its having preserved in Japan this quality in undiminished vigor proves that it touched a sympathetic chord in the Japanese nature. This, I believe, is true. There is undoubtedly a tinge of mysticism in the Japanese, as in all Orientals. But it remains largely a detached and independent factor in their mental life. For a study of the mind of this Eastern people will show that, while on the one hand it is dreamy and poetic, on the other it is extremely clear, objective, sane.¹ That it is this lucidity of mind which primarily controls their art appears to me indisputable. Most of the arts of Japan have a superadded symbolic meaning: for example, flower arrangement, landscape gardening, poetry, and the dance; yet in respect to formal beauty they are complete in themselves. The understanding of this symbolism is not necessary to an appreciation of their essential charm. The Japanese garden is a complete work of art, even though one may not realize that these stones and trees are symbolically related; their floral designs delight the eye without the observer recognizing the emblem of filial love or wifely devotion. Even when, as in painting, the symbol becomes obvious, assumes definite shape, the work tells as an artistic whole, though the significance of the emblem be unknown. Forever sensitive to what is decoratively effective, they beautify it in such a way as to make it harmonize with and enrich the total effect. In the eyes of the Japanese public the symbolism of their art undoubtedly forms a special element of beauty; but to the Japanese painter its chief value lies in its decorative possibilities. For the

ideas which are of primary interest to him, and which he strives to express on paper, are such as cannot be detached from their pictorial setting.

In a word, we find in the paintings of the Japanese — and this is a quality which makes them greater artists than poets — that classic delicacy of fancy characteristic of a Greek bas-relief, or a landscape by Corot; but there is wanting every indication of that imagination which, in its romantic tendencies, shuns all definition, and refuses to be guided by rule.

The student of Japanese painting is likely to be impressed first of all by its inventive fecundity. The fertility of the Oriental mind in devising fresh and ever delightful pictorial schemes for treating even the simplest subject has, I believe, never been surpassed. I examined one day some three hundred designs in stencil collected at random in a shop in Paris, and while each that I took up seemed more beautiful than the last in its decorative arrangement, I failed to note any duplication of design. This richness of invention is seen in all forms of Japanese art.

Another striking quality of Japanese, as of all the best classic art is the perfection which it attains within its self-imposed limits. This perfection is due, not merely to the technical ability of the Oriental artist, which makes it possible for him to give us the peculiar pleasure which we always take in the thing most directly and perfectly expressed, but also to a very pure and delicate æsthetic feeling. The way, for instance, in which line and color, light and dark, are made to echo, and thus intensify, the dominant emotional note of a picture, illustrates the sensitiveness of this Eastern people to the most subtle æsthetic effects.

The ability to discover beauty in the simplest thing, and to express it in such a way that the emotional effect to be conveyed reaches the beholder free from any irrelevant or disturbing element, gives to Japanese pictorial treatment largeness

¹ A French professor states that the Japanese are better mathematicians than the French themselves. "The Japanese have a truly Celtic blending of idealism and logic," says an American critic. Their literary tastes and their conduct of a campaign would confirm this.

and dignity,—a certain “savor of the universal.”

Perhaps the most remarkable quality of Japanese painting, however, is its decorative beauty,—its value as “pure design.” That certain immutable laws of composition, determined by equally immutable properties of the human organism, are discoverable, and are to be implicitly obeyed by the artist, is an idea which seems to have found root in the East as far back as the fifth century. For we read of the Chinese critic Shakaku laying down six canons of pictorial art. The first of these is “The Life Movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of Things;” art being then regarded, in Mr. Okakura’s words, as “the great Mood of the Universe moving hither and thither amidst those harmonic laws of matter which are Rhythm.” The second is called “The Law of Bones and Brushwork;” the idea of which seems to be that man in the process of artistic conception merely recreates his own essence, merely gives outward embodiment to the laws of his own nature.

The Japanese, who have been the pupils of China from earliest times, have absorbed, modified, and in practice with few exceptions improved upon, what she has taught them. Though we cannot directly verify the matter, internal evidence would indicate that such doctrines as these were as eagerly welcomed by Japan as were the other parts of China’s artistic creed. That constant attention to this aspect of design by a nation so sensitive to delicate æsthetic effects should have soon produced extraordinarily perfect results in this direction is therefore not surprising.

The beauties of Japanese pictorial composition are now recognized by every one. The little books of design, which these Eastern painters use as models in their own land, have even been adopted in some of our own schools as manuals of pictorial grammar.

Let us examine for a moment some of these decorative beauties by themselves.

The mode of treatment of the subject matter we shall consider later.

II

In many of the decorative effects of Japanese pictorial art, we find that certain forms of composition are used to an extent and with a skill not found elsewhere.

Balance in composition, for example, is more often attained by means of the principle of contrast than, as was usual with the Greeks, through a bilateral symmetry of design. A spot of dark is made to balance a light spot, rather than a similar spot of dark. I have before me a reproduction of a picture by that artist who possesses in a marked degree the qualities which give distinction to Japanese art,—Ogata Korin. The subject is the god Fukurokuju enveloped in a dark cloak and seated on a white stag, so that the black of the cloak and the white of the stag’s hide form a balance of opposites against the gray of the hill on which they stand. The subject is treated in a humorous, almost childish, vein. Yet we find it impossible to regard it with the lightness which at first sight it seems to deserve. Unawares our eyes return to it again and again. We are at a loss at first to explain our admiration. But as we become more familiar with Eastern painting, we recognize that the secret of this fascination lies in but one thing,—a perfection of masses of dark and light so exquisitely balanced that the goal of all art, complete harmony, in one particular at least would seem to be reached.

It may seem at first that harmony attaching to such a simple matter cannot be of much importance. Yet, when we consider a moment, it is just such harmonies as these that in their total effect (as Mr. La Farge somewhere says) make the difference between the great and the average work of art.

Another device of the Oriental artist is to oppose one pattern, which is large but mild in effect, to another, which, though

smaller, yet holds the attention with equal intensity by virtue of the stimulating character of its design, somewhat as a bright star offsets the softer beauty of the moon. Again, we often find two objects of unequal size made equally attractive to the eye, either by placing the smaller in greater isolation, or by treating it in greater detail; or else by informing it with greater interest. Sometimes, on the other hand, it is color rather than form or significance which preserves the balance. The red seal with which the Japanese painter signs his name often serves this purpose. Kiosai, when painting a picture of crows, is said to have spent three days in deciding where to place this important little red patch. There is yet another more subtle method employed for maintaining balance. Frequently the subject matter is placed in some corner of a picture, while the rest of the paper or silk remains bare. I possess a small ink sketch by one of the earlier of that famous line of artists, the Kanos. It represents a bit of rocky shore running out into a sunlit sea. A boat lies anchored off the point, and above a flock of birds sail away into the distance. The few, but vigorous and wonderfully expressive, strokes with which the painter has depicted this scene cover but the lower right hand portion of the picture; the other part of the surface, with the exception of the boat and birds, is untouched. Yet so pregnant with suggestion has he rendered the bare paper, so skillfully has he carried over to the untouched surface the feeling of atmosphere and light by his treatment of rock, boat, and birds, that this space weighs as a perfect balance to the rest.

The constant employment of such varied methods of attaining harmony and equilibrium in composition permits a far greater variety of effect than where formal balance is alone used. This gives to Japanese art remarkable freshness and piquancy. Effects which in reality are the result of a very carefully planned scheme of composition seem due to happy accident. The color arrangements of the Jap-

anese tend to emphasize this charm. For their color harmonies are subtle harmonies, special pleasure being taken in combining apparently irreconcilable color units into particularly beautiful color chords.

Ruskin but echoes the sentiment of all Japanese artists when he maintains that, in painting, the claim to immortality depends on the perfection and instantaneous precision of the single line. Line in the far East serves not one but many æsthetic ends. It is, as with us, greatly valued as an element of composition. The Japanese well understand that (as R. M. Stevenson puts it) "when you merely draw a line on an empty canvas you commit yourself to art, for you have given the line a positive character by placing it in some relation to the four sides of the canvas." A picture, indeed, is, as some one has said, in its beginning a pattern of lines; and the perfection in Eastern painting of "line combination" is unsurpassed.

Owing to the comparatively objective standpoint which the classic painter assumes toward his creation, one discovers, as a rule, little of the artist's personality. There is, however, one clue to the mind of the Japanese painter, and that is his line or brush-stroke. We all recognize how much of himself a man can express in his handwriting, even through that rigid implement, the pen. Imagine a case, however, where not the pen, but a much more delicate instrument, the brush, should be employed; let us further suppose a land where painting should grow out of a calligraphy already containing many æsthetic elements; and it will at once be seen that the special interest which attaches to line in writing — particularly writing of such a kind — would be transmitted to line in art.

Now in China, the fatherland of Japanese culture, the brush has been used from time immemorial as an instrument for writing as well as for painting. Moreover, for a long period calligraphy served the twofold function of providing æsthetic pleasure and recording thoughts; and

later, when art evolved its own appropriate medium of expression, the interest and value attached to line as an ornament of handwriting was transferred to line as an instrument of pictorial art. In Japan, as in China, the great painter and the skilled calligraphist were often one and the same person. And to this day a bit of fine handwriting is treasured in the East as a work of art.

Further evidence of the importance which the Japanese attach to line is shown by the fact that a native connoisseur can pick from a large collection a given artist's work by an examination of this feature alone. Even the professional copyist of Japan, perhaps the most skillful in the world, is rarely able to imitate a famous painter's brush-stroke so as to deceive the expert.

As the personal quality of the line or brush-stroke reveals the individual, so also its general character denotes the school to which he belongs. For each school, at any rate to start with, evolved or borrowed from the Chinese that type of line which seemed best suited to the portrayal of its favorite class of subject. Thus the Tosa, Kano, and Sesshiu schools all had their characteristic brush-strokes. The quality of line, however, varied not merely with the school and individual, but with the nature of the details to be treated; one kind of line being used for the features, another for the dress, and so on. Great skill, moreover, was acquired in the representation of surface and texture by a varied handling of the brush. Artists like Shiubun, Sesshiu, and Tanyu could suggest to the sense of touch the feeling appropriate to the object depicted, by a sleight of hand so clever as to seem quite accidental.

Line as indicated by the brush has also been employed by the Oriental as a means of suggesting solidity, and as a substitute for light and shade. The drawing of Dürer, Rembrandt, and Holbein shows us how much can be accomplished in this respect by this simple method.

Many and various influences have

caused the Japanese to prefer to suggest modeling, rather than elaborately to render it. In the first place, their mode of workmanship does not permit of the latter method. For their exclusive use of India ink and water color on such delicate and absorbent material as silk and Japanese paper renders alteration or the addition of many washes impracticable. Even more than in true fresco, effects must be produced directly and instantaneously. The chief reason, however, is undoubtedly an æsthetic one. The Japanese look upon painting as a form of decoration. Like the Greeks and Italians, and all who represent the classic spirit in art, they have always regarded the adornment of a household utensil, the decoration of a room, the painting of a "picture" as but various expressions of the same impulse, — the desire to beautify human life and its surroundings. For each of these branches of artistic effort, a certain difference of training may be needed, but ever the same faculty, — the decorative faculty. A Japanese picture, even though at first sight it seems but an "easel picture," and merely hangs against the wall, yet forms an essential part of its decorative scheme. A special alcove of suitable proportions is always provided for it. It is indeed true that a "Kakimono," as such a picture is called, is occasionally taken down, and another substituted, to suit the change of season, or the mood of its owner; but no Japanese who loves his pictures — and most of them do — would place in the "tokanoma," or alcove, one out of harmony with the general decorative effect. Needless to say, the paintings on the screens which form the partitions between rooms, and on those which stand detached, are essentially ornamental. As a decorative rather than a realistic intention is thus the primary one in Eastern painting, all elements, such as strong modeling by light and shade, which would disturb the decorative effect, are avoided.

That the Oriental has thus always followed the canons of what we call decora-

tive art is, I think, fortunate. For it is these self-imposed limitations, which, by simplifying his problem, have enabled him to develop freely those beauties of line and line pattern, of dark and light "massing," and of color composition in flat tones, which have made his art famous throughout the West.

That decorative art should suggest to us certain limitations is a sign of our different æsthetic view-point. For the Japanese, while recognizing the realistic effect produced by the use of light and shade (and other similar devices), do not feel their omission as any serious artistic loss. To them painting is primarily a means of conveying emotion, not a method of reproducing natural fact. They regard it more as we do music. Hence the harmonies produced by a beautiful combination of lines and colors far outweigh in their opinion any pleasure which the feeling of being able to walk around and touch the objects in a picture can possibly confer. The critic Shuzan says: "There is a style of painting in which nature is exactly imitated. Such painting is not to be despised, but, as it does not reach the heart of things, and ignores the rules of art, it cannot appeal to good taste." Here again we find the classic spirit speaking in every word.

The importance attached by the Japanese to emotional effect is illustrated by the way in which even line is made subservient to it. For instance, the soothing influence of a smooth, flowing brush-stroke is taken advantage of in the treatment of a quiet, tender theme, while in one whose dominant note is vigor and spirit, splintery, stimulating lines are employed. In the former case, moreover, the composition is, if possible, so arranged that abrupt angles are avoided; while in the latter the lines clash sharply, keeping the eye on the alert.

The different effects to be obtained by various methods of line grouping are beautifully illustrated in Japanese art. In this picture, for instance, one will find a vertical massing, as in the works of

Puvis de Chavannes, to suggest quietness, serenity. In that, a rhythmic series of curves gently undulating like tongues of flame will be used in such a way as to heighten to a remarkable degree the solemnity of a theme. In fact, it is an almost magical use of line, especially such curved line, which alone explains why Japanese figures of deity, though usually anatomically crude, produce on the beholder such a marked spiritual impression, such a wonderful sense of repose, of Buddhistic peace. A more distinctly sad note is occasionally struck by similar means in scenes like those of which Mr. Arthur Morrison speaks. In describing a picture representing a group of women led captive, and preceded by warriors bearing heads on the points of their spears, he says: "The bowed figures of the women are indicated merely by the outlines of the white mourning robes which cover them; but such an overpowering expression of hopeless grief as is given to those mere lines of drapery I have never encountered in any other work of art, Eastern or Western."

It seems hardly necessary to call attention to the skill with which the Japanese group and contrast flat masses of light and dark, colored or otherwise; for it is only a few years ago that our admiration of their tone harmonies (or *Notan*, as the Oriental terms this pictorial feature) resulted in the so-called "poster" movement. One might have supposed, judging from the sense of novelty and delight which these designs aroused, that some new principle of beauty had been discovered. The fact is, however, that one of the oldest and most important elements of pictorial art had been so long disregarded that its reappearance in a fresh form came as a revelation. We need only look beneath the surface to find this same principle of effect illustrated in the works of men like Raphael, Titian, Reynolds, and Millet. But people had come to dwell on so many other qualities in the work of such artists that they lost sight of this more fundamental one. It

was reserved for Japan, whose art has been less burdened with the problems which the West has tried to solve, to bring clearly before us once more this form of beauty.

There is, however, one quality of Japanese Notan, which, though we see it occasionally exemplified in European painting, especially of the Renaissance period, is very rarely found in our modern printed designs; I mean a certain beauty of surface, of texture, recalling that of old marble. This quality, found in many Oriental paintings, as well as prints, adds a delightful imagined sense of touch to the pleasures of tone contrast. Picture the interior of St. Mark's in all its beauty of tone and color, but minus the softly polished marble surfaces; substitute, for instance, canvas in place of the alabaster surface; and you see at once how much may depend on the presence of this one quality.

III

So far we have been noticing the beauties, more or less intrinsic, which result from a masterly use of line and color, dark and light, in Japanese painting. Let us now turn our attention to the mode of treatment of the subject matter.

As in Greek and to a less degree in Renaissance and French classic art, it is the general, not the individual, aspect of things that is accentuated. The Japanese methods of study, in fact, would tend to exclude the possibility of any other result. For while the Oriental in his preliminary work makes careful notes, studying the accumulated experience of his predecessors as recorded in their works, and also (especially if he be a man of original talent) taking memoranda from nature herself, yet his completed picture is never a record of directly transmitted fact. It is in no sense a copy. It is hence inevitable that where so much depends on the memory, little beside the more general, typical features of the subject should survive. Certainly only such detail as naturally impresses itself on the artistic brain has a

chance, under these conditions, of finding expression in the final painting. The emphasis, in Japanese art, of the universal side of things shows itself not merely in the manner of treatment of their exterior, but of the life beneath. A sense of animation must be given to things which live, at a sacrifice, if necessary, of more superficial truth. For that, after all, is the largest fact concerning them.

The figures of such an artist as Hokusai, for instance, have queer-shaped arms and legs, but they are full of human energy. They are not mere anatomical studies. Japanese animals are living animals. To paint such things as we, I am afraid, too often do, from stuffed specimens, would seem to the Oriental, as Mr. Conder says, irrational, absurd.

The notion, too commonly entertained in the West, that what is most accurate in a scientific sense is necessarily the truest in an artistic, implies a confusion of ideas foreign to the clear-cut Japanese mind. It is not, therefore, surprising that the corollary of this Western fallacy, namely, that one impression of nature directly recorded is necessarily worth any number that are merely memorized, should be unsympathetic to their point of view. The feeling on the subject is well expressed in an interview with the famous actor Danjiro, quoted by Mompes. On being asked whether his marvelous rendering of drunkenness was the result of the study of some one case, he replied: "No, no, never! I might just as well take a drunken man, and stick him on the stage, just as he is, as to imitate any one man. That is not art: it is not creation. I have seen drunken men all my life, and the drunken man I represented was the aggregate of all the drunkenness I have ever seen." (*Japan*, p. 17.)

Except, then, in special instances of which I shall speak later, the Japanese concerns himself with the essentials of his subject; imitation of nature being regarded merely as a means to an end, not an end in itself. And his success in rendering the larger truths, when such truths

seem æsthetically important, and morally proper, is undoubted. Religion and social custom, however, restricted the development of æsthetic interest, and consequently, of artistic skill in some directions. An appreciation, for instance, of the beauty of the undraped figure, to which the Greeks have opened our eyes, was little encouraged. Buddhism, though it did not, like earlier Christianity, frown upon the nude, yet, in laying stress on the metaphysical, depreciated the physical, side of man. Consequently, only those parts of the body — the face and hands — which were capable of interpreting the Buddhistic spirit, were thought worthy of careful delineation. The Greeks were prompted by their religion to regard the perfect body as the manifestation of the perfect soul; but not so the Japanese. Neither their faith nor the canons of art inherited from China encouraged such a view. Consequently, even though their opportunities for studying the human form were so abundant, the idea never presented itself, until recently, that there was in its detailed structure any special beauty.

The face depicted in the Buddhistic, as in most of the secular, art of Japan is an impersonal one. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Many admirable portraits (in the strict sense of the word) exist, which are not unworthy of being placed beside the crayon drawings of Holbein. But they form a small and distinct class. The face ordinarily seen in Japanese painting is not intended to be a portrait. In fact, an exactly opposite result is sought. For, in accordance with the classic feeling of the Japanese, and the impersonal point of view taught by their religion, the general or typical facial characteristics are alone emphasized. Sometimes they go a step farther, and, like the Greeks, modify their conception of the type in accordance with their canons of abstract beauty. Many of us are not pleased with the result. Their conception of the human face interests us but little. This is not, however, surprising. For our ignorance of Japanese feature makes it im-

possible for us to appreciate the conventional face which has been evolved from it. We have had no chance of forming in respect to the Japanese face what the psychologists would call an "apperceptive form or type."¹

This matter of portraiture well illustrates the indirect as well as direct influence on art of the classic temperament. Where one meets with an elaborate code of etiquette, there classic feeling is sure to prevail. For etiquette is but social conduct freed of its personal and accidental elements. Society, in that most classic-minded of European nations, France, avoids the personal note. This is still more the case in Japan, where all personal feeling, even in the face, is carefully veiled. It is inevitable, therefore, that the Japanese artist should feel it to be something of a moral as well as æsthetic sin to express in art what is so studiously hidden in actual life.

That the discrepancy between the Greek and Japanese rendering of the human body is due not to any essential dissimilarity of æsthetic outlook, but rather to the different religious and social life of the two peoples, is confirmed by the fact that where the interest and powers of observation of the Japanese have been allowed free play, they show a remarkable grasp of the essential elements of form. Walter Crane speaks of their "wonderful knowledge of nature;" and Alfred R. Wallace, the scientist, refers to a collection of their plant drawings as "the most masterly things that he ever saw." And what delicacy is shown in the treatment of detail, when it seems fitting, when it can be applied without detriment to the total impression, — to heighten the interest, or add to the decorative effect! The very fine detail sometimes found in Japanese pictures is never offensive, as is too often the case in Western work. For, as in the best Dutch painting, it is always in perfect keeping, always artistic.

¹ On this subject read the interesting work by C. H. Stratz, *Die Körperformen der Japaner*, Stuttgart, 1904.

The ideal landscapes of Poussin, and Claude, and perhaps those of Turner, seem in the light of our modern intimate knowledge and love of nature formal and unreal. Yet they have a genuine and noble beauty of their own, and, when regarded sympathetically, refresh and elevate us like a Bach fugue. Japanese landscape painting, especially in its earlier stages, when Chinese ideals controlled it, seems even more formal and unreal. Yet here also we may discover much that is beautiful.

The Oriental artist does not so much seek to transcribe nature as to suggest her moods. His interest is centred in the poetic sentiment which she elicits. The saying of the Japanese, that a picture is a "voiceless poem," is particularly appropriate to their landscape painting. Our best artists also seek to express the poetry of nature. But they find it in many things. Our æsthetic pleasure in landscape is a complex one. The Oriental, on the other hand, in conformity with his type of mind, finds it in the dominant character, — in that which remains when all its accidents are eliminated; in other words, when it has been simplified and idealized. "For a landscape painting," to quote our Japanese critic once more, "is not loved because it is a facsimile of the natural scene, but because there is something in it greater than mere accurate representation of natural forms, which appeals to our feelings, but which we cannot express in words."

The Japanese landscape painter, therefore, as a general rule, is sparing of detail. We are sometimes inclined on this account to regard his completed work as nothing but a sketch. But to express more would be in his eyes to discredit the observer's perception and taste. For, as Mr. Lowell says, in his *Soul of the Far East*, "a full picture is as unsatisfactory to the Oriental as a long poem is to us. . . . It is the secret of great art to say much with little."

The Japanese artist, however, seldom loses sight of reality. Even the early

landscapes inspired by the great Sung painters of China are not, as is generally supposed, purely imaginary. For a glance at the photographs and sketches of the upper Yangtse Kiang, where it rises in the fastnesses of Northern China, will make it clear that those mountains which they depict as piercing the clouds like great cathedrals, those monasteries perched on rocky eminences, those cascades and stately pines, typify the scenery of what used to be the favorite sketching-ground of that Chinese school whose work came to be regarded in Japan as the model of all that was best in landscape art.

It was not, indeed, until the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the Shijo, or naturalistic school, had been formed, that the representation of Japanese scenery, except as a background, came into vogue. The artistic understanding, however, which the Japanese at once displayed, when they began to portray their own charming landscape, tends to confirm the belief that the themes borrowed hitherto from China were no mere scholastic exercises, but were idealized transcripts of nature in harmony with contemporary taste. Neither photographs, nor the often excellent sketches made from time to time by foreigners, recall, to my mind, the characteristics of Japanese scenery so delightfully or so vividly as the views which Okio, Hoyen, Hippo, Harunobu, Kiyonaga, Hokusai, and Hiroshige, have given us on silk or paper.

IV

I have tried to suggest the attitude in which we may best approach Japanese painting, and to indicate some of its points of interest. I have intentionally refrained from dwelling on its peculiarities or defects. For they are self-evident. In fact, the sense of strangeness which must ever cling in a greater or less degree to Far Eastern art tends to make us overcritical toward it. Hence we are more apt to discover a lack of artistic ability in what is but the result of social and æsthetic forces

acting under conditions unfamiliar to us, than to overlook any real deficiency. The common assumption that the apparent uniformity of Japanese art, as a whole,¹ is due to a want of genuine artistic feeling, testifies to this fact. It is true that a lifeless formalism has at times marred Japanese painting; but this is not unnatural or surprising. It is, indeed, easy to see that all art which is imbued with the classic spirit incurs this risk. For, as the ideal of classicism is the attainment of the most finished, rather than the most original, result, the establishment of an æsthetic tradition or style is inevitable. But such a tradition is ever liable to abuse under the school system which it necessitates. For under such conditions the desire to preserve the tradition in all its purity is likely to be made an artistic end in itself. This, however, is simply saying that classicism, like any other artistic impulse, has its practical dangers and defects, — defects apparent not only in Japan, but in Greece, Italy, and France as well.

For the most part, however, the uniformity seen in Japanese, as in much Greek and later classic art, is but the mark of a definite style evolved by a school as the expression of its more permanent æsthetic convictions, and with which as a basis it effects those subtle alterations which gradually lead up to the perfect work of art.

We are often puzzled at our dissatisfaction with much of the modern decorative design, which under the name of *l'art nouveau* seeks a naturalistic effect similar to the Japanese. Yet to expect from such work a similar satisfaction is as reasonable as to look for Greek beauty in its

¹ I refer to the method of treatment, — the point of view.

modern imitation. The qualities which make Japanese design enduringly delightful are just those which require not years, but centuries, to develop. It is not the naturalism of Japanese decoration which is its greatest merit, — I have seen in Paris designs which showed a feeling for nature perhaps equally intimate. It is something more fundamental which gives to the Japanese product its distinct superiority. There is a peculiar unity of effect, a certain inner harmony of form, color, and design, unknown to the Western product.

The Japanese, with their natural, unsophisticated view of life, have ever sought in their art to mirror what a great painter and critic has termed "man's primordial predilections." Art, however, that seeks to embody pleasures founded on the unchanging properties of human nature, must have a past as well as a future, must be able to look backwards as well as forwards. Not one life's labor, but that of many generations, is required. No people have better understood this than the Japanese. They have also clearly perceived that no art that is not true to the changeless element in man can endure; while on the other hand any subject, however trivial, can be made eternally attractive, if only treated in accordance with æsthetic law.

Japanese painting delights us by its delicate fancy, its poetry, its freedom, its spirit; but what gives these qualities special and enduring charm, — what makes the play of fancy never wearisome, the liberty never mere license, — is that they find expression in and through a framework of design so finely conceived that therein we see reflected as in a mirror the fundamental principles which govern all true art.

THINGS AS THEY ARE

BY ARTHUR COLTON

EARLY one morning the wagonload of Dolliver children went by Kate Gayley's on their way to school, those in the back seat weeping, those in the middle seat seriously cheerful, those on the front seat whooping their joys to the young morn. There were nine of them, and they always went by in that way.

In their prefiguring of worldly success and failure, to ride on the back seat was to be out of favor with fortune, down-trodden by the heel of injustice, shorn of authority and importance. To ride on the front seat was glory, and hence happiness. The middle seat was a place where triumph and regret were balanced to a calm. There, too, was security of tenure. Conservative Dollivers, who disliked extremes, might hold a middle seat indefinitely, but the Dolliver parents saw to it that those who held the front seat yesterday held the back seat to-day. Mr. Dolliver worked that part of the Gayley lands which had fallen to Katherine Gayley's brother, John Gayley. John Gayley lived on the Angevine property that had come to him with his wife. It lay a half mile down the road, which dropped from billowy hill to hill. On either side of the road the bobolinks sang over the meadows, over the buttercups and clover; and down it the Dolliver wagonload of vaunting precedence, conservative content, and disgraced obscurity, passed clamoring. Katherine worked among her flower beds where, mainly, brilliant and hardy but scentless perennials grew. The sound of the clamor died away from her ears. The Dolliver wagon always went by in that way, but there are critical times when an incident and a mood make electric connections.

Twenty years back Katherine and John Gayley, and Leonora and Leo An-

gevine, used to drive in one wagon to the same clapboarded schoolhouse in the village. The emphatic Gayleys and the mild Angevines had been prosperous in neighboring homesteads for some generations. Both homesteads were occupied now by the Gayley name. Leo Angevine was a student and naturalist, a teacher of botany in a distant college, and long absent from the old place. John and Nora Gayley sent their own wagonload of children to the clapboarded schoolhouse. Katherine still ruled her own meadows and farms, her cattle and farm lands, her sufficient kingdom. Wherein is good fortune, if not where the mind is like a clear sky, the will like a strong wind, the body healthy as the soil which the plough heaves over in the sunlight?

When the Dolliver children were gone by, she thought of that former wagonload bearing schoolward the blustering John, herself decisive, the meek-eyed Nora, the absent-minded Leo. From this point her mind traveled forward in time and mood. Presently the state of it seemed to her uncomfortable. Some hours passed. She planted and transplanted, but more and more the garden beds looked distressed, unsatisfied, discordant.

Finally she sat up and examined her state of mind.

It is true that, properly speaking, life is a three-seated wagon. It rolls along with the sound of happy shouts and the sound of weeping. All who know its fullness know to-morrows of hope, and to-morrows of foreboding. If one were privileged by fortune to abide in the exact centre of the hub of her wheel instead of on the rim, avoiding those exhilarating risings, those dismal falls, he might notice that his motion in that place was a simple rotation of himself upon

himself, and that this rotation, by centrifugal force, produced in the centre of himself a curious vacuum which nature appeared to abhor. Or, in Dolliver terms, if one always sits in the middle seat, and observes the varieties of life to front and rear, one's fate seems by contrast to have a certain monotony about it. It promises nothing but the continuance of itself. An all-powerful parentage has arranged that hopes and forebodings shall trumpet and flute in the ears of grief behind and pleasure before, whereas no such trumpetings and flutings tremble about the seat of rational conservatism. When a woman of thirty, therefore, has her years behind her of an unstirred surface, and a wagonload of Dollivers comes by, it may happen to arouse considerations agreeing with considerations already aroused.

Katherine got up suddenly from the turf, strode out through the gate and down the road toward the Angevine farmhouse. The black-and-white bobolinks sang and exulted over the buttercups, and under the buttercups their demure brown mates sat on the nests. Not one brown bobolink came up from her seclusion to demand her share in the breadth of the world. She cuddled low in company with her eggs and instincts, and enjoyed her admiration of the ecstatic singer, who sang: "Chee, chee! In respect to bobolinks I am one of the lords of creation, though my mate is necessary, and I make a point of noticing her, and the way she admires me is much to her credit, besides proving what I remarked at first, don't you think? Spink, spank, spink."

Katherine snorted with disgust. Presently she swung through the gateway of the Angevine farm.

Nora Gayley was at work by the window, where the length of the road was in sight, down to the village in the hazy valley. She began conversation as Katherine entered, and her subject was John.

"He's gone to town, but he's coming back soon. He thinks the children are

not doing well at school, and he means to tell the teacher so."

"Humph! What are you ripping that dress for?"

"John thinks it ought to hang fuller."

"Humph!"

Nora flowed on peacefully with her "John thinks," and "John says."

"But Leo is going to raise bees," she said, "and has some new kind of hives, and John says he may do very well."

"When is Leo coming?"

"Why, Kate! John went up yesterday to tell you Leo was to come last night, and about his giving up teaching in the college."

"Humph! So he did."

"Yes, but Leo has n't decided where to keep the beehives yet, and John thinks"—

"For goodness' sake, Nora, don't say 'John thinks.' You think, don't you?"

"Why, yes."

"And what you think, John says sooner or later, does n't he? Say so, then! John thinks no more than a June bug."

"Why, Kate!"

"You talk as if you wanted to be sponged out and rewritten 'John' with a squeaky slate pencil. You think the children are not doing well, and John has gone to tell the school-teacher he thinks so. You thought your dress ought to hang fuller, and got John to say so. Humph! Leo will put his beehives wherever he's argued out they ought to be, and I hope he'll get stung."

"Perhaps he will," said Nora placidly.

"He thinks it won't be so distracting as teaching at the college. John thinks he'll be a very good bee farmer. Leo says he likes to look at industry, and he says bees are more industrious than college students, quite a little."

The noises which had been occurring now and then in the next room for some minutes, stumblings and bumpings, now ended in a clatter of falling tins.

"It's Leo coming in," went on Nora, snipping with her scissors. "He'll come in when he has picked up the pans."

And presently he came and stood in

the doorway, looking at them with meditative eyes, as if he might intend to enter when he had come to a right conclusion about the contents of the room. His light blue eyes resembled Nora's, but with a quietness even more mild, persistent, and abstracted than hers. He had a long brown beard, a high, pale forehead, and hair thin about the temples. His manner and expression were not so much grave as reflective and candid, with the candor of the scholar, the even-paced truthfulness which is not so much a moral victory as a condition of the mind. When he spoke, it seemed not for effect on the hearer, but as a simple indication of mental processes. One knew him at sight to be capable of unlimited silence or unlimited speech, each being but a condition of the mind. He stood still in the doorway because the contents of the room seemed problematic to him.

'Don't look at me as if I were a bug!'" said Katherine impatiently.

"In what way do you want to be looked at?" he asked after a silence.

"Like a woman, of course."

Leo thought it over, and decided to come in, and came like one to whom walking was but incidental to the progress of an argument. He drifted into a chair in front of Katherine.

"Of course everything should be looked at as it is," he said, "and it follows that you must be looked at as a woman. But I don't know that I see what follows from that."

"Nothing follows."

"Why, something must follow, I should think. Now there may be subdivisions of ways of looking at women. Bees, for instance, can be looked at in respect to their stings, or their social organization, or the honey they extract from flowers, or in respect to" —

"Humph!" said Katherine. "You're worse than ever. Where are you going to put your beehives?"

"Here is John," said Nora. "John says they ought to be next the garden. John thinks" —

"Bother John!"

— "Or," continued Leo, undisturbed, "in respect to their further relations to flowers. For until late years the real relations of bees to melliferous flowers was not understood by naturalists, but in point of fact the function of bees toward flowers is that of a kind of matrimonial agency, the honey being merely the bees' profit or commission from the agency."

"Nora!" cried John Gayley, coming in, a florid man with a booming voice. "That school-teacher is a fool! Pshaw!"

"Show me your beehives," said Katherine to Leo, springing up. "She'll put butter all over him now, and it makes me sick."

She dashed through and out into the garden, which under Nora's tending hands always seemed to grow to more even results than her own. Leo drifted after her, and in the wake of his musings, murmuring to himself, and coming up with her, continued, murmuring and musing: —

"Now there is a book called *The Loves of the Plants*, but hardly scientific, and I don't remember by whom. But certainly this is observable, that to most flowers there are affinitive flowers of another sex, and that the bees are communicators between them. On the other hand, these bees themselves have an austere social organization that condemns to sexless labor all the females but one, in every hive. Now, and finally, if we consider human society, again the case is clear. Therefore I think that your suggestion is a good one, Katherine, very cogent, very much to the point. Looked at as we are, we are a man and a woman. Simply that. Why, then, should n't we be married? In point of fact, ought n't we to be married, you and I?"

"What!"

"Because you are right. The case is very clear. First, you are to be looked at as a woman, I as a man, for everything is to be looked at as it is. But you must be mistaken in thinking that nothing follows. The function of the scientist is to ascertain the fact, of the practitioner to adapt his

method to the fact ascertained. I am going to apply my knowledge of facts and natural laws to the practical production of the honey of bees. Success is demonstrated to follow. But these same natural laws coexist in human society. Approaching the problem and applying the laws in the same manner, it follows, secondly"—

Katherine seized him by the arm, and shook him.

"Leo Angevine, did you or did n't you ask me to marry you?"

"Yes—Yes, I did. At least, I was going to in a minute."

"Well, then, I say, *No!* Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Leo slowly, "and no. I understand in a sense. In another sense"—

"I mean it, too!"

"I would n't exaggerate it."

"Don't you do it again!"

"Oh!"

He paused again, and thought this over.

"I had n't thought of that, but perhaps another time would do better. I think it would. I think you're quite right again. Quite right."

"Humph!"

Katherine walked away furiously, up the hill road to her own house, paying no attention to the bobolinks.

Early the following morning, she answered a knocking at the side door. Leo stood without, his back to the door, contemplating a team of horses in the driveway and a hay cart piled high with the glass-windowed boxes of his beehives. Katherine looked at his back a moment, and said sharply, "Well?"

"I think I'll put the beehives at the back of your garden," he said, turning slowly, "instead of back of Nora's."

"Oh, you do!"

"Yes. My idea is that, if people are so placed as naturally to see much of each other, they will become accustomed to it. Then after a while they will become agreeably accustomed to it, provided they are suited to each other. Natural laws as a rule operate gradually. I

VOL. 95—NO. 6

think probably the rule applies here. If the bees are here, I shall be hereabout much of the day, and naturally you will be interested to come out, and in that way we shall fall into the habit of talking together. It is remarkable, Katherine. Both of your suggestions, first, as to how you ought to be looked at, and second, that I had better speak about our marriage at another time, were both remarkable suggestions, both thoughtful, very much"—

"I said nothing of the kind!"

—"Much to the point. Oh!"—He looked surprised, and searched his memory—"Did n't you? I remember the words, but I thought you said something about doing it again, or not doing it again. It's of no importance. Now, my theory is that probably, when you think we are well accustomed to each other, you'll make a third suggestion, namely, that the time is come to take up the matter again. In that way it won't be necessary for me to keep it on my mind, but merely to wait till you"—

"You'll wait a long while."

"Till you suggest it. Why, not necessarily long, I should think. Natural laws"—

"Take those beehives away!" cried Katherine. "I won't have them here." She slammed the door in his face, and sat down on the other side of the room with a firm expression.

She heard the noise of creaking wheels. She started, hesitated a moment, then crossed to the window. The gleam of compunction in her mind changed to indignant amazement. He was not driving back to the highroad, but on past the barns, and around to the rear of the garden.

"Humph!" she said, and sat down again.

Leo unloaded his beehives, and was busy about them the better part of an hour. At the end of that time he came by again, and knocked at the door, and opened it.

"I did n't tell you the entire truth,

Katherine," he said. "One of my reasons for placing the beehives there was that there is no white clover below, but it is very plenty in your meadows. Now, white clover is particularly good for the spring honey. Consequently" —

"Go away!" cried Katherine. "Shut the door! I don't care where you put your beehives."

The Dollivers ceased going by in their wagon, three-seated and symbolic, to school. The summer vacation was come. A new sound arose in Katherine's garden, "the murmur of innumerable bees." These, traveling with dusty thighs from clover to clover, — busy carriers to St. Valentine, postal express to amorous plants, go-betweens to vegetable affinities, proxies to wedded flowers, workers to ends they knew not of, — bore back to their storehouses the wages of their fragrant service. Poor laboring bees, victims of the iron policy of the hive! How eagerly they pushed their blunt faces into the red-and-white tufts of clover! Early in the morning the low drowsy humming began, and reached the height of vibrating energy in the heats of noon, dying away as the twilight crept upward from the valley.

Leo's double row of glass-windowed hives stretched from corner to corner of the garden, and increased as new swarms broke away, colonies sent out from too populous mother cities. He went among them with the slow movements of a temperament contented with nature's gradual ways. When your bees are new to their boxes, you must tarry their settling, and when they are settled you must tarry their waxen architecture, their queen bee's deliberate processes, their travels and returns innumerable. Then you must tarry the growth of the young in the cells, the new swarms, the queen's nuptials, and all the customs of the hives. Still tarrying, so you harvest your honey. So tarrying moves the bee farmer, and him, deliberate, the bees never sting. So nature moves, whom the student observes and

the sage interprets; and the lover sets his pace to nature's pace, and has her analogies on his side, who resolves:

"Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house."

Seeing that his soul has gone within, he encamps without, prepared for varieties of weather, and above all prepared to tarry.

It was Leo's custom, in passing the side door daily, to open it, and standing there, to discourse of whatever was in his mind. Impatience was not normal to him. He began to observe symptoms of it in himself, and thought them singular.

"Katherine," he said at last, "have you noticed the effect our companionship has had on you? It seems to me it ought to be evident now."

"Has n't had any effect."

Leo turned the statement over and examined it.

"Why, I don't understand why it has n't. But that explains why you've made no more suggestions about our marriage. Now, the effect on me began to be noticeable some time ago. First: whenever we happened some day to omit this conversation there seemed to me to be a hiatus. A hiatus is an omission which obscures the meaning of the text, in this case, of the day's events. Any such day looked to me rather foolish and futile. Even my interest in bees was very much lessened on that day. This was the phenomenon of your absence. Next, I turned to the things taking place in my consciousness whenever I saw you. If anything, they were more singular still. Sometimes they might be described as a great number of minute expansions and explosions, something like boiling water. At other times there was a sense of compression, at other times of emptiness, at others of a slight chill ranging from the back of the head to the small of the back, at others of giddiness, or again, of elation."

"How long have you been carrying on inside in this ridiculous way?"

Katherine's indignation seemed to be genuine, but almost too violent. Leo won-

dered why she should resent it so directly.

"I noticed the hiatus on the twenty-fifth of June. The analogy to boiling water occurred to me on July fifth. The chill I noticed on the seventh, the giddiness on the sixteenth, and so on."

Katherine was silent.

"I put them all down in my notebook. I wish," he said, turning in the doorway to go, "I wish, Katherine, you would make careful note of your sensations when they appear, and describe them to me;" and he went away.

"I just won't," said Katherine to herself.

"Love," said Leo, moving about among his beehives, "is like a bee, which is born with a sting at one end, but for the honey at the other end has far to seek."

"It is like a swarm of bees," he said an hour later, "a nervous somewhat with a queen bee in the middle."

At the end of the morning he climbed the garden fence, and entered these analogies in his notebook, together with the following quadratic equation:—

"L. A. + K. G. = infinity.

L. A. — K. G. = merely a bee farmer, Eheu!

Adding these, we have

2 L. A. = infinity + a bee farmer.

Hence it is proved that

He who falls in love doubles his personality. —"

He looked dreamily over the muttering hives, at the mown meadows, the pastures dappled with flowers, the green woods, the village far away in the hazy valley.

"Love is like summer," he said, and entered this final analogy in his notebook: "which makes the earth pleasant to look at."

So the season crept on, from the time of mown hay to the time of tasseled corn and the yellowing of the oat fields.

On a certain morning Katherine heard a clamoring in the road, and looking from the trellises of her bean vines, saw the

Dolliver children passing in their wagon. School time was come again. "Humph," she said, and picked bean pods the faster.

Yellow butterflies fluttered about the vines. Beyond the garden fence Leo was taking neat squares of honey from the hives, and packing them in separate tiers. The noisy Dollivers were gone by.

"Hope you're satisfied, Kate Gayley!" she went on, indignantly talking to herself. "Been sprawling over all three seats these two months, have n't you? Like it, don't you! Been carrying on inside you like a teakettle. Been having cold prickles in your back hair. Been feeling empty one minute and giddy the next, same as another fool. Humph! Leo Angevine, too! He's obstinate, I'll say that for him."

"Kate." Leo looked over the fence. He held one of the box hives under his arm, and around his head buzzed its interested populace. Some clung to his beard and hair, after their confiding familiar habits with him.

"Kate, I've been consulting authorities on the subject of this experience of ours."

"Ours!"

— "And either it has never been treated adequately, or there never was one precisely like mine."

"What's the matter now?"

"Did you ever know of any authorities on the subject who described it as like eating molasses on pickles?"

"No!" said Katherine violently. "I never did! It is n't!"

Her speech seemed to admit some direct experience, but he did not notice the admission, or did not comment on it.

"Yes, it is. I thought of different tasting things, and selected molasses and pickles. Then I tried them together, and found it to be so."

"Humph! Did you like it?"

"It was interesting," he said thoughtfully, "but it was a taste that seemed to require too great a readjustment of one's point of view. No, on the whole, I don't think I liked it."

He turned away. Katherine went on picking beans.

"Molasses and pickles!"

She felt depressed. Leo and his sensations! Humph! But it was depressing to think he might begin not to like his sensations.

"Kate!" This voice came from the direction of the house. John Gayley strode down the walk. "Kate, I've got something to say."

"You mean Nora's been thinking. What does she think?"

John stood among the beans, and rubbed dubiously his chin, which was large, red, round, and tending to repetition.

"Well," he said at last, "that's so. You think Nora leads me by the nose. So she does. I know it sometimes, but mostly I forget it. It's a good thing. She married me before I knew what she was up to. My stars! What would have become of me if she had n't? What's the use? That's what I've got to say. What's the use? Why don't you hitch up? Nora and I are all right, all right. So'll you be, all right. We fit each other like a buckle and a strap. So'll you."

John was thunderous with emphasis.

"Oh! Nora thinks that, does she?"

"Why, she leads me by the nose. That's the Angevine of it. So'll Leo do with you."

"He will, will he?"

"Sometimes I know it, but mostly I forget it. So'll you. That's the Gayley of it."

"I won't either!"

"And it's a good thing all round, a good thing. What's the use? That's what I've got to say. What's the use?"

But Katherine was gone. She seemed to leave a fiery wake behind her, like the tail of a comet. She burst through the garden gate, and out among the beehives.

"Leo Angevine! Take your beehives and go home! Oh!" she screamed, "I'm stung! Oh! I'm stung again!"

At the corner of the garden stood an arbor shelter of grapevines, thick and green, with entrances within and without the garden. Thither Katherine fled from the bees, and Leo followed. Thither John Gayley tiptoed, with expression extravagant, feet lifted extravagantly high, and peered through the leaves. Katherine's bare arm was extended. Leo held it and applied dabs of mud.

She was stating her mind with emphasis: "Humph! I don't like being in love. It hurts!"

"That I've observed also."

"It's always either way up or way down."

"I have noted that, too."

"It catches like measles."

"Oh! why, I had n't thought of it's being contagious. And yet, why not?"

"Well, perhaps we'll like it, when we're used to it."

There was a pause. Leo said, —

"Those are very cogent suggestions, Katherine, very much to the point."

John Gayley tiptoed away extravagantly.

THE RETURN TO THE SEA

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

LET us destroy the dream! She knows not of it.

Let us go back rejoicing to the sea.
Sighing is vain, and laughter shall not profit;
But fill Life's frothing cup again and quaff it
To wider hopes and greater things to be.

Time turns his tide, and turns back our distresses;

Let us return unshaken as we came.
Shall we, the wanderers, mourn for lost caresses?
Our hands are fettered by no cloudy tresses;
Ours are the hearts no starry eyes can tame.

Yet, had she heard the tones our songs could lend her,

We might have found some world of hers and mine
Sweet with perfume of summer roses tender,
And vibrant with the salt sea's strength and splendor,
And lit by stars that now shall never shine.

Nay, but she would not — nay, she could not know them,

The flying dreams with vast and vivid wings.
Days and delights with poisoned pain below them,
Hopes, flowers, and fancies, — where shall we bestow them?
What shall we do with all these wasted things?

Sink them in seas that give their dead up never;

A hundred fathoms deep beneath the main;
Beside the rotted wrecks of old endeavor,
So that no daring deep-sea diver ever
Can bring our worthless treasures up again.

For her the safer life of dreams crushed under,

The petty pleasures, and the dusty way.
For us the oceanic throb and thunder,
The resonance of all the winds of wonder
And lordly interchange of night and day.

Nay, she has chosen. Let us turn our faces,

And go back gladly to the windy shore;
And follow far the tide's tumultuous traces
Toward the fierce flicker of adventurous places,
And look not back, nor listen any more.

THE CAUSE OF SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS

BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

SOUTH AMERICAN revolutions have long furnished copy to our comic periodicals, been the butt of the wit of many a newspaper reporter, and done service on the melodramatic stage of modern fiction and light opera. Repeated cable reports from South American centres assure us that the crop is perennial, and we have come to look on certain countries as in a normal state only when engaged in civil war. However lightly we may receive these reports of isolated disturbances, their conjunctive or successive occurrence and reoccurrence throughout a large and contiguous group of republics presents a distinct phenomenon which is undoubtedly based on some common cause.

Those who give the matter any serious thought are accustomed to assume that this cause is merely a racial tendency and characteristic of the Latin peoples; and to the casual student of the ups and downs of the world's republics this assumption seems justified by history. The present writer does not ignore the importance of the racial factor in national economics; at the same time, long acquaintance and intercourse with the Latin races leads him to doubt whether this factor can be considered even as one of the fundamental causes of South American revolutions. If, indeed, revolt were in the blood of the Latin, then the situation would continue indefinitely to create turmoil among the Latins, and abroad, increasing perplexity as to the remedy. It is the purpose of this article to show that such is not the case, but that South American revolutions are a very natural outcome of the present social system and the economic conditions of the different countries, and that the causes are really transient relatively to the development of the several states.

This subject is by no means foreign to
322

our national interests, and will not be until official interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine has limited the application of that troublesome tenet to America north of the Canal Zone. Even should our imposed suzerainty over South America be thus withdrawn, our commercial interests in the hitherto neglected markets of the southern continent will gradually demand a sane appreciation of the real state of things in Latin America, based on something more substantial than cartoons and the comic stage.

A rapid consideration of the assumption that revolutions are an emanation of racial tendency will show that it is based entirely upon the fact that the United States and Switzerland have been free from revolutions, while none of the other republics has. Since all the other republics are Latin, the conclusion has been drawn and accepted that they are unstable and eruptive because they are Latin.

In opposition to this hypothesis I present a statement apparently equally supposititious, but in reality sustained by historical evidence of a circumstantial nature. It is this: *that the instability of republics has been in the ratio of their social and economic centralization.* To illustrate this point take three representative republics: the United States, France, and Brazil. Stability of government in Brazil bears the same relation to that in France as does the latter to that in the United States. To form the United States of America thirteen sovereignties more or less equally developed agreed to restricted amalgamation. From the start there were widely distributed interests which created what might be termed a centrifugal force that has ever since tended to decentralize power, economically speaking. In other

words, at no time in our history have the arteries of our body-politic been sapped for the sustenance of an abnormally developed head, and the great consequence for us has been stability of government with symmetry in economic development.

In France of to-day, however, we have a state still liable to the ills of predominant centralization. Any one who will recall the trying days of an event so recent as the Dreyfus case will hardly challenge this statement. Speculation as to the ability of the government to cope with the situation was universal, and the general relief at the escape of France from civil war, at a time when disaffection was practically restricted to Paris, shows that to-day, as in the days of her many turnings, Paris is France. To say as much for the relations of any city to the United States would be to put forward a patent absurdity. We cannot imagine New York, much less Washington, as possessing an overwhelming, practically national, balance of power. And the measure of the absurdity is simply the preponderance of our homogeneity over that of France.

The primal cause of stability I have already stated; but as potent corollaries due credit must be given to our systems of education and internal communication, our constant expansion, normal in that it has not taxed the power of assimilation, and our national mania for reading. In this regard the intricate network of our railroads eloquently portrays how complete is that communication, the first adjunct of civic education. These are all disseminating forces. They are the factors that go to eliminate peasantry with its time-honored characteristics of ignorance and apathy.

Not least among the memorable utterances of Jefferson was the statement that "it is safer to have a whole people respectably enlightened than a few in a high state of science and the rest in ignorance." We are the "whole people respectably enlightened;" and what follows, "a few in a high state of science and the rest in ignorance," is so descriptive of actual France,

and to a greater degree of Brazil, and the South American republics in general, that one driven to picture these states with a stroke of the pen could choose no words more fitting. Go to the most retiring of New England villages, or to the latest group of shacks in the new West, and you will find in each individual a sense of identity in a whole, — a consciousness of governing and being governed. Make an equally impartial inspection of the nooks of France, and you will find whole communities which, barring officialdom, know nothing more of the government under which they exist than they did before its conception.

All that has been said regarding France, and more, is true of Brazil, by far the largest, most powerful, and most conservative of the South American states. To the American who is under the impression that all South America is continually in the throes of one or another revolution it will come as a surprise to learn that this vast district, comprising one half the territory and almost two thirds the population of the whole continent, has known no revolution since the founding of the Republic. The revolts of 1893, 1897, and 1904, menacing in varying degree, were outbursts fostered by a centralization of national vitality which inspired the belief in each insurrectionist that it was but necessary to strike the head, — the body would lie dormant. The justification of this belief lay in the historical fact that the vast majority of successful revolts throughout South America have consisted merely in *coups d'état*. The masses *have* lain dormant, and the fighting, if any, has generally come after the somersault.

The revolt of November of last year in Brazil was so typical of South American revolutions, and so elementary, that it affords a lucid illustration. Owing to the prompt and efficient measures taken by the government to suppress true reports of the disturbance, and owing, too, to its signal failure, this revolt was scarcely mentioned by the American press. Nevertheless, it missed by little causing inter-

national commotion, and an account from an eye-witness may prove of value.

A great epidemic of smallpox led the government to require of Congress a law making vaccination compulsory. Long and heated debate on the constitutionality of the measure went on, while the epidemic assumed alarming proportions. The Executive's patience being worn out, arbitrary pressure was brought to bear, and the law passed. This intervention brought down the general censure of the press, and the opposition seized the handle with disproportionate avidity. On the eleventh of November a mass meeting was held in one of the central squares of Rio Janeiro. The crowd assembled was by no means representative, being composed for the most part of riff-raff and curious shop clerks. The mounted police broke up the meeting with the flat of the sword: no lives were lost. On the following day the scene was duplicated, several people injured, and a life lost. By night riots had broken out in various parts of the city; the exceptionally large and lawless mass of stevedores went on strike and forcibly stopped all traffic; street-cars were overturned and burned amid fusillades between rioters and troops; and several non-participants, including women and children, were shot during the following day. The flood of suburbanites, ignorant of the gravity of the disturbances, entered the city as usual, only to beat a hasty retreat. At sundown the rioters swept along the streets, opening manholes, ripping off drain covers, tearing down gas fixtures of every description, and throwing the debris into the streets to embarrass cavalry charges. Within a few hours there was not a street-lamp intact throughout the city.

Up to the fourteenth of November, revolution was not even rumored. However, on this day the riots became so general that the government deemed wise the postponement of the great military review which was to have taken place on the fifteenth, the anniversary of the Republic. Toward evening city and government were genuinely surprised by the news

that General Travassos, who was to have commanded a battalion in the review, immediately upon the announcement of its postponement had proceeded to the Military Academy on the outskirts of the city, and, before the student body, had demanded of the officer in charge transfer of his command. Frightened by the attitude of the cadets, the commanding officer made a puerile protest, and surrendered. He and his staff were allowed to withdraw, and carried the news of the revolt to the city. It was soon confirmed: the cadets were advancing on the President's palace, under the leadership of General Travassos, Lauro Sodre, a popular, young Federal senator, and Deputy Alfredo Varella, leader of the opposition in the lower House.

The shortest line of march was along the bay front, and to repulse the attack were sent by land a battalion of the line reinforced by police, and by sea two gunboats under the play of searchlights from an armored cruiser. The cadets marched under the assurance that no soldier of the line would fire on them, as the army was back of the movement. They were led, not along the water front, but around a stone quarry into a street which debouched half a mile down the bay. In this street they were met by an armed force, indistinguishable owing to the destruction of all the lamps by rioters. The force was the advancing battalion, and it is generally believed that it fired on the cadets, mistaking them for the returning body of police which had followed the water front. Brisk fighting ensued, when suddenly the cry arose among the cadets that they had been betrayed, and were attacked by soldiers of the line. They broke and made a disorderly retreat to the Academy. Almost simultaneously the soldiers learned their mistake, and that they had opposed a commanding officer; and they turned in precipitous flight. General Travassos was mortally wounded in the engagement. Senator Sodre escaped, wounded, to give himself up a day or two later, and Deputy Varella disappeared.

Meanwhile the detachment of police dispatched from the city had advanced along the bay front to the stone quarry, where they awaited the rebels. Drawn up at this spot under close formation, they were mistaken by the gunboats for the cadets, and were made the target of a disastrous hail of bullets from quick-firing guns. Their retreat also was precipitous.

Such was the comedy of errors which will be known as the Revolt of 1904. Its net results were a rude but salutary recall of the government to watchfulness; added prestige abroad for the government, vouched by a rise in its bonds; and, most significant of all, spontaneous and immediate support of the Chief Executive from neighboring states. And yet the credit was not due to the government, which avowedly had been caught napping, but to the Goddess of Chance, the arbiter of every *coup d'état*.

In the light of subsequent events the plan of the opposition was patent. At the grand review on the 15th, General Travassos at the head of his battalion was to have imprisoned the President, and declared the popular senator, Lauro Sodre, dictator. Later investigation showed that he would have been supported by many in high places. Because the riots inspired by the opposition assumed alarming proportions, the parade was abandoned. A new plan, centring in the Military Academy, was rapidly improvised, and because the lights in a side street had been wiped out by the same indefatigable rioters, it also proved a fiasco, and the day was lost irretrievably.

This example is given in full, as it follows the elementary, conventional lines of a South American revolt. Its chances of success were based upon three fundamental conditions: concentration of national vitality in the capital city, apathy of the masses, isolation. The case thus diagnosed, the simplicity of the antidote is evident. Merely normal development along the channels that have made us in reality the United States of America: popular education, and free communica-

tion, more explicitly defined in the one word "railroads."

The Republic of Brazil is in its sixteenth year, a mere child in our great family, and yet I venture the assertion that it has so far advanced along these lines that the *coup d'état* revolt is no longer a serious menace. The assertion, it must be admitted, is based mainly on the fact that upon the first news of revolt the state government of S. Paulo spontaneously rushed a battalion down the Central Railway to the support of the Executive.

Of the Spanish republics, the Argentine and Chile can be placed in the same category as Brazil, but to get a clear idea of the causes of ever-recurrent revolts in Spanish America one must look back—and not so very far back—to the days of San Martin and Bolivar, with their host of terrible lieutenants. To our shame be it said that the American schoolboy and college man knows far more of the Crusades of the Middle Ages than of this tremendous crusade for liberty, in which two men, starting from the extremities of a continent, fought their forces through five thousand miles of the enemy's territory,—their battleground the Andes Mountains!¹

The problem of construction which confronted the survivors of the expulsion of Spain from her South American provinces was by no means a parallel to that which taxed the genius of the liberators of the Thirteen Colonies. On one side we have a compact and leavened mass slowly spreading into the wilderness like a drop of oil on water. On the other, a Creole aristocracy scattered over a strip of territory five thousand miles long, and dominating a diversity of tribes. That there should be division was inevitable; Bolivar fell from the pinnacle of genius the

¹ Dawson's *South American Republics* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a book that should be used as collateral reading in every one of our schools. It treats of a continent whose commercial conquest, more vital to us than that of all Europe, is being left to other hands simply because we are bound by the indifference of absolute ignorance.

day he dreamed of unity. And that mysterious patriot and soldier, San Martin! History gives us no clue, but we may conjecture that it was prophetic vision of the turmoil which must rend his beloved continent that drove him to self-effacement and exile. For a patriot among patriots the sword could be but the symbol of fratricide. And such it proved; for, once division became the rule, who should set its limits?

Like the builder of the French Empire, Bolivar and San Martin had bestowed kingdoms upon their lieutenants; but the lieutenants outnumbered the kingdoms, and so began the rush for power. The lieutenants out of the way, each soldier of the patriot armies became a candidate for the great prize, and arbitrary boundaries fancifully laid shifted before the onslaught of every Creole sword. But underlying this inevitable outburst we have

a lasting condition: the aristocracy, or an enlightened few, and the mass, pledged to a hundred chiefs, as loyally but as personally as ever serf to feudal lord. To this mass civic impulse is of the future. Under the so-called revolutions that sweep over it, as a mass, it lies dormant.

Let us liken the South American governments in the hands of a warring few to the weather-vane on a great barn; the vane swerves with every puff of wind, but the barn stands firm and unmoved, even unconscious, awaiting the hurricane. The Latin masses are by nature peaceable, long-suffering, law-abiding, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Revolution is not their normal diet. The South American republics are young, and when education, sane enterprise, and all the great forces which go for homogeneity have done their work, history will know the revolutionary period as a transition.

THE YEAR IN FRANCE

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

A VIGOROUS reassertion of the traditional French abhorrence of *délation*,¹ in a period which had appeared inclined to tolerate it, has been the most interesting, the most significant, and the most reassuring event of the past year in France, whether the point of view be that of national politics or that of national psychology. The French people have got back—thanks to a complete exposure of French free-masonry as an agency of political corruption and intrigue—the robust sense of honor which long was theirs, but

¹ Our little-used term, "delation," is but a feeble translation of this term. Nor do such words as denouncing, informing, tale-bearing, fit the case any better. The French word *délation* implies more opprobrium than is attached to any one of these words or to all of them together.

which, to put it as mildly as possible, had latterly been badly compromised. This change is an unmistakable symptom of convalescence, if not a proof of complete restoration to health.

The Latin races have always taken exceedingly high ground regarding espionage of every sort except that which is strictly professional. Neither the Latin temperament nor the Latin ethical code based on the Latin temperament admits the right of any man who is not a detective by trade to turn even the worst criminal over to justice. The Latin peoples hold that the rôle of informer is absolutely incompatible with the character of a gentleman.

A score of years ago a French criminal, Charles Redon, escaped from a French prison and succeeded in crossing the fron-

tier into Spain with his father, by favor of the latter's devotion. Arrived at Palencia, they consulted the leading lawyer of the place. The lawyer betrayed their confidence. He had them imprisoned, and steps were being taken toward their extradition, when the 1350 inhabitants of Palencia rose as one man, with the bishop and the prefect at their head, demanded their release, obtained it, and then drove the treacherous lawyer out of the town with imprecations and yells.

More recently, when the notorious Humberts (who were in hiding at Madrid) were turned over to the police by a member of the Spanish Royal Academy, Señor Cotarello, the entire Spanish press denounced his act in no measured terms, Nuñez de Arce brought the matter to the attention of the Academy, and several members of the Academy threatened to resign, on the ground that they did not wish to make a part of the same body with M. Cotarello, who, "being neither a policeman nor a magistrate," had been "guilty of contemptible conduct." The poor, to whom M. Cotarello offered the twenty-five thousand francs he was given for his revelation by the French authorities, flatly refused to accept it. France (where the offering of a reward for the apprehension of the Humberts had been strenuously objected to) and the rest of Latin Europe were inexpressibly shocked and disgusted by Señor Cotarello's action. "On this subject," wrote Charles Laurent, at the time, "public opinion will listen to neither raillery nor reason. It is useless to try to gild for it the pill, to attempt to mislead it regarding its own sentiments. Though it may hesitate for a second, it quickly gets its bearings again, and resumes the right path. With us, whoever has played the rôle of informer is thereafter condemned to resort to a pseudonym if he wishes to enjoy the fruits of his villainy in peace. And in Italy, in Spain, among all the peoples, even the most remote, who are of Latin origin, it is the same — imperiously."

The immediate occasion of the outbreak

of the abhorrence of *délation* noted in the opening paragraph of this article was the proclamation in the Chamber of Deputies by M. Guyot de Villeneuve (corroboratory documents in hand) of the scandalous extent to which the Minister of War had utilized (with the knowledge, if not the consent, of the premier, M. Combes) the highly organized spy system of the Grand Orient of France as a basis for the degradation and promotion of the officers in the army service.

The documents produced by M. Guyot de Villeneuve were indeed of a nature to create a sensation. They consisted of a voluminous series of secret notes regarding individual army officers and civil functionaries, prepared with great pains and infinite attention to detail by a bureau of the Grand Orient specially established and equipped for the purpose, with the help of free-masons in all sections of France and in all walks of life. These notes concerned themselves with the personal habits and morals, and even with the thoughts of their subjects. They invaded the sanctity of family life. Starting from the false premises that free-thinker and republican are interchangeable terms, and that a person who takes the sacrament, or even goes to mass, is necessarily disloyal to the Republic, they blacklisted those officers who profess or practice religion, and called down condign punishment upon them. They pass belief in their pettiness. M. Combes is said to have deprived of his job a certain river-keeper for the offense of having transported in his boat a member of a religious fraternity from one bank of the river to the other. The surprising thing is, not that M. Combes should have punished the offense, but that he should have learned of the offense. Such an incident indicates better than pages of explanation could the perfection of the masonic spying system, and shows at the same time that the loyalty demanded in reality by M. Combes was not loyalty to the Republic, which is perfectly consistent with religion, but loyalty to M. Combes which, it is very true, is not.

A veritable tidal wave of blended indignation and disgust swept over France at M. Guyot de Villeneuve's unsavory revelations, catching up and hurrying along with it hosts of stanch anti-clericals who had hitherto been the warmest supporters of the ministry.

M. Joseph Reinach, for instance, said: "That a government has the right to inform itself, by its own agents (its direct agents responsible to it), regarding the loyalty of army officers, no one under any régime has ever contested. But the loyalty of an officer to the government is quite a different thing from his political, philosophical, and religious conscience, which should be an impenetrable domain. Loyalty to the government consists in a respectful attitude toward the constitution and its institutions, and this may very properly be made a matter of discipline. But the right stops there. To go farther is the inquisition."

The country at large had paid relatively little attention to such puerile displays of bigotry and petty spite, to such gratuitous and profitless persecutions, as the removal of religious emblems from the court rooms and of crosses from the cemeteries; the suppression of the *Messe Rouge* or Mass of the Holy Ghost for the magistracy; the putting of an embargo, locally, on the wearing of the cassock; the placing of the statue of the skeptic Renan before the Cathedral at Tréguier; the exclusion of the sisters of charity as nurses from the Invalides and from the marine hospitals; the interdiction of religious processions; the forbidding of soldiers to frequent Catholic clubs and recreation rooms; the abolition of the traditional Good Friday rites in the navy; and the substitution of cold and colorless civil festivals for the picturesque *pardons* of Brittany.

It had shown very few signs of being excited when the right to take vows and to live in common was denied to a large class of French citizens; when an Alsatian abbé was expelled from French territory, before he had uttered a word, be-

cause it was assumed that he was going to criticize the ministry; when priests and ecclesiastics were disciplined for allowing monks of the preaching orders to deliver Lenten sermons in their churches; when schoolmasters were encouraged to make their influence not only non-religious, but anti-religious; and when its own monks and nuns, expelled at the point of the bayonet, were welcomed with open arms by non-Catholic countries as accessions to their material, moral, and intellectual wealth.

It had beheld without waxing exceedingly wroth a measure already sufficiently radical, intolerant, and oppressive fade into insignificance before a measure still more radical, intolerant, and oppressive; the law of associations gradually transformed from the instrument of control it was designed to be by its sponsor, Waldeck-Rousseau, into a weapon of suppression; the withdrawal of the right to teach from the unauthorized congregations, from the authorized congregations, and from all the congregations successively; and the resort of the ministry in power to the paradoxical extreme of violating the law for the sake of enforcing a law.

It had listened almost listlessly to unabashed proclamations from the ministry that the political disqualification of Catholics and a monopoly of charity, as well as of education, were a part of its ideal, and to bumptious threats from some of the extremist members of the parliamentary majority that they would blot out churches altogether and set up an irreligion of the state.

It had submitted tamely to the closing of more than fourteen hundred congregational establishments, including those (for which it had well-founded gratitude or affection) of the Carthusians who were engaged in industries that contributed to its wealth, of the sisterhoods consecrated to charity, of the Benedictines devoted to the care of orphans, and of the Christian Brothers, whose technical schools had won the highest awards at the Exposition of 1900, and had been openly approved

again and again by the Chamber and the Senate; submitted likewise to the diminution of French diplomatic prestige in the Orient; to the closing of mission chapels; to the proscription of preaching and teaching the catechism in the Breton tongue; to the breaking of plighted faith; and to the flagrant violation of all the fundamental liberties (except that of the press), and of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which stipulates distinctly that no person shall be disturbed for his religious opinions.

All these things it had seen and heard and endured without being greatly disturbed, otherwise than locally, thereby; but it could not stomach *délation*.

The parties whose names were revealed as district agents of the Grand Orient's information bureau, and who were members of all the trades and professions, were so ostracized and boycotted, and even mobbed, that they were constrained to change their places of residence and business. Many were forced into duels, and a few committed suicide.

Capitaine Mollin, the go-between for General André, the Minister of War, and the Secretary of the Grand Orient, was forced to resign by General André, who hoped to make of him a scapegoat.

This hope being deceived, General André was forced to resign by the Premier, M. Combes,¹ who hoped to make of him a scapegoat; and this hope being deceived, in its turn, M. Combes, finding his position absolutely untenable, resigned, to forestall defeat, while he still had a slender majority.

M. Combes and General André paid the tribute vice frequently pays to virtue, by endeavoring to cover up their wrongdoings. They put forth formal, hesitating, half-hearted disclaimers, mildly decrying *délation*. But inasmuch as they visited no adequate punishment on the offenders, and inasmuch as they accompanied their disclaimers, the former with an address

¹ The pretext for General André's resignation was the assault made on him by Gabriel Syveton, but this pretext deceived nobody.

to the prefects inculcating espionage under a slightly different form and organizing it into a highly complicated system, and the latter with a statement that many of the army officers were hostile to the Republic, that the army must be purified and republicanized at all hazards, and that no source of information should be neglected which could be utilized for its purification and republicanization, these disclaimers could not be taken very seriously. To repudiate the notes of *délation* in one breath, and to assert that they employed them only for the good of the state in another, was a proceeding little calculated to impress the unbiased with their innocence. General André portrayed to the chamber with harrowing detail the pathetic plight of the Protestant, Jewish, and Freethinking officers under the previous ministries by reason of the social ostracism to which their Catholic fellow officers had subjected them, and announced his determination of giving the Catholic officers their turn at being made uncomfortable, — as if a resort to social ostracism were a punishable offense, and as if retaliation were a motive for a minister supposed to be a statesman to avow.

Unlike Combes and André, the officers of the Grand Orient of France did not beat about the bush. They did not deny the charges brought against them, nor even attempt to palliate them in any way. On the contrary, they proclaimed, with a frankness that would be effrontery if it were not fanaticism, tale-bearing in the interests of the Republic to be a very rare and special brand of virtue,¹ thereby bringing themselves into a discredit with the nation at large from which they will not soon emerge.

¹ It is only fair to say that many masons protested and that some resigned from their lodges. Furthermore, it should be explained that French free-masons have long been eyed askance by the free-masons of most other countries because of their atheistical tendencies. Nothing said of them here is applicable to American free-masons, who, we have every reason to believe, hold themselves laudably aloof from political intrigue.

M. Lafferre, the Grand Master of the Grand Orient, defended the notes of *déclaration* in the Chamber, and, in a document sent to all the lodges of France by the Supreme Council on the third of November, the following passages occur:—

“There is not one of our lodges, there is not one of our brothers, who is not familiar with the fierce campaign carried on during the past few days against our order by the entire monarchic, nationalist, and clerical reaction. They have been trying, by resorting to insult and clamor, to distort the acts of which we are justly proud, and thanks to which we have helped in some small measure to rescue the Republic from the underground manoeuvres of its eternal enemies. . . .

“And now, we desire in the name of the whole Masonic body to declare boldly that, in furnishing to the Minister of War detailed information regarding the faithful servants of the Republic and regarding those who by their incessantly hostile attitude to the Republic have occasioned the most natural anxiety, the Grand Orient of France claims not only to have exercised a legitimate right, but to have accomplished the most important of duties.

“The Republic is our common property. We have purchased it dearly, and the Masons, above all others, may claim the honor of having caused its triumph. Without Free-masonry the Republic would have disappeared long ago, free-thought would have been definitely stifled by the triumphant congregation, and Pius X would reign as master over an enslaved France.

“Is it not ridiculous to see our enemies treat to-day as contemptible espionage the acts by which we put the administrators of the commonwealth on their guard against the treasons of faithless functionaries, and signalized to them those who were the best fitted to serve them usefully? . . .

“Our activity is a necessary counterpoise to that of the Catholic clubs. . . . Is the sleeping partner of a great industrial concern a contemptible informer if

he signalizes to the manager of the business in which he has invested his fortune the maladministration of some employees, and the intelligence, honesty, and worthiness of others? Verily, words have changed their meanings in the mouths of the Nationalists, and for them moral laws have lost their force.

“And who are these Nationalists and these clericals who are trying to make it appear a crime for the Grand Orient to have performed loyally its duty?

“They are the very ones who from the foundation of the Republic have by incessant slander and deceit kept away all the Republicans from all the administrations, and more especially from the Army, and have replaced them by adversaries of the established order who are ready for all the *coups d'état* and all the reactions. . . .

“And it is these men, who ought to hang their heads because of their impudent misdeeds, who assume a self-righteous tone to-day and charge with disloyalty one of the most loyal, most legitimate, and most republican acts which the Grand Orient of France has performed.

“And it was before the cries of outraged modesty of such people as these that so many Republicans in the Chamber (several Masons included) were for an instant disturbed and disconcerted; so much disturbed and disconcerted that no one of them was able to find at the opportune moment the fitting word, and no one of them was capable of seizing the occasion to glorify Masonry, which was being assailed by its eternal adversaries, and to proclaim in the presence of all that it had deserved well of the Republic.

“We call the attention of our lodges, and of all Masons of the present and of the future, to the votes of weakness, of fear, and of cowardice cast by a certain number of Republicans who, at the very moment when it was necessary to present a united front to the unchained reaction, added their voices to those of our most irreconcilable enemies. They recall, alas, the weakness, the fear, and the cowardice

of the most sombre days of Boulangism and of Nationalism.

"In spite of them, the Republic has once more come off victor. Many, we hope, will speedily recover their self-possession. In the meantime, our lodges will keep an eye upon them."

L'Action and several other extremist journals, which take their cue from the Grand Orient, adopted a similar audacious attitude and indulged in similar utterances.

When the writer stated, a year ago, that M. Combes probably had a separation project "up his sleeve," he did not suspect that M. Combes, crafty as he was known to be, would be crafty enough to bring about a series of totally unnecessary controversies with Rome which would culminate in the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and would make separation present itself as the only possible course; nor that he would be crafty enough to father a project of separation of church and state that would not separate the church from the state, but would bring the former, on the contrary, more completely under the latter's power. Nevertheless, this is what occurred. M. Combes did all these things.

He contrived to make it appear that Rome had deliberately violated the Concordat, — although he knew perfectly well that what Rome had violated (if she had violated anything) was not the Concordat, but the Organic Articles, the force of which she had not only never recognized, but had always protested against as a gross breach of good faith on the part of Napoleon I, — and he even succeeded in getting an overwhelming vote from the Chamber to the effect that this violation of the Concordat by the Vatican left France absolutely no choice.

Then, when he had wrought the legislators up to the proper pitch of vindictiveness, he broached a scheme which he called a separation scheme, but which was in reality a shrewd device for paying off old grudges, for facilitating the sup-

pression of religious education, for making the practice of worship as difficult as possible, and for defying the Pope; a device, in a word, for establishing a concordatory régime without a Concordat. The measure by which he proclaimed his willingness to stand or fall was a bill of persecution and confiscation, not a measure of liberation, and was well characterized by M. Brunetière as a measure "not of separation but of proscription." The liberty it claimed to confer was not liberty, but oppression, like all the liberty with which M. Combes ever had anything to do.

Among other things, it made the very existence of individual churches dependent on ministerial caprice, and stipulated that their accounts should be subjected to the Prefect, or his representative, whenever he might call for them. It forbade the holding of religious services in any place not built for the purpose and not authorized by the government, and abolished the right of churches to federate, except within the limits of a single department, — a proceeding more distasteful and more dangerous to Protestants than to Catholics.

"The rich departments," said M. Desmoulins, apropos of the Combes measure, "will not be authorized to come to the aid of the poor departments, and the churches the most liberally endowed will not be able to turn over their surplus receipts to a central treasury in order to constitute a sinking fund. . . . M. Combes suppresses the solidarity of Christians. The Free-masons may organize and federate as they will, but the Catholics are denied this privilege."

M. Clément, commenting on the same measure, said: —

"M. Combes thinks, doubtless, that the liberty so parsimoniously accorded to the monastic associations which were recognized by the law of 1901 would be too great for the churches. He imposes on these last, therefore, extra regulations, and, most curious of all, denies them the right to federate except within the limits of a single department. The consequence

of this restriction of the right of association will be to deprive the poor departments of every kind of assistance from adjacent departments in the maintenance of Catholic worship. Another consequence will be the suppression of the archbishoprics. As to the Protestant and Israelitish churches, this restriction means death, nothing more nor less. Having no more a common organization, being no longer able to unite their resources and put them under the control of a central committee, consistory, or general synod, the Protestant cult and the Israelitish cult are doomed to disappear. It is a fresh revocation of the Edict of Nantes with which the Bonaparte who directs the destinies of Republican France strikes them."

These opinions are the opinions of churchmen, it is true, and as such are subject to caution. But M. Clemenceau, who cannot be suspected of tenderness toward the Church, although he has held himself heroically independent of M. Combes's dictation, speaks to the same effect no less emphatically.

"M. Combes," he says, "would have it so that he and his successors might hold the clergy by the right they will have to turn over to or to withhold from said clergy each and every one of the religious edifices. The ecclesiastic who shall have displeased the ministry will find himself deprived of his episcopal palace or of his presbytery. The priest who shall have opposed the official candidate in the local elections will be sure of his affair. His church will be taken away from him sooner or later."

Many ancient and honored radicals, notably M. Maret and M. Goblet, have indulged in similar utterances.

While the immediate occasion of the withdrawal of M. Combes was unquestionably the tale-bearing scandals, the underlying cause was the supreme weariness of the community with M. Combes's brutal and intolerant treatment of religion.

M. Combes's successor, M. Rouvier,

appreciated this twofold fact. Accordingly, he issued at once an unequivocal proclamation severely condemning the system of secret reports upon the lives of the army officers, and approving the expulsion of one of the most shameless of the *délateurs* from the Legion of Honor, and the dismissal of another from the Superior Council of War; and he made it plain, while accepting the general programme of M. Combes, that he repudiated his barbarous methods and his revengeful spirit.

"We have before us," said M. Renault-Morlière soon after M. Rouvier became premier, "a ministry which by its declarations and its first acts has shown us that it is doing its best to atone for the blunders of its predecessor." "The atmosphere has become more breathable," said M. Thierry, "since the accession of Minister Rouvier. Ever since the reading of the ministerial declaration, we have had the feeling that we were no longer dealing with the same people. The tone has changed. We are back in France, back in the country of good taste, of tact, and of courtesy, all qualities which were conspicuous by their absence in the character of the former President of the Council."

M. Rouvier's attitude has been conciliatory in an eminent degree. "We would like," he says, "to accomplish this reform (the separation of church and state) with unanimity." Nor is this attitude a pose. M. Rouvier, whose political traditions are opportunist, was anything but a warm partisan of separation when he formed a part of the ministry of M. Combes. He was the member of the Combes cabinet most opposed to the recall of M. Nisard, the French ambassador to the Vatican, and did not sign the decree suspending diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican. Indeed, he would probably never have become an advocate of separation at all, if the peculiar circumstances of his accession to the premiership had not forced this rôle upon him.

The project of M. Bienvenu - Martin which M. Rouvier adopted as the measure of the ministry is totally different in temper from the measure of M. Combes. It partakes of M. Rouvier's moderation, just as the Combes measure partook of the bigotry of M. Combes. It lacks the atmosphere of contention that enveloped, fatally, everything which M. Combes tried to do. It is an attempt to come to an understanding with religion rather than to antagonize it, and marks a cessation of direct war upon the church. It bespeaks an honest desire to secure religious liberty and independence for all denominations.

Like its predecessor, it abolishes the Concordat, suppresses all existing public establishments of religion, requires the present church associations to transform themselves into civil corporations, and prohibits all appropriations of government funds for religious purposes; but, unlike its predecessor, it recognizes rights in the religious associations and imposes obligations on the communes and on the state. It discards the most odious and oppressive features of the Combes measure. It extends greatly the limits within which religious societies may federate. It increases the grants, indemnities, and pensions of the clergy, and includes a number of provisions intended to make as easy as possible the transition from the old to the new régime.

Furthermore, there is nothing in the text to prevent the formation of associations to worship elsewhere than in the state buildings, or to prevent the bishops and clergy from participating in politics outside of the pulpit.

The fundamental weakness of the Rouvier measure is that it contradicts itself. It is hesitating and incoherent. What it seems to accord in one section it seems to withdraw in another. "The first article of this separatist project," says Henri Maret, a freethinking advocate of real separation, "establishes liberty, but the following articles suppress it. And these articles are thirty-one. Now liberty can

be annihilated in less than thirty-one articles." "We feel that the persons who drew up this measure," says Comte d'Haussonville, a Catholic believer in real separation, "were divided between two feelings: a fairly sincere desire to accord to the church the liberties essential to its life, and the fear of being reproached for according too much."

The preamble is, in truth, as brave as any one could desire. Thus: "We wish to guarantee the free exercise of worship, and this liberty should have no other limitations than those which are imposed by considerations of public order." The difficulty is that the "limitations imposed by considerations of public order" are made so numerous and final that the brave preamble is well-nigh buried out of sight by them, and the net result is a mere change in the form of the control of the church by the government, not the abolition of that control.

The Rouvier measure is based on the assumption that the bulk of the property now in the hands of the church belongs to the state or the communes, although this is far from being a settled point in law. It commits an injustice in compelling the transferral to the new religious associations of the property acquired since the Concordat, as to which no one pretends that it belongs to the state. It practically confiscates, by turning them over to the state, all the charitable foundations of the churches, thus establishing a state monopoly of charity. Indeed, by restricting the activity of the church to worship, it makes impossible what is known in America as the "institutional church." It leaves the communes free to rent the church buildings to the churches, or not to rent them, as they please, and free likewise to turn them over to secular uses, or even to sell them to outside parties at the end of twelve years; but it makes no provision for their purchase by the church from the state. It bases the rents of the church buildings not on the rentable value of the buildings themselves, but on the revenue of the lessees.

It dictates how church funds shall be invested, and stipulates what revenue the investments may bring. It forbids the holding of political meetings in buildings habitually used for worship, and punishes by fine or imprisonment or both any attempt on the part of a clergyman to influence the votes of electors or to persuade them to refrain from voting. It provides for the dissolution by the courts of churches against which complaints are made. It devotes a dozen articles to *La Police des Cultes* (the phrase has an unfortunate sound in a law of liberty), although all the points with which this police deals are amply covered by the common law. Thus, it makes special provision for the punishment of clergymen for defaming or insulting government officials by readings, speeches, or the posting or distribution of circulars; for direct provocation to resistance to the execution of the laws or the legal acts of public authority; and for endeavoring to excite or to arm a portion of the citizens against the other citizens, — quite as if these were not already punishable offenses when indulged in by any persons or class of persons whatsoever. It abrogates none of the oppressive religious legislation of the past few years. On the other hand, it goes out of its way to reaffirm the acts of July 1, 1901, December 4, 1902, and July 7, 1904.

The cordial reception given to M. Rouvier's project, in spite of these inconsistent, superfluous, and petty features, is a further proof of the unpopularity of M. Combes.

"Under the Combes ministry," says M. Clemenceau, "several members of the cabinet would not consider separation. Now they vie with each other in their eagerness for it. Everybody is in a hurry to sign, including M. Delcassé. It has even been difficult, it appears, to make the Minister of Agriculture understand that his signature is not necessary."

The hostility to the Combes ministry was, in fact, less to its policy abstractly considered than to its harsh and odious

methods. In the long run M. Combes's personality proved to be the greatest obstacle in the way of his own ideas. It was less because M. Combes wished to abrogate the Concordat, than because he was willing "to upset a policy deep-rooted in French history without any regard for the delicate bonds he was sundering," that he aroused antagonism.

Practically all the religious and political groups are so heartily sick of the troubled atmosphere of the last few years that they are willing to accept, if not to advocate, almost any solution that is put forward as a means of pacification, and there is every prospect, therefore, that M. Rouvier's bill, which disclaims, unlike M. Combes's bill, every species of retaliation, will go through substantially as it stands.

The Combists (anti-clerical radicals, socialists, and socialist-radicals), although far from satisfied with so relatively mild a measure, are limiting their action to an attempt to amend it in the direction of greater severity, having at last come to realize, through the discomfiture of their leader, that there are still lengths to which it is dangerous to go against the church. The Socialist demand that atheism be taught in the schools has been effectually rebuked; the frankly avowed anti-Christian movement has collapsed. The change from Combes to Rouvier has at least checked effectually the insolence of those who were proclaiming their intention to abolish public worship altogether, and this in itself is a great gain.

Such of the Radicals as are not violent anti-clericals are disposed to welcome any arrangement that will extricate the state from the absurd situation which constrains it "to penetrate into the temple, and to choose the person who shall represent there the good God;" which makes it "the duty of men who profess incredulity to indicate to others what they shall believe and in what measure they shall believe it, — to regulate, in a word, a dogma in which they do not believe themselves. They are willing to take any step

that seems to lead towards a society in which every sort of religion and philosophy shall be preached, propagated, and annihilated at its own risk and peril," and in which "no one shall be forced to occupy himself with what does not concern him."

The Conservatives oppose the Rouvier bill almost to a man, on principle, but in a formal, perfunctory way which makes it clear that it does not alarm them unduly.

The Progressives, while preferring for the most part the maintenance of the *status quo*, are bending their energies, true to their opportunist tendencies, not to securing the defeat of the bill, but to ameliorating it by amendments in the direction of less severity; and they will probably vote for it whether they can ameliorate it or not.

The Protestants, while not a little dismayed by the gravity of the financial problem which will confront them when they are obliged to make their churches self-supporting, in consequence of the withdrawal of the state subsidy, are so much less dismayed than they were by the absolute prohibition of federation contained in the Combes bill, that they seem to have renounced the idea of making any very vigorous opposition.

The Jews, being easily sufficient unto themselves, financially and otherwise, have so little to gain or lose either way that they are profoundly indifferent to the outcome, except in so far as they discern in separation a sort of Dreyfusard triumph.

The Catholics are less disturbed by the Rouvier Bill in its present form than by their fear of what it may lead to. "The Catholics," says the deputy Denys Cochin, "know to what use laws of liberty are put. The fate of the free school makes it possible to augur what will be the fate of the free church." They have long been preparing themselves for the cessation of the state subsidy, and if they could be assured that the proposed law would not be employed as a lever to deal

with the churches as the monastic orders have been dealt with, they would be well-nigh resigned to its passage. As it is, they are less bitterly hostile to it than they were to the Combes Bill. Indeed, the more fair-minded and progressive Catholics, while far from being satisfied with it, inasmuch as it does not accord to the clergy the same rights which private citizens possess, admit that it is not "a project of oppression and degradation," as was the bill of M. Combes, and are inclined to regard it as a possible first step toward "the free and independent church in a free and tolerant state," which has come gradually to be their ideal since they have seen how impossible it is for a church to fulfill its spiritual mission under a joint control.

The banefulness or innocuousness of most of the provisions to which they take exception will depend less on their letter than on the spirit in which they are interpreted and administered, and they have high hopes that the results of the next general election (in which the whole people will express for the first time their sentiments regarding the church issue) will be favorable to an interpretation and administration of the most liberal and tolerant sort.

In a word, the church and the state, after years of a troubled union, in the course of which they have had frequent periods of "shying plates at each other's heads," so to speak, have about reached the conclusion that their temperaments are mutually incompatible, and that to agree to disagree and live apart amicably is the wiser course.

The fourfold programme of the Combes ministry, which was nominally adopted by the Rouvier ministry, was stated as follows by M. Combes in an address delivered last summer at Carcassonne:—

"We have assumed the responsibility of the direction of public affairs solely in order to realize a determined programme, of which France already knows the main lines: before all and above all, the com-

plete secularization of our society by the complete victory of the lay spirit over the clerical spirit; in the second place, the reform of our military organization, and the reduction of the duration of the service to two years; in the third place, the introduction into our financial legislation of imposts upon the revenue as corrective of the inequalities and injustices of our fiscal régime; in the fourth place, the passage of laws for the assistance of the workingmen and the establishment of old-age pensions for them,— aims which have been always understood, and which have been in a sense the object of all the laws, projects, and propositions of laws of social order, which have secured or retained in the last fifteen years the solicitude of the republican assemblies.”

The first of these items has been so materially modified by the temperate attitude of M. Rouvier as to have become almost a dead letter, as has been seen above.

The second item is practically an accomplished fact, both chambers having already voted for the army bill.

The third item is likely to go through at no very remote date, though M. Rouvier confesses himself lukewarm with regard to the matter.

The fourth item seems likely to wait a long time for its acceptance; not because there is any very formidable opposition to it on principle, but because the cost of it is greater than the state seems likely to be able to bear in the near future,—the increase in funds from the probable withdrawal of the subsidies to the churches being counterbalanced by the increased appropriations necessitated by the replacing of the suppressed schools of the monastic orders by public schools.

The strengthening of the Franco-Italian *entente*; the maintenance of the peace of Europe and the *status quo* in the East, and the arbitration of the Dogger Bank incident, thanks in a large measure to the

steadying influence of the Anglo-French *entente*; the definition of the rôle of France in the north of Africa; and the calm, dignified, but determined response of M. Delcassé to the German Emperor's *bou-tade* at Tangiers, have marked the year in diplomacy.

The honoring of Mistral with a Nobel Prize by the Swedish Academy; the welcoming of Barrett Wendell to the Sorbonne; the reversion of several distinguished writers (notably Anatole France and Jules Lemaitre) to literature, after they had squandered several years on politics, have marked the year in letters.

A further development of the tendency already noticeable in 1903-04 to improve the literary tone of the popular theatre; a worthy revival of the poetic drama; and an adequate, if novel, interpretation of *King Lear* by Antoine, have marked the stage year.

An awakening to the need of technical training has marked the year in education. A trade-union movement for Sunday rest has marked the year in social betterment. Two successful crossings of the English Channel in airships have marked the year in applied science. The partial vindication of Dr. Doyen's cancer theories and treatment has marked the year in medicine.

These and several other things, in these and several other departments of life and thought, would call for a detailed presentation in this letter, had they not been overshadowed by the great socio-religious conflict centring about the attempt of M. Combes to secularize French society from top to bottom.

A well-known publicist characterized this conflict the other day as the gravest crisis France has known since the period of the great Revolution. The writer believes the estimate of this publicist to be just, and this is the reason that he has practically ignored all the other events of the twelvemonth.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS : THE TWO PURSUITS¹

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE literature of the past half century appears to have been a product, or resultant, of two principal forces, or rather impulses: the impulse toward a freer exercise of the romantic imagination, and the impulse toward an extreme development, in science of material effectiveness, and in art of sheer technical skill. These impulses are obviously independent, if not hostile; they have sometimes neutralized, often deflected, each other, and it would be hard to name an instance in which their action has been perfectly complementary. Not seldom, to be sure, they have worked side by side, if not altogether to mutual advantage: they have jointly, though not harmoniously, and by divers methods, irritated the productive nerves of creators, inventors, and art-for-art's-sake men. Their somewhat jarring coexistence should suggest a point of attack in dealing with not a few of the more pressing questions of current criticism. To our mind, at least, several recently published books of criticism are of especial significance for the light they, consciously or unconsciously, cast upon the interplay of these impulses in modern fiction, poetry, and drama: the pursuit of virtuosity and the pursuit of illusion.

Of the pursuit of illusion, Mr. Watts-Dunton is one of our most eminent critical champions. It is significant that he

should have been not only the valued friend of Rossetti and Morris, but also for many years the housemate and companion of Swinburne, greatest of modern poetical virtuosi. "The Renaissance of Wonder," is the phrase which Mr. Watts-Dunton connects with that movement toward a freer exercise of the romantic imagination which he considered the important movement in modern art. "As the storm-wind is the cause and not the effect of the mighty billows at sea, so the movement in question was the cause and not the effect of the French Revolution. . . . The phrase, the Renaissance of Wonder, merely indicates that there are two great impulses governing man, and probably not man only, but the entire world of conscious life: the impulse of acceptance, — the impulse to take unchallenged and for granted all the phenomena of the outer world as they are, — and the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of inquiry and wonder."

By wonder, it is further explained, the critic means, "that poetical attitude which the human mind assumes when confronting those unseen powers of the universe who, if they did not weave the web in which man finds himself entangled, dominate it." Romanticism, as a term that is feeble in itself and debased by usage, cannot for him express that attitude. "Not all the romantic feeling to be found in all the French romanticists (with their theory that not earnestness but the grotesque is the life-blood of romance) could equal the romantic feeling expressed in a single picture or drawing of Rossetti's, such, for instance, as Beata Beatrix or Pandora." Of Pandora he says in another place: "In it is seen at its highest Rossetti's unique faculty of treating classical legend in the true romantic spirit.

837

¹ *Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic.* By JAMES DOUGLAS. New York: John Lane. 1905.

Studies in Prose and Verse. By ARTHUR SYMONS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists. By JAMES HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons. 1905.

Dramatists of To-Day: Being an Informal Discussion of their Significant Work. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

The grand and sombre beauty of Pandora's face, the mysterious haunting sadness in her deep blue - gray eyes as she tries in vain to reclose the box from which are still escaping the smoke and flames that shape themselves as they curl over her head into shadowy spirit-faces, gray with agony, between tortured wings of sullen fire, are in the highest romantic mood." This is to give Rossetti a high place indeed; since, according to the further generalization which completes the foundation of Mr. Watts-Dunton's structure of criticism, "Other things being equal, or anything like equal, a painter or poet of our time is to be judged very much by his sympathy with that great movement which we call the Renaissance of Wonder."

Here, then, is what appears at first glance to be, if not a reliable, a pretty comfortable *vade mecum* for the observer of modern letters. It has been seized upon as such by not a few of the younger English critics, with the result, among others, that certain terms like Renaissance of Wonder and *Natura Benigna* are in the way of declining from respectable catchwords to the mere cant of a coterie. Mr. Watts-Dunton has, however, by the employment of such phrases, and by the expression of the critical attitude for which they stand, done not a little toward bridging the gap between a rigid classical criticism, on the one hand, and a flighty pseudo-romantic criticism on the other. That he has persistently refused to collect, revise, and bring into unity those (in the proper sense of the term) essays in criticism, which maintain an obscure, if not precarious, existence in the files of the *Athenæum* and the pages of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is a fact which he explains in these terms: "I had for years, let me confess, cherished the idea that some day I might be able to take my various expressions of opinion upon literature, especially upon poetry, and mould them into a coherent, and, perhaps, into a harmonious whole. This alone would have satisfied me. But year

by year the body of critical writing from my pen has grown, and I felt and feel more and more unequal to the task of grappling with such a mass. . . . I am not so entirely without literary aspiration as not to regret that, years ago, when the mass of material was more manageable, I neglected to collect them and edit them myself. But the impulse to do this is now gone. . . . Owing to the quite unexpected popularity of *The Coming of Love* and of *Aylwin*, my mind has been diverted from criticism, and plunged into those much more fascinating waters of poetry and fiction in which I used to revel long before."

One cannot doubt the ingenuousness of this; nor can one fail to see in it a confession of limitation. Corollary to his insistence upon imaginative spontaneity is an insistence upon spontaneity of expression. To apply this principle has been, for himself, to practice improvisation; patently that in his critical writing, essentially that in his verse and fiction. "To define any kind of style," he asserts, "we must turn to real life. When we say of an individual in real life that he or she has style, we mean that the individual gives us an impression of unconscious power or unconscious grace, as distinguished from that conscious power or conscious grace which we call manner. The difference is fundamental. It is the same in literature; style is unconscious power or grace, — manner is conscious power or grace." This theory of style, admirable as it is, fails to prescribe that infinite painstaking which is a *sine qua non* for all, at least, under the first order of genius. And, *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love* to the contrary, Mr. Watts-Dunton's own minor genius, or major talent, should have found its constructive or creative expression through criticism. He is a lesser, though considerable, poet and novelist; he might have been a really great critic. To many minds he is that: Mr. Swinburne, in his generous way, has called him "the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of

any age." His achievement, whatever it may have been, is, we understand, due to his success in breaking away from tradition, and in "always dealing with first principles."

What school of criticism does not pride itself on its unique addiction to first principles? — a phrase capable of as ready appropriation and varied interpretation as the *Return to Nature* which provided Sir Leslie Stephen with so suggestive a text. In the dedication of his *Studies in Prose and Verse*, Mr. Arthur Symons has this paragraph:—

"If there are any names here that do not interest you, disregard them, or read other names in their places. I am interested only in first principles, and it seems to me that to study first principles one must wait for them till they are made flesh and dwell among us. I have rarely contrasted one writer with another, or compared very carefully the various books of any writer among themselves. Criticism is not an examination with marks and prizes. It is a valuation of forces, and it is indifferent to their direction. It is concerned with them only as force, and it is concerned with force only, in its kind and degree." The first principles, or forces, with which Mr. Symons occupies himself are not altogether identical with those which have employed Mr. Watts-Dunton. In wonder as the saving element in human nature the younger critic has complete faith; but he is by no means confident that we are just now on the road to salvation. Our rebirth of wonder has been attended, and sadly jeopardized, by a monstrous new birth: the worship of fact. For much he holds responsible "that nameless thing, the newspaper, which can be likened only, and that at its best, to a printed phonograph. . . . Facts are difficult of digestion, and should be taken diluted, at infrequent intervals. They suit few constitutions when taken whole, and none when taken indiscriminately. The worship of fact is a wholly modern attitude of mind,

and it comes together with a worship of what we call science. True science is a kind of poetry, it is a divination, an imaginative reading of the universe. What we call science is an engine of material progress, it teaches us how to get most quickly to the other end of the world, and how to kill the people there in the most precise and economic manner. The function of this kind of science is to extinguish wonder, whereas the true science deepens our sense of wonder as it enlightens every new tract of the enveloping darkness."

Upon the question of style (and there is no article of the literary creed which more definitely places a critic) these two devotees of wonder part company, in practice as well as in theory. His theory Mr. Symons expresses with a good deal of vigor: "Every writer of good prose is a conscious artificer; and to write without deliberately changing the sequence of words as they come into the mind is to write badly. There is no such thing, speaking properly, as a 'natural style;' and it is merely ignorance of the mental processes of writing which sometimes leads us to say that the style of Swift, for instance, is more natural than the style of Ruskin." Certainly this is far enough from the "unconscious power or grace" which to Mr. Watts-Dunton means style. Mr. Symons in his pursuit of illusion declares that we require of the great artist "a world like our own, but a world infinitely more vigorous, interesting, profound; more beautiful with that kind of beauty which nature finds of itself for art. It is the quality of great creative art to give us so much life that we are overpowered by it, as by an air almost too vigorous to breathe: the exuberance of creation which makes the Sybils of Michelangelo something more than human, which makes Lear something more than human, in one kind or another of divinity." *That kind of beauty which nature finds of itself for art.* Yet Mr. Symons's own work, both creative and critical (if we must make such a distinction),

would on the whole stand as an art-for-art's-sake utterance, as the best possible word to be said for that illegitimate offspring of the Wonder-renascence which we have had to style ungraciously "decadence."

We ought not, perhaps, to have said "illegitimate," since opposed to the "impulse of acceptance" is not only "the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of inquiry and wonder," but the impulse to produce whatever is superficially unconventional, whatever may be likely to make people's eyes stick out in a kind of physical wonder. At all events, it must be reluctantly admitted that, excellent critic as Mr. Symons is, given his premises, those premises in themselves seem to offer a somewhat insecure foothold. Strange gods indeed are some of those to whom, in the present volume, he has erected shrines. Of an Oscar Wilde one should have heard enough, and of a Hubert Crackanthorpe one can hardly hear too little: why, at worst, inflict upon us the paltry reminiscences of an Ernest Dowson? "I have never known him when he could resist either the desire or the consequences of drink. . . . He drank the poisonous liquors of those pothouses which swarm about the docks; he drifted about in whatever company came in his way; he let heedlessness develop into a curious [why curious?] disregard of personal tidiness. In Paris, Les Halles took the place of the docks. At Dieppe, where I saw so much of him one summer, he discovered strange, squalid haunts about the harbour, where he made friends with amazing innkeepers, and got into rows with the fishermen who came in to drink after midnight. At Brussels, where I was with him at the time of the Kermesse, he flung himself into all that riotous Flemish life, with a zest for what was most sordidly riotous in it." Yet "A soul unspotted from the world, in a body which one sees visibly soiling before one's eyes; that improbability is what all who knew him saw in Dowson, as his youthful physical grace gave way year by year, and the per-

sonal charm underlying it remained unchanged." Here is "indifference to direction," and no mistake: the true pathetic fallacy of decadence. All honor to the cad and the ne'er-do-weel: they are not to be stalled in any slough of respectability. Villon and Verlaine . . . never to bathe and always (if possible) to get drunk; and to record the omission and the commission in impeccable verse: so, among other ways, wonder may be worshiped; so one may register one's resistance against the impulse of acceptance.

This is, of course, a bald and shallow putting of the case, but one cannot help regretting keenly that so rich, and in some respects so exquisite, a critical faculty as that of Mr. Symons should seem to exhaust itself in the judgment of work often exquisite, but seldom rich, seldom of the first order according to any recognizable criterion. Mr. Symons's mind, indeed, with all its delicacy of behavior, is irresistibly moved by the appeal of novelty in the studied expression of emotion. Conformity is so abhorrent to him as to make even deformity not altogether intolerable to him: deformity of mood veiled, that is, by some kind of new elegance of manner. What he says of the (it would seem) unspeakable hyper-aesthete of the past generation may be applied without undue strain to that whole movement to which the unkindly label of "decadence" has affixed itself: "The unbiased, scornful intellect, to which humanity has never been a burden, comes now to be unable to sit aside and laugh, and it has worn and looked behind so many masks that there is nothing desirable left in illusion. Having seen, as the artist sees, further than morality, but with so partial an eyesight as to have overlooked it on the way, it has come at length to discover morality in the only way left possible, for itself. And, like most of those who, having thought themselves weary, have made the adventure of putting thought into action, it has had to discover it sorrowfully, at its own incalculable expense." In defining decadence, Mr. Symons does not spare his

hand; it is, he says, "that learned corruption of language by which style ceases to be organic, and becomes, in the pursuit of some new expressiveness or beauty, deliberately abnormal." Yet it is among the practitioners of such a "corrupt" literary art that his personal enthusiasms range, and that his own place must be recognized.

"Escape from self," "escape from life," these are the always recurring phrases which give the keynote to Mr. Symons's criticism. His critical inquiry, whatever its immediate object, invariably resolves itself into the question, How did this human being think to escape from life, and how far did he succeed in escaping? Let us keep ourselves indifferent to the direction which that impulse may take: through dissipation, through hard mechanical work, through religion, through love, through art: these are the means among which we are to choose; "and our happiness, our success in life, will depend on our choosing rightly, each for himself, among the forms in which that choice will come to us." This, then, is our 'gospel according to Symons; there is no place in it, we notice, for the impulse of acceptance. "The one certainty is, that society is the enemy of man, and that formal art is the enemy of the artist."

That sentence might be the motto of Mr. Huneker's "book of dramatists;" *Iconoclasts* is a series of studies of living or recent dramatists who have resolutely abandoned formal art. They have produced we cannot as yet absolutely know what: nightmares are not of necessity more illuminating than facts, and much of this strange non-conforming literature may seem to later generations to have been simply hag-ridden. Mr. Huneker is a critic of the most brilliant journalistic type. By that one does not mean simply to record the fact that the substance of the present volume has appeared from time to time in the columns of the *New York Sun*, or to find anything undignified in the account of a sought and obtained

interview with M. Maeterlinck, with which the book closes. This writer has evidently a wide knowledge of art, and a wide acquaintance with men. What one misses in his work is the repose, the finish, the, it may be, studied avoidance of mere epigram, mere cleverness, which gives so stable a charm to such criticism as that of Mr. Symons. Mr. Huneker would very likely be quite frank in preferring effect to achievement; or would allege that for his purpose they are really the same thing. At all events, he follows a method which in the hands of Mr. Chesterton and others is now giving a kind of popularity to criticism, at least to criticism of contemporary work; a service well worth performing, both as contributing to rational enjoyment and as an exercise of the missionary function. But criticism has yet another office: that of an art whose purity gives permanence to the utterances of critics so diverse as Sainte-Beuve and Walter Pater, Professor Dowden and Mr. Symons. It comes in the end, as always, to a question of style, of the true expression of a personality. If Mr. Huneker is not indifferent to questions of style, he is certainly not preoccupied by them. The play's the thing: the raw forces, the novel or quasi-novel activities, of the modern European drama are what mainly absorb his attention. Hence a perhaps excessive admiration for playwrights like Villiers de l'Isle Adam, or Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw, we are relieved to hear him say, is guilty of one "grievous error, a total disbelief in the illusions of art." "Earth folk do everything to dodge the facts of life, to them cold, harsh, and at the same time fantastic. Every form of anodyne, ethical, intellectual, æsthetical, is resorted to to deaden the pain of reality. We work to forget to live; our religions, art, philosophy, patriotism, are so many buffers between the soul of man and bitter truth." Mr. Huneker's own method of escape from life is an escape from facts through "the veils, consoling and beautiful, of art." But illusion may be pursued by many paths: Mr. Huneker discerns

in the latest developments of European drama not so much a new-born as a surviving idealism. Of Ibsen, even, he finds it possible to assert that "the surface pessimism of his plays conceals a mighty belief in the ultimate goodness of mankind. Realist as he is, his dramas are shot through with a highly imaginative symbolism. A Pegasus was killed early under him, as Georg Brandes says; but there remains a rich remnant of poesy. And may there not be deduced from his complete compositions a constructive philosophy that makes for the ennoblement of his fellow beings? . . . Ibsen is a reflective poet, one to whom the idea presents itself before the picture; with Shakespeare and Goethe the idea and form were simultaneously born. His art is great and varied, yet it is never exercised as a sheer play of form or color or wit. A romantic originally, he pays the tax to beauty by his vivid symbolism and his rare formal perfections."

An imaginative symbolism seems to him to inform, from Ibsen to Maeterlinck, the product of this modern dramatic impulse: "Maurice Maeterlinck employs the symbol instead of the sword; the psyche is his *panache*. . . . And therein the old ghost of the romantics comes to life, asserting its 'claims of the ideal,' as Ibsen has the phrase. Crushed to dust by the hammers of the realists, sneered at in the bitter-sweet epigrams of Heine, Romance returns to us wearing a new mask. We name this mask Symbolism; but joyous, incarnate, behind its shifting shapes, marches a Romance, the Romance of 1830, the Romance of — before the Deluge. The earth-men, the troglodytes, who went delving into moral sewers and backyards of humanity, ruled for a decade and a day; then the vanquished reconquered. In this cycle of art it is Romance that comes to us more often, remains longer when it does come." It is Romance newly incarnate at the hands of the modern playwright, newly garbed by the modern stage manager. Mr. Huneker accepts without grumbling

the conditions of our present stragecraft. He is undisguisedly interested in the manipulations of scenery, costume, and lights. Success in these particulars can even console him for failures of interpretation. For Miss Terry to attempt the part of Hjördis (in *The Vikings of Helgeland*) was "murdering Ibsen outright;" but "the play had its compensations;" the costuming and lighting, which were in charge of Miss Terry's son, were so effective and original as to make the production well worth seeing, if not quite worth hearing. So charitable, nowadays, may be a critic whose profession has concerned him with audible forms of art.

Ibsen, Strindberg, Becque, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu, Shaw, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, — one might add the names of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Yeats, but would hardly thereby increase the representative value of this list of modern dramatists. The critic's familiar manner is oddly tempered by his addiction to technical phraseology. He has, moreover, the to-date fashion of criticising one art in terms of another: a fashion to which his character of music critic must naturally make Mr. Huneker more than usually susceptible. "The Ibsen technic is rather tight in the social dramas, but the larger rhythms are nowhere missing." Parallel with this studied confusion of tongues is a tendency to make strange bedfellows of noun and adjective: "The grandiloquent silhouettes of the Romantic drama, the mouthers of rhetoric, the substitution of a bric-à-brac mirage for reality, have no place in Ibsen's art." This kind of brilliant verbal coruscation is thrown off, we should say, quite spontaneously; yet it must be recognized as far more a manner and less a style than the measured prose of that "conscious artificer," as he calls himself, Mr. Symons.

Mr. Hale's book of essays is in all respects lighter than the others; but it covers much the same ground as Mr. Huneker's volume, and, representing a quite

distinct order of criticism, should suggest some useful comparisons. This is a series of impressions rather than of careful studies; they have that tone of conscious complaisance to which the pecunious academic person in the act of unbending to literature seems doomed. Certainly these papers are what is called readable: chatty, urbane, a little ostentatiously inconsequent, perhaps, and familiar not always in the best sense. Mr. Hale has, he intimates, no desire to play the Ruskin or the Anatole France: "I remain on an isthmus of a middle state. Somewhere about half way between the holy mountain and the abyss, do I mount beside the puppet booth and give, as through a barker, some comment on the dramatists of our day." He is probably wise to restrict himself in the main to his booth, if we are to judge by the two essays in the present collection in which he permits himself to generalize. His "Note on Standards of Criticism" reads much like an apology for having no standard. "One must," he admits, "do a good deal in the way of description and analysis of character, construction, situation, for that is often the only way that one can present one's impressions, and those things are immensely interesting and valuable for themselves or in relation to other criticism. All is, they are not the main thing here: if they were, I should have to apologize for many omissions and, I suppose, not a few commissions. No one, I hope, will carp at my neglecting academic system and completeness. I have so much lecturing on literature from day to day, so much of the academic way of looking at things, that it is really a means to mental health to do something else." We

ought, perhaps, to be more touched by this confidence than we are able to be; but we do not enjoy a book for the sake of the mental health of its author; if Mr. Hale has anything to apologize for (and, taking his work at its face value, we do not think he has), it is hardly to be taken care of in such terms. His object, he states with sufficient explicitness, is to record the effect which certain modern plays have had upon him personally. Further, he suggests, somewhat obscurely (alas, for the discursive method), that this effect is threefold: upon the moral sense, upon the sense of reality, and upon the sense of ideality, or, as our other critics would say, illusion. What follows will have or lack value for the reader according as he is satisfied or dissatisfied with a cultivated but not too distinct expression of personal opinion. To us it appears that, adventurous as criticism must be in its contact with masterpieces, or other pieces, adventitious it must not be, if it aspires to stability as well as effectiveness.

Dreamer, virtuoso, journalistic commentator, academic observer, intelligent amateur, — among or out of such categories the contemporary writer has his being; and into whatever abeyance the creative spirit may have been apparently thrown by the worship paid for the moment to material progress, to merely technical excellence, wonder, the pursuit of illusion, is, it seems, to have no great difficulty in maintaining that priority among the forces making for human happiness which it has always — yes, even in the eighteenth century and in the nineteenth — held among the sons of men.

PENGUIN PERSONS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

AFTER all, one knows so little about a man from his printed works! They are the gleanings of his thoughts and investigations, the pick of his mind and heart; and they are at best but an impersonal and partial record of the writer. Even autobiography has something unsatisfactory about it; one feels the narrator is on guard always, as it were, and, aware of an audience cold and of strangers, keeps this back and trims up that to make himself more what he should be (or, in some perverse cases, what he should not be!). But probably no man who is worthy of attention sits down to write a letter to a good friend with one eye on posterity and the public. In his intimate correspondence he is off guard. Hence, some day, when he has died, the world comes to know him by fleeting glimpses as he was, — which is almost as near, is it not, as we ever get to knowing one another? — knows him under his little private moods, in the spell of his personal joys and sorrows, sees his flashes of unexpected humor, — even, it may be, his unexpected pettinesses. Thus dangerous and thus delightful is it to publish a great man's letters.

Such letters were Ruskin's to Charles Eliot Norton, which Professor Norton has recently given to the world. No one can fail from those letters to get a more intimate picture of the author of *Modern Painters* than could ever be imagined out of that work itself, and out of the rest of his works beside, not excepting the wonderful *Fors Clavigera*; and not only a more intimate, but a different picture, touched with greater whimsicality, and with infinite sadness, too. Not his hard-wrung thoughts and theories, but his moods of the moment — and he was a man rich in the moods of the moment — tell most prominently here. And with

how many of these moods can the Ordinary Reader sympathize! Again and again as the Ordinary Reader turns the pages he finds the great man under the thralldom of the same insect cares and annoyances which rule us all, until he realizes as perhaps never before that poet and peasant, genius and scribe, are indeed one in a common humanity, and sighs, with a lurking smile of satisfaction, "So nigh is grandeur to our dust!"

One of these points of convergence between Ruskin and the Ordinary Reader which has appealed to me with peculiar force occurs in a letter from London dated in 1860. "When I begin to think at all," Ruskin writes, "I get into states of disgust and fury at the way the mob is going on (meaning by the mob, chiefly Dukes, crown-princes, and such like persons) that I choke; and have to go to the British Museum and look at Penguins till I get cool. I find Penguins at present the only comfort in life. One feels everything in the world so sympathetically ridiculous; one can't be angry when one looks at a Penguin."

Why, of course one can't! It is absurdly true, when one comes to think of it, this beneficent influence of penguins, stuffed penguins, at that, which cannot even waddle. I dare say few readers ever thought of this peculiar bird (if it is a bird) in just that light before Mr. Ruskin's letter came to view; I'm sure I never did. But few readers will fail to recall at a first reading of the words that picture of a penguin which used to adorn the school geographies, and presently will come to them the old sensation of amusement at the waddy fellow propped up on his impossible feet, the smile will break over their lips, and they will be one in mood with Mr. Ruskin. They may af-

firm that of course the author was only indulging in a little whimsicality, and they may two thirds believe it, as it is no doubt two thirds true; but just the same, unless I am much mistaken, the image of a penguin will persist in their minds, as it persisted in Ruskin's mind—else how did he come to write of it in this letter?—and they will be the better and the happier for the smile it evokes, as Ruskin was the better and the happier. Indeed, that letter was his cheeriest for months.

For me, however, the image has not faded with the passing of the mood, or rather it has changed into something more abiding. It has assumed, in fact, no less a guise than the human; it has become converted into certain of my friends. I now know these friends, in my thoughts of them, as Penguin Persons. I find they have the same beneficent effect on me, and on others around them, as the penguins on Ruskin. I mean here to sing their praises, for I believe that they and their kind (since every one enters on his list of friends, as I do, some Penguin Persons) have, even if they do not know it, a mission in the world, an honorable destiny to fulfill. They prevent us from taking life too seriously; they make everything "sympathetically ridiculous;" they are often "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But, at the very outset, I would not be misunderstood. I do not mean that a Penguin Person must resemble the amusing bird in physical aspect. There are, I know, certain people, a far more numerous class than is generally supposed, who see in almost everybody a resemblance to some animal, bird, or fish. I am one of these people myself. It is on record as far back as the fourth generation that some one of my successive ancestors had the same unhappy faculty, for it is unhappy, since it imposes on the person who resembles for us a pig, in our thoughts of him, the attributes of that beast, and so on through the natural history catalogue. It is not pleasant to watch a puma kitten sitting beside you in the opera house, es-

pecially when your mere brain tells you she is probably a sweet, even-tempered little matron, or to wait in pained expectancy for your large-eared minister to bray, even though you know he will not depart from his measured exposition of sound and sane doctrine. However, the Penguin Persons are such by virtue of their moral and mental attributes solely, of the similar effect they produce on those about them by their personalities. I have never met a man yet who physically resembled a penguin, though I fancy the experience would be interesting.

Still less would I have it understood that Penguin Persons are stupid. Far from it. Dr. Crothers declares, in his *Gentle Reader*, that he would not like to be neighbor to a wit. "It would be like being in proximity to a live wire," he says. "A certain insulating film of kindly stupidity is needed to give a margin of safety to human intercourse." I do not think that Dr. Crothers could have known a Penguin Person when he wrote that. The Penguin Person is not a wit, there is no barb to his shafts of fun, no uneasiness from his preternatural cleverness, for he is not preternaturally clever. You never feel unable to cope with him, you never feel your mind keyed to an unusual alertness to follow him; you feel, indeed, a sense of comforting superiority, for, after all, you *do* take the world so much more seriously than he! And yet he is not stupid; he is bright, alert, "kindly," to be sure, but delightfully humorous, deliciously droll. Life with him appears to be one huge joke, and there is an unction about him, a contagion in his point of view, that affects you whether you will or no, and when you are in his presence you cannot take life seriously, either,—you can but laugh with him. He does you good. You say he is "perfectly ridiculous," but you laugh. Then he smiles back at you and cracks another of those absurd remarks of his, and you know he is "sympathetically ridiculous." Perhaps you were out of sorts with life when you met him, but one cannot be angry when one looks at a Penguin Person.

But do you say that the original bird is not like that at all, that he is the most stupid of fellows? Ah! then you have never seen a penguin swim! He is grace and beauty and skill in the water. If it were only his stupidity that made us smile, not he, but the hen, would be the most amusing of God's creatures. It is something more subtle, more personal, than that. It can only be described as Penguinity.

Penguinity! The word is not in the dictionaries; it is beyond the pale of the "purists;" in coining it I am fully aware that I violate the canons of the Harvard English Department, that I fly in the face of philology, waving a red rag. Yet I do it gladly, assertively, for I have confidence that some day, when Penguin Persons have taken their rightful place in the world's estimation, the world will not be able to dispense with my little word, which will then overthrow the dictionary despotism and enter unchallenged the leather strongholds of Webster and Murray. Who knows, indeed, but its triumph may come in the next century?

Yet before that day does come, and to hasten its coming, I would record a tribute to my first and firmest Penguin friend, — my friend and the friend of how many others? — long and lank of limb, thin and high-boned of face, alert, smiling, ridiculous. On the nights when steamships were sunk in the East River, or incipient subways elevated suddenly above ground, or other exciting features of New York life came clamoring for publicity, he would sit calm and smiling, coatless, a corn-cob pipe between his teeth, and read "copy" with the speed of two ordinary men. The excited night city editor would rush about, shouting orders and countermanding them; reporters would dash in and out; telegraph instruments would buzz; the nerve-racking whistle of the tube from the composing room would shrill at sudden intervals, causing everybody to start involuntarily each time and to curse with vexation and anger; the irritable night editor, worried lest he miss the outgoing trains with his first edition,

would look furtively at the clock at three-minute periods and plunge his grimy hand over his sweating forehead; but the Penguin Person would sit smiling at his place by the "copy" desk, blue pencil in hand, serene amid the Babel. And when the tension was greatest, the strain nerve-breaking to get the big story, in all its complete and coherent details, into the hungry presses that seemed almost visible, though they waited the stroke of one, ten stories down, in the sub-basement, the Penguin Person would sit back in his chair, grin amiably, and say with a drawl, "Hell, ain't it, fellers? D' you know what I'm going to do to-morrow, though? I'm going to put on my asbestos collar, sidetrack some beaut, take her to the theatre, and after the show, thanks to the princely salary I'm paid for keeping split infinitives out of this sheet, I'm going to rush her round to Sherry's or Delmonico's and blow her to a glass of beer and a frankfurter."

Then as if by magic the drawn faces of all his associates would clear, the night editor would laugh and forget to look at the clock, we would resume our toil, momentarily forgetful of the high pressure under which we labored, and working the better for the forgetfulness; and the Penguin Person, the smile still expanding his mouth, would tilt down his chair and work with us, only faster. If he had serious thoughts, he never disclosed them to us — seriously. When he opened his lips we waited always in the expectation of some ridiculous remark, even though it should clothe a platitude or a piece of good, common-sense advice. And we were never disappointed. Life with him was apparently one huge joke, and it came about that when we thought of him or spoke of him among ourselves, it was always with a smile. Yet now he is gone — and what a hole! Other men can do his work as well, if not as quickly. The paper still goes to press and the public sees no change; but we, who worked beside him, see it nightly. By twelve o'clock on a busy night nervous, drawn faces surround the central desk,

and profanity is snapped crossly back and forth. There is no alleviation of cheerful inanity. Presently somebody looks up, remarking, "I wish Bobbie Barton was back." And somebody else replies with profane asperity and lax grammar, "I wish he was!" Bobbie, meanwhile, has become a lawyer, and can now afford a whole plate of frankfurters at Delmonico's. But we are the poorer, and, I do not hesitate to declare, the worse men for the loss of his Penguinity.

Then there is David. David is penguinacious by fits and starts, not wholly to be depended on, sometimes needing himself to be cheered with the Penguinity of others, but, when the mood is on him, softly, fantastically ridiculous, like the nonsense verse of Lewis Carroll, a sort of *Alice in Wonderland* person. I should not hesitate to recommend him to Dr. Crothers as a neighbor; indeed, I suspect the good doctor is almost such a man himself, — too gentle, too fantastic in humor to suggest, however remotely, a "live wire," and yet how far from being stupid! David's mind works so unexpectedly. You are quite sure you know what he is going to say, and yet he never says it, giving his remark a verbal twist which calls up some absurdly impossible picture, and evokes, not a laugh, but a deep, satisfying smile. There is something quaint and refreshing about such a mind as David's. It does not so much restore one's animal spirits, or one's good nature, as it rejuvenates the springs of fancy, brings back the whimsical imagination of childhood. David will people a room with his airy conceits, as Mr. Barrie peopled Kensington Gardens with Peter Pan and his crew; and it is as impossible not to forget anger and care, not to feel sweeter and fresher, for David's jests, as for *The Little White Bird*. Only a Penguinity like David's is subtle, a little unworldly, and, like most gracious gifts, fragile. There are days when the world is too much for David, when his jests are silent and his conceits do not assemble. Then it is that he in turn needs the good

cheer of another's Penguinity, and it is then my happy privilege to reward him by hunting up Bobbie Barton, if I can, and joining them at a dinner party. Bobbie's Penguinity is based on an inexhaustible fount of animal spirits, he is never anything but a Penguin. He usually has David put to rights by the roast.

The other day, while Bobbie was running on in his ridiculous fashion, in an idiom all his own that even Mr. Ade could not hope to rival, telling, I believe, about some escapade of his at Asbury Park, where he had "put the police force of two men and three niggers out of business" by asking the innocent and unsuspecting chief the difference between a man who had seen Niagara Falls, and one who had n't, and a ham sandwich, I fell to musing on Ruskin's unhappy lot, who did not know Bobbie, nor apparently anybody like him. Poor Ruskin! After all, there is more pathos than humor in his periodic visits to the penguins. Isolated, from childhood, by parental care, from the common friendships and associations of life, still further isolated in mature years by his own genius and early and lasting intellectual eminence, the wonder is that he was not more unhappy, rather than less. He had few friends, and those few, like Professor Norton, were intellectual companions as well, always ready and eager to debate with him the problems of Art and Life which were forever vexing him. Their companionship must often have been a stimulant — when he needed, perhaps, a narcotic. Their intercourse drove him continually in upon himself, where there was only seething unrest, when he needed so often to be taken completely out of himself, where there was peace. And, in his hours of need, he turned to the Alps, and the penguins. But both were dumb things, after all, that could not quite meet his mood, could not quite satisfy that hunger which is in all of us for the common association of our kind, for the humble jest and cheery laugh of a smiling humanity. Neither of them was Bobbie, who adds

personality to the penguin, and satisfies a double need.

Bobbie would not have talked Art with Ruskin, and for a very good reason,— he knows nothing about it. Bobbie would not have cared a snap about his Turners, though he would have been greatly reverent of them for their owner's sake. But Bobbie would have enjoyed tramping over the mountains with him, an eager and alert listener to all his talks about geology and clouds, and ten to one Bobbie would have made friends of every peasant they met, every fellow traveler on the road, and taught Ruskin in turn a good bit about humdrum, picturesque mankind. And he would have made him laugh! Possibly you think it incongruous, impossible, the picture of happy-go-lucky, ridiculous Bobbie, with his slang and his grin and his outlook on life, and Ruskin, the great critic, the master of style, the intellectual giant. But then you reckon without Bobbie's quality of Penguinity, and without Ruskin's humanness. It is alike impossible to withstand the contagion of Bobbie's Penguinity, and to fancy a genius so great that he does not at times yearn for the common walks and the common talks of his humbler fellow creatures. He may not always know how to achieve them, his own greatness may be a barrier he cannot cross, or his temperament and circumstances may hinder; but be sure that he feels the loss, though he may not himself, for all his genius, be quite aware of it. That Ruskin lived in moody isolation, while Shakespeare caroused in an alehouse, does not prove Ruskin the greater man or the deeper seer; it only shows that one knew how to achieve what the other did not,— contact with the everyday, merry world, escape from the awful and everlasting solemnity of life. Ruskin could not achieve it for himself, he did not know how; but Bobbie, all unknown to either of them, would have shown him. Bobbie would have made life for him "sympathetically ridiculous," for Bobbie is a Penguin Person. And Bobbie would have been a living, breath-

ing human being, by his side and ready to aid him, even to creep into his heart; not a stuffed biped on a shelf in a musty museum. Poor Ruskin, how much life robbed him of when it made it impossible for him to win in his youth the careless, unthinking, but undying friendship of a few men like Bobbie, a few Penguin Persons!

Ah, well! "The dice of God are always loaded." Doubtless we must always pay for greatness by isolation, or some more bitter toll. And for our insignificance, in turn, come the Bobbies as reward. It behooves those of us, then, who are insignificant, to appreciate our blessing, to cherish our penguins, the more since we, when "the world is too much with us," when the tyranny of economic conditions oppresses and the wrongness of life seems almost more than we can bear, have not that inward strength, that Titanic defiance, which is the possession of the great, ultimately to fall back upon, and so sorely need to be shown a joke somewhere, anywhere, in the universal scheme, to find something that is "sympathetically ridiculous." That is why the Penguin Persons are sent to us; thus we can see in them the swing of the Emersonian pendulum.

But they are naturally modest, and doubtless have no idea of their mission, further than to realize that "people are glad to have them around," as Bobbie would express it, and that it is "up to them" (in the same idiom) to be cheerful,— not a hard task, since cheeriness sits in their soul. It is awful to think how self-consciousness might ruin the flavor of their Penguinity if they ever were awakened to a realization of the fact that they were involved in anything so serious as the Law of Compensation! Though I do believe that David at his best could make the eternal verities look ridiculous. No, when the Penguin Persons do become aware of their Penguinity, it is in a funny, shamefaced fashion, as if they had been up to boyish tricks their manhood should blush for. Came Bobbie to me the other

day and confessed that he had about made up his mind to be "serious."

"Everybody thinks I'm a joke," he said, with a melancholy grin, "they always expect me to say something asinine, and get ready to laugh before I speak. What shall I do?"

"Do!" I cried. "Do what you've been doing, only do it more. Keep right on being a Penguin, and God bless you!"

Bobbie looked perplexed and a little hurt, but I was too wise to explain, and three minutes later he was rattling off some delicious absurdity to my four-year-old hopeful, who had fallen down on his nose and needed comforting — and a handkerchief. Bobbie was supplying the latter from his pocket, and from his penguinacious brain the former was effectively coming in the shape of a description of Rocky Mountain sheep, which, according to Bobbie, have right-side legs much shorter than their left-side legs, so they can run along the mountain slopes without ever falling down on *their* noses.

"But how do they get back?" asks the hopeful, still bleeding, but eager for information.

"They put out their heads between their hind legs and run backward," says Bobbie. "They have long necks, you know."

That, of course, may be unnatural history, but it was a very present help in
VOL. 95 — NO. 6

time of trouble. Indeed, it made Bobbie, as well as the boy, forget, and I have heard no more of his dreadful intention to be serious.

Some one — probably it was Emerson — once said, "Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call." It is no small thing, in this grim world, to make people smile, to be absurd for their alleviation, to render all things "sympathetically ridiculous" for a time, to bear in a chalice of mirth the water of Lethe. If one's talent lies that way, why, the call should be clear! The Penguin Person should have no doubt or shame of his vocation, nor should any one else allow him to. Little Joe Weber, who is on the stage the most perfect example of Penguinity, is as a stage character beloved of all the thousands who have seen him. He has heard his call and followed his vocation, and honor and wealth and fame are his. The merry host of Penguin Persons who move outside the radius of the spluttering calcium, whose proscenium is the door frame of a home, may earn neither wealth nor fame by doing as he has done, but they will win no less a reward, for they will have lightened for all around them the burdens of life, they will have smoothed the gathering frown and summoned the forgotten laugh, they will have made of the ridiculous a little religion, and out of Penguinity brought peace.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PARIS OF DISCONTENT

"In the whole class of socially disturbing topics," writes Mr. John Graham Brooks, "the freest and deepest opinions are not usually printed in a book." Among the few exceptions which may be cited as proving the rule, surely the most notable is Mr. A. F. Sanborn's *Paris and the Social Revolution*.¹ After "reverently" dedicating his book to the proletariat of America, the author describes himself as "a conservative of conservatives only prevented from being a reactionary by the fact that reaction is but another form of revolution and the most hopeless and faith-exacting of them all." Is this humor of the Mark Twain brand, or does it represent a deficit in that self-knowledge which the Greek philosopher thought a desirable adjunct to human character? If the confession is to be taken seriously, the writer must be congratulated upon attainment of that objectivity of judgment which is the first requirement of scientific investigation. Nothing is here distorted by that emotional bias which most of us find it difficult to resist.

The book seems to me of marked and permanent interest. It shows us quite another Paris than the radiant city to which good (and of course well-to-do) Americans have been said to make post-humous pilgrimage. It more resembles a Paris which I looked upon one December day more than fifty years ago. Standing upon a boulevard, I saw the raising of a barricade by men with fire in their eyes and patriotism in their hearts, bound to resist, unto death if need be, the *coup d'état* which created the second empire. Already I had listened to individual voices bitter with disappointment, opposition, and hatred. Now they were combined into one fierce battle-shout, as the Gym-

¹ Boston: Small & Maynard. 1905.

nase Theatre and the buildings about it were pillaged for materials to intercept the approaching troops. The same forces of revolt which I then saw superficially, Mr. Sanborn has studied exhaustively. Circumstances have changed; but discontent and aspiration persist. The prayer for the French republic then went up to the heavenly powers. At length it has been granted, and — to reverse the incidents in the fable — the *bourgeois* king log is quite as objectionable as his predecessor, the imperial stork.

Suppressed for the moment is the Paris of anarchy, of arrogant vision, of honest discontent, which is revealed in these pages; yet there it quickens beneath the dazzling surface seen from the windows of the cosmopolitan hotel, or from the banqueting-hall of some American millionaire who has found relief from the comment and criticism of his countrymen. Is the stability of the present order overestimated? Are the sudden forces leagued against it underestimated? Some approximate answer to these questions must be attempted by the reader of this book. For he is permitted to hear in its harshest note the cry for human betterment which can never be suppressed, and which, freed from the conditions of locality, concerns every nation upon earth. We are shown the demand of anarchy and its upward pressure by spoken word and printer's ink; we hear its defiance of the *bourgeoisie* as represented by its presidents, generals, and police prefects. And then comes that *propagande par le fait* which we may permit ourselves to admire in the dim historical distance of Harmodius and Aristogiton, provided we shake our heads doubtfully at the nearer Cromwell, and condemn in honor when Vaillant throws the bomb into the French Chamber or Bresci kills King Humbert of Italy. By no such diabolism, it is safe to say, can

the collective superiority of numbers supersede the individual superiority — whether manifested in statesmanship, cunning, or unscrupulousness — which has hitherto ruled the world.

Yet the literature of revolt as outlined and cited by Mr. Sanborn must be received, if not with sympathy, with a certain respect. Much of it is good of its kind, and burns with the earnestness of intense conviction. It ranges from anathemas delivered with the force of the Hebrew prophets to recommendations of slaughter and theft which are held to be justified by the oppression of judges, priests, and army officers. Human government is declared to be what Cobden called the British Constitution, "a thing of monopolies, church - craft, and sinecures." If any ameliorations have been brought to pass since this exhaustive condemnation, they are either not worth considering, or make the situation less endurable. And so nothing remains but to echo the cry of Shakespeare's murderer, "Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond which keeps me pale!" Among those who would turn our existing civilization upside down are some who, in conventional language, may be called thinkers, — even though their thoughts run in channels as narrow as any marked out by traditional prejudice for the reflections of the favorites of fortune and opportunity. There are poets, also, who run their complaint into vigorous stanzas, or throw out stirring verse which has the ring of the John Brown chant or the Marseillaise. Mixed with the motley throng of agitators are those whose hearts are full of divine sympathy for the victims of the wrong and oppression which at present seem a necessary part of the evolutionary process. And perhaps there are more whose altruism is of the egoistic brand, — the career they wished and knew that they deserved has failed to open before them, and satisfaction is found in battering the doors of privilege which were shut in their faces.

La Révolution Sociale recognizes the

value of art as preparing the way for the final triumph of arms. It has produced works of genuine merit by artists of reputation, and the clever drawings of the caricaturists offer means of grace to the unconverted. And then, as potent *images de propagande*, there is wide-scattering of portraits of the martyrs whose blood has been shed in the sacred cause. A paper for children has recently been added to the half-suppressed efforts of journalism, and, as literature for adults, the writings of Darwin and Spencer are permitted to pass the censorship, — they are supposed to favor anarchy when read between the lines. The methods of trades-unionism are looked upon with distrust; their members tacitly recognize the degradation of wages, and seem to acknowledge the legitimacy of government by imploring its assistance in improving the condition of the workers. Nevertheless, the members of these associations sit, as it were, upon "the anxious seats," and prayers for their conversion will not long be ineffectual. Necessarily anarchists of fame and ability, like Kropotkin, Grave, or Reclus, do not share the belief in a sudden and impressive overturn which stimulates the activity of their followers. To labor vigorously and then to wait patiently is a grace given to exceptional men. Even the Christian apostles might not have suffered so nobly and preached so convincingly without their persuasion that all would be fulfilled during the lifetime of some before whom they stood.

The reader is not envious whose blood takes no warmth from the fires of emotion which glow through this book. Our eyes are opened to much that concerns us outside the limits of our narrow specialisms. Certain as we may be that chaos would follow a removal of the restraining hand of government, we feel no less assurance that its interference is often clumsy, and sometimes immoral. We may condemn as heartily as the anarchist that detestable spirit of militarism which drains the people of the wealth they have created and spoils or sacrifices their lives. So-

cialism, which is more in evidence on this side of the water, is sometimes regarded as "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire," which anarchy will kindle at the end of the route. The vision of a City Council — or even a Board of Aldermen — engaged in prescribing the work and apportioning the pay for every citizen suggests an Inferno to which that of the Florentine poet might well seem preferable. But no movement for human betterment should be judged by the logic of its ultimate demand; it may force a higher reach of civic thought as the juggler forces a card upon a defiant spectator. It is well to taste the sour ingredients which mingle with the existing civilization. Our naïve confidence in education and democracy is put to the test; they have awakened a spirit that cannot be crushed into the moulds of the past. We must straighten the crooked line upon which we move toward the future. If we cannot join our brothers in working for what they think is the best, we can at least help them to a second best, — which, indeed, is the best now attainable. We cannot dispense with governments, but we can do something to lift them to the level of the best private lives. Absolute justice is the last term of a constant series of efforts; it is the end of evolution, the terminus of the road. But we are marching on. Men are still breathing who were alive when seven British bishops voted to retain the death penalty for a petty theft. And now we are asking governmental protection for the weak in the unequal battle of competition, and the problem of distribution challenges our satisfaction in the wonders of invention and the increase of production. Mr. Sanborn's book thus offers a study in psychology, while it reveals a phase of contemporary history too little considered in the fever-pace of American life.

HUMOR AND THE HEROINE

I have of late been mingling afresh with the heroines of our greater English fiction, holding converse with this lady,

sitting a while beside that, sending a word or a smile to another and another, renewing old intimacies with many. They are a fair and gallant company, and it is good to be with them. They are wise and sweet, passionate, strong and brave, beautiful almost always, good on the whole, and, without fail, interesting. Yet I felt the lack of one last grace, — a sense of humor. Their families often have it, their servants sometimes, their authors almost always have it, but the ladies themselves, they have it not.

There was Maggie Tulliver: in the heart of a richly humorous society, wherein her own father and mother and aunts were the shining luminaries, she saw none of the humor, she only felt the pain, — for it is the light touch that tickles, the heavy impact hurts or stuns. And so, where another nature might have smiled at the narrowness and the ignorance and the intolerance, her spirit was crushed by it, or driven to desperate rebellion.

And Dorothea! If her grave gray eyes could have been lighted by a gleam of humor, in how different an aspect would the world around her have presented itself to her; she might have regarded Sir James with less impatience and Casaubon with less veneration, she would probably have been saved from being his wife, and would have missed the wisdom and the pain which that experience brought to her. She would have forfeited the joy of cherishing certain ideals, but would have been spared the pain of seeing them shattered. Possibly, too, she would have lost her power of appealing to some natures, as well as her desire to do so, — for Mr. Cadwallader, it will be remembered, who was richly endowed with the humorous sense, felt no call to reform the world. Surely, even the faintest light of humor on her face would have repelled Rosamond Vincy in a critical moment, and checked her impulse of confidence. But she would have been happier, perhaps saner, and, who knows, she might even have built better houses for the poor.

Thackeray's ladies are of another sort, yet humor sits not upon their brows. From *Beatrice Esmond* there dart now and then flashing sword-blades of cynicism, murderous rather than lambent. Becky's is Mephistophelian wit that blasts, while poor little Amelia has no wit of any sort, barely head enough to carry her through the plainer issues of life, and that not without bungling. Ethel Newcome, indeed, might under better nurture have sent out a light of humor, but it was turned to flashes of sardonic wit aimed at a social order that she scorned yet bowed to.

Scott's damsels have not even these latent powers. Gay or stately, serene or passionate, they are at one in this. As Chaucer's nun rides demure and undiscerning in the roadside company whose humorous aspects Chaucer himself so keenly enjoyed, so these ladies move in a world of chivalry and of jollity, touched by emotions of pity and of prudery, of love and of alarm, but never touched by humor.

The Brontë novels are without even moderately cheerful accessories — not an expansive butler, a relaxed monk, or a jesting grave-digger — to mitigate the nightmare depression of their down-trodden though fitfully remonstrant heroines, bullied along by their fierce or sullen heroes.

In contemporary fiction there is no better tale to tell. Mrs. Ward has sent out, one after another, a series of strenuous dames, from the Katharine of *Robert Elsmere*, with her austere and chilling virtue, to Lady Rose's daughter, with less virtue and more charm, who, if she had been endowed with humorous insight, could better have endured her servitude to so splendid a mark for the comic spirit as Lady Henry. Miss Wilkins's young women pass before us, a pathetic company, with faces worn though sweet, and spirits repressed though brave. The brilliant ladies of our myriad "historical" romances are content to be brilliant merely in face and robing and in the deeds of their lovers; they are not so much great

in themselves as the occasion of greatness in others.

Scanning the fair company of heroines, I have indeed found a few upon whose faces plays a light of real humor, but these exceptions may be counted on one's fingers. There is Meredith's Diana, there is his Clara Middleton, perplexed, ensnared, yet with eyes in whose depths lurk the dancing imps that her creator himself invoked to his aid. They helped her to her final escape from the Monster, goading her and jeering at her by turns as she fluttered under his hand, but always, though with flickering lights, exhibiting to her humorous sense the comic aspects of that same Monster. Stevenson, who made few women, made one, Barbara Graham, in whose eyes gleams the delicious mockery that is both wise and kind. Jane Austen, herself endowed with an exquisite perception of the humor in the society about her, vouchsafed the same gift of vision to the most charming of her heroines, Elizabeth Bennet. With dancing eyes Elizabeth observes them all, — her family, her neighbors, her suitor the unparalleled Mr. Collins, her lover the formidable Mr. Darcy, and his aunt the overpowering Lady de Burgh. She girds at them with her nimble tongue, whose wit, a trifle too sharp-edged at first, is softened by sorrow and failure until its gayety is only kind. Sweet girl! If Maggie Tulliver could but have looked on her world as Elizabeth regarded hers! A few flicks from Elizabeth's tongue, the sort that proved so beneficial to the high-and-mighty Darcy, would have done Tom Tulliver worlds of good. But Maggie's weapons were of a different fashion, and their shafts always rebounded to wound the sender. Curious, is it not, that with George Eliot's own strong sense for the humor of life, her heroines — or heroes either, for that matter (consider Daniel Deronda and Felix Holt and Adam Bede!) — should have been so utterly devoid of it. One exception there is, in Esther Lyon, the dainty and difficult, who, but for a touch of querulousness, belongs rather

in Miss Austen's circle and might have been a more satisfying friend to Elizabeth Bennett than any she possessed.

Yet if we leave the novelists and turn to the master playwright, we find gayety enough. There is Rosalind, the brave and merry-hearted, taking her life's misfortunes in both hands and turning them first to jest and then to joy. There is Viola, breathing a delicate fragrance of humor where she passes. There is Portia, with a gleam in her eye as she enters in her legal vestments, the gleam kindling into a humorous justice toward the Jew and a humorous jest toward the Christian. There is Beatrice the royal-hearted, with her sound, true laughter and her sound, true scorn, — a queenly heroine, tragedy draws back before her tread, she masters it in its beginning.

Yes, from Rosalind, from Beatrice tragedy falls away. And is this the reason why our heroines for the most part know not humor? Is it that its possession gives one a kind of armor against adversity, an immunity from attack, a mastery of the world in place of subjection to it? Perhaps. There are those who have not this mastery, who are born to be hurt, to be flung down, to be conquered or to conquer only through panting struggle; and these are they the artist seeks, on the watch always for the shock of conflict, the clash of nerves and hearts. The "interesting" temperament is the passionate, the impetuous, not the temperate and controlled. Humor implies a certain remoteness, aloofness, which quenches the ardor of the adventure. It implies balance, sense of proportion, of values, and this brings the poise and control not shared by those who struggle for life in mid-stream. Yet it is the struggle for life that the artist seeks to depict and his public yearns to witness.

Must it be so? Would there not be something yet more poignant in struggle and suffering, if it were accompanied, illuminated by a humorous sense, turned inward to accent the folly of it all? Lear's fool seems to some of us more pathetic than his master by virtue of this very

consciousness, and the appeal of Cyrano de Bergerac is accentuated by the lurking smile of the sufferer as he regards himself. But who will create for us such a figure? From the novelists there is, as we have seen, little to expect. Among the poet-dramatists, whether we accept the leadership of Ibsen or Maeterlinck or D'Annunzio or Sardou or Phillips, there is scarcely a rift in the cloud of conscious and conscientious seriousness. Obviously, we must wait.

THE PASSING OF FRIENDSHIP

Is there really such a thing as friendship among men in our modern life?

There used to be, and the tie was as real and binding as marriage or paternity. In early ages it was the custom among Eastern peoples for two men who had chosen each other as comrades to bind themselves together by what was called the blood tie. After certain solemn ceremonies they pierced their arms with the point of their swords and each put a few drops of the blood of the other into his veins. After that they were allies and brothers for life; each was bound to help, to fight for, or, if need be, to die for his friend.

The age of chivalry, if one looks at it closely, was based upon these alliances between men. The squire followed the knight to the field, ready to die for him; the knight followed his lord, the lord his liege. Even a century ago, in this country, the seconds in a duel often fought to the death beside their principals, hardly asking what was the cause of the quarrel.

Among our own forefathers the personal tie between men was much more close and openly recognized than it is now. A man in business then expected his friend as a matter of course to endorse him to the full extent of his means. Hence when a popular fellow became bankrupt and carried a dozen of his endorsers down with him, nobody censured their folly. The sacrifice was regarded as unfortunate, but inevitable.

If you look closely at these early days

you will find too that our forefathers made idols or nurses or servants of women, but their companions, their confidants, were other men. In the cramped village or farm life, with few books and fewer newspapers, the men depended on one another for ideas, facts, jokes, even for emotions. They knew each others' opinions and queernesses by heart. They were forced to keep step from the schoolhouse on into maundering old age. One hears traditions of lifelong friendships between men, but the women abode either in the kitchen or in the dim regions of hazy romance.

Nowadays, the women of a man's household have pushed themselves or been pushed into place as his companions. They read the same books and papers; they work with him for civic reform; they differ with him perhaps in politics, but are ready to plunge deeper than he into stock-gambling. Why should he seek comrades elsewhere than at home?

He has no time now to become acquainted with men. Life is an incessant touch-and-go with him; the perpetual passing of crowds and battalions. He has no chance to know any man. His brother comes back from Japan to-day and is off to Paris to-morrow. There are no more long leisurely talks with a crony over the fire, winter after winter. His days are chopped up into incessant ten minutes of shouting over the telephone to Tom in New Orleans or Bill in Chicago. He subscribes largely to his church, but he would not know the minister if he met him on the street. He never even heard the name of his next-door neighbor. He works with masses, in trade, in politics, in religion. But, somehow, he has lost sight of the individual. He has no friend.

Has he not lost out of his life something worth the keeping?

LIFE'S SUPREME PLEASURE

It would be absurd to deny that among the confirmed Vegetarians there are good men, though meagre. That not all of them

are free from the tyranny of chronic indigestion may account for, and perhaps should excuse, some of their dietetic vagaries. For example, Señor Eusebius Santos, who is now browsing in the public parks and on the friendly lawns of Havana, explains that he limits his diet exclusively to grass in the hope of curing an obstinate dyspepsia, headaches, and insomnia. In this liberal age it is no just cause of quarrel that persons limit their eating to garden products, or even to the provender of a mad Nebuchadnezzar.

Still, there are some fallacies of the cult which are so amazing and unnatural as to reek of ingratitude to a generous Providence. To declare, for instance, that eating is a humiliating necessity, to be done behind the door and with a sense of degradation, is to insult the choice souls who have made a patient and loving study of the sublime art of dining. To affirm that man should eat to live, not live to eat, choosing his few simple viands entirely for their tissue-building qualities and not at all for their palatal virtues, is to rebuke Nature for the beneficent care with which she has varied the alluring flavors of her meats, fruits, and vegetables.

Persons who are insensible to the delights of a rich and varied menu may well be suspected of surreptitious methods of propagating their peculiar doctrines. The insidious hand of the Vegetarian missionary may be detected in publications of the very Government itself, the purpose being to popularize the idea that meats are not necessary to man, but injurious and immoral; and, also, that to find pleasure in eating is low. Bulletin No. 142, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, is one of the official documents which urge on the American people a dietary from which all animal food is sternly excluded and which gives little opportunity or desire for pleasure in its consumption.

The head of the Department does not look like a man who would quail before a beefsteak, or like one who regards eating as a mere duty. It is incredible that he would suggest a dietary of "corn-bread,

wheat bread, rye, oats, and rice," with the assurance that "men who feed on these exclusively are capable of enduring the hardest manual labor." Presumably it was without his knowledge and consent that the endorsement of the General Government has, apparently, been given to Vegetarian principles, — unless, indeed, the Federal war on the Western meat combine is extra-judicial, also. However that may be, the pamphlet might well bear as its motto Mr. Bumble's explanation of *Oliver Twist's* blasphemy: "It is not madness; it's meat!" Well, too, might the pamphlet plead, with entire consistency, for the general adoption of the dietary proposed by the Vegetable Beneficial Association of America, which goes to the root of the matter. It is this: —

"Dry crushed or rolled oats or wheat, eaten with a little salt to flavor, will (if thoroughly masticated) furnish all the nourishment any person needs."

Here is no eating for pleasure, but strictly for business. Here is the struggle for existence reduced to its simplest terms. Does hunger oppress, a man has but to slip into the nearest stable, produce his salt-bottle, and join the horses at the manger in their nourishing repast; chewing a little hay, perhaps, by way of desert. On a special occasion it might not be ostentatious or extravagant to add a bran mash to the modest bill of fare.

It must have been with a strictly Vegetarian menu in hand that the President of the New York Vegetarian Society declared: "Eating is not a pleasant or elevating subject; eating is a task, to be performed with as little thought as possible." Persons who take pleasure in dining, and particularly those whose diners include meats ("the dead bodies of the slaughtered") are classed as "the hyenas and wolves of life" by the chief of "the Order of the Golden Age."

Eating not a pleasant, not an elevating, subject? No subject under the blue canopy, no subject to be found between the covers of the fattest encyclopædia, is more worthy of the deepest and the highest and

most sustained thoughts of man. And probably no other subject receives half the attention which is given to eating. Nothing has been more important in the progress of the race than the additions to the variety of man's food. In his primitive state a mere clam-eater, he was hardly superior to the beasts that perish. When he became a hunter, seeking the strong meats of wild game, he developed new qualities, expanded intellectually, and gained in energy, enterprise, and endurance. Then came the pastoral and agricultural age, with an acquired taste for vegetable growths, and the dawn of civilization. Every advance has been on the heels of something new to eat. To-day the teeth of man declare him to be omnivorous, though vegetable food is still a heavy tax on his powers of digestion. He lacks those multiple gastric arrangements by the aid of which the cow, for example, is able to subsist on vegetable food alone. This lack Señor Santos will discover and deplore long before he shall acquire that meditative cud, the mastication of which gives to the cow the serenity and repose which is the object of the Spaniard's grazing.

The right of a man to pleasure himself at table is, of course, as clear as any other human right. Also it is a duty, since only food which pleases the palate can stimulate the digestive juices to a copious flow. The incomparable "Christopher North," of the ambrosial nights, declared that no other pleasure of life can be compared with eating. He observed that as men grow older they love their victuals more, finding at table the unfailing delight which is never yielded by love, wealth, or fame. Like all great men, he proclaimed his enmity to fast days. To him it was significant that the gods are always represented as feasting. It is amazing that there should be persons, free from the anguish of dyspepsia, who have no sense of the charm of a well-laid table. Great poets have found in it an inspiring theme, while masters in painting have decorated its delicate wares to fit them as receptacles

of the many enticing things offered by the earth, the air, and the sea to ravish the palate and nourish the body of man. Not to rejoice in the many and wonderful products of the chef's skill is to forfeit a perpetual joy. It is the banquet, the feast, which gives birth to eloquence, surprising the speaker no less than those whose souls thrill under its magic. It is not for courtesy alone that every congress of men, whatever its business, closes with a gathering around the banquet board. Here, as nowhere else, quarrels are forgotten, grievances dissipated, sympathies awakened, and friendships cemented. Man is never at his best save when under the influence of that feeling of repletion and satisfaction which a long, varied, and artistic course dinner gives. This fact is known of every wife, and is her sure resource in a time of peril.

True, Vegetarians may be, often are, good men; but no one will contend that they are jolly. For steady companionship the redoubtable feeders are to be preferred, — men whom neither roast nor pudding can intimidate. Who would not choose to hold cheerful converse with the matchless eupeptic, Sydney Smith, rather than sit under the glooming of the saturnine Carlyle, whose digestion was wrecked by simple porridge? Never was there a more efficient stomach than that of the merry parson, the habitual diner-out, whose buoyant spirits and good humor always charmed. His brilliant wit prevented his elevation to a bishopric, but it made him an ever-welcome and dominant guest at the tables of the great. Contrast with this bright spirit the scolding Carlyle, who disliked eating almost as much as he disliked his friends. The difference was chiefly due to their diverse views of the matter of eating. Lord Holland went so far as to assert that "some men are better and abler than others because they eat more."

It is fortunate for the race that, whether they admit it or not, whether they know it or not, most persons live mainly to eat, and show little concern about the nutri-

tive value of their food. They eat what they like, so far as they can afford it.

ON THE CLUB ITSELF

Unlike my friend the Ph.D. in Old High German, who takes all the magazines because the advertisements amuse him, by periodicals in general I am bored. Although at our Club auction I bid in the handsomely illustrated *Scarapentury Magazine*, it is only in order that my sister-in-law may cut out and frame in passepartout the green and yellow sunsets and children. When the *Atlantic* comes to me, however, I turn in haste to the last pages, as though it were Chinese. For months I have been studying the personality of the Contributors. Their passion for outspoken frankness fascinates me. It would black-ball them from any other club. What other good society indulges in confidences, dares to be personal, proclaims its likes and, more often, its dislikes? For the Contributors find fault so aggressively that I often think of the epithets applied in the tale of *La Main Malheureuse*, to the ill-tempered cow — "dure de pied et terriblement bien enornée" — "a kicker and a butter," say the notes. Imagine a composite contributor. What a negative! No clock, no calendar, no time-table, no fiction, no "precision," no opinions. What a time of it his wife would have! No pleasant little railway trips together, — that method is "not really traveling, but simply leaving and arriving at places." No exhilarating automobile ride for them, — that is "not even a human experience, but merely a hiatus." He never takes her to see Irving or Julia Marlowe, — the stage settings are too beautiful; nor to hear Wagner, — it is always Mozart. He ruins her gowns by huge pockets. She cannot console herself with a garden, because he knows so many "disagreeable people who have loved plants." She cannot collect autographs, nor go to rummage sales, nor join women's clubs. Instead, she must serve him as amanuensis, — he will not use

a typewriter. She cannot have a washday, — it is too depressing; so she must lead her handmaidens to the brook, and there poetically douse his union suits and outing shirts. She cannot send him to the grocer's for a tinfoil yeast cake, but must bring liquid by the pitcherful from a brewery. (Will she then retain that "diabolic desire to have been the descendant of a Milwaukee beer brewer?") Though they live in a New York flat, instead of the "delectable farmhouse" that he would prefer, they must have a wood-shed where he can hunt for string. And all the while she knows that he is not satisfied, with her or with life; that he is wishing he had married her in haste so that he could repent at leisure. She knows that he is miserably longing for "that amputated joy of being, — that old wild joy of swinging by a tail from bough to bough, where the cocoanuts grow, and the parrots scream." O, go there, my Composite, — that is the only fit place for you!

But courage! the Composite exists not! And as individuals, the Contributors have redeeming qualities. They are delicately humorous, daringly original, subtly analytic, to the point of discriminating *gray* from *grey*. They have a literary *timbre* of their own. To them are traceable signs of a new school of essayists, a school untrammelled by the precedent of Bacon's stately dignity or Lamb's gentle sentiment. Though they never say what they mean, they always mean what they say. I long to hear more of their opinions. I take a friendly interest in them.

I want to know whether Applebarrel has had another poem accepted, whether the harried matron has read *The Quiet Life* yet, and who is the successor of Johann Rübernek of Prague. How sociable it would be to see a contribution with the significant signature "Compressed Yeast," "New Zealand," "Pilgrim Father," or "Camera Obscura."

It is my pride and consolation that I belong to the Contributors' Club, — at least in the Emersonian sense. My offerings may be rejected, but in spirit I am a contributor. By companions in the flesh I am snubbed, patronized, avoided, called intellectual, — what o' that? We contributors are of the aristocracy.

When I am in Boston I walk softly up Park Street, gaze secretly at the sign "Editorial Rooms—Upstairs." If it only said, "Walk upstairs!" When a wearisome little journey conducts me from the South to the North station; when my nerves, strung up on an Elevated platform or entombed in the Subway, are being crushed beneath endless hideous roaring wheels, if then my throbbing eyeballs turn mayhap to a magazine stand, there they meet, among the gaudy covers, the familiar front; plain, even homely; yellow "like ripe corn," — rather, like pumpkin pie in that spiced custard state before it enters the oven, — the color of harvest, suggesting rich intellectual sheaves; a cheering reminder to the traveler that this awful transit may end in time, and life once more, in some quiet library, sparkle with the wit and glow with the wisdom of the Contributors' Club.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising pages 31 and 32.

5793 15